

Enter Brooks
Contest

The Quaker

Support Junior
Play

VOL V, NO. 13.

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAY 1, 1925

Price 10 Cents

Salem Wins First Track Meet in County

In a dual meet with Leetonia, Salem won with an 11 2-3 point lead. Salem 63 1-3 points. Leetonia 51 2-3 points.

Leetonia did not have one valuable man that they expected to have and although the team felt his loss they tried their best.

The Salem boys showed up very good and with a little more practice and experience they can hope to have a very good season.

Houser, one of Salem's football and basketball stars showed up very good in the meet. Besides taking first in the shot he broke the county record in the discus. The old record is 106 feet 3 inches, while he threw it 109 feet.

Summary of the Meet

Broad jump—Morris (L.), Tife (L.), Coffee (S.). Distance 19 feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—Currey (L.), Allen (S.), Liebschner (S.), Roessler (S.). 10 feet.

220 low hurdles—Gregg (S.), Billet (L.), Judge (S.). Time 28 seconds.

Mile run—Cope (S.), Nicolette (L.), Marietta (S.). Time 5-13 1-5.

Shot put—Houser (S.), Huffman (S.), Stiver (L.). Distance 38-3½.

Discus throw—(New record)—Houser (S.), Morrisey (L.), Tife (L.). Distance 109 feet.

440 dash—Konnert (S.), Tailor (L.), Shears (S.). Time 55 2-5.

Javeline throw—Morrisey (L.), At-lomon (L.), Matthews (S.). Distance 141 feet.

100-yard dash—McLue (L.), Morris (L.), Martin (S.). Time 10 4-5.

220 dash—Gregg (S.), Thomas (L.), Konnert and Martin tied. Time 25 4-5 seconds.

High jump—Coffee (S.) and Tife (L.), Burrick, Curry, Alexander (S.). Distance 5 feet 5½ inches.

880 dash—Perkins (S.), Nicollette (L.), Cobourn (S.). Time 2:13 1-5.

Relay—Leetonia won. Time 3:49 2-5.

Dinamo Plan For Joint Picnic With Faculty

Sponser New Members

A regular Dinamo meeting was held in room 107, April 15, at 7:30. At this time the new plan for membership was discussed and it was decided to postpone the voting until the committee had made some changes in the plan. It was decided to hold a picnic at Pine lake some time in the near future and invite all faculty members. Tot Cosgrove was appointed chairman of the eats committee and Lozeer Caplan chairman of the transportation committee. All members voted to help get subscriptions for the Annual by canvassing the rooms.

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Seniors Give Orations

Julia Kleon spoke on "The Humane Society." This society has done much for animals. It does not allow cruelty to be shown to animals as some people are able to commit.

"Stage Fright" was the subject discussed by Margaretta Limestahl. She said that to have stage fright is one sign of genius. Even the greatest artists have stage fright every time they appear.

Edith Mellott spoke on "Our National Flag." She told how Betsy Ross made the first flag and how it later was developed into its present form.

Mary Miskimins spoke on "Capital Punishment." She does not believe in capital punishment. In states where it has been abolished there is not as much crime as where it still is used.

"The Wilds of Africa" was the interesting talk which Ruth Mullet gave. She described the life of the primitive African people. We living in the U. S. should be thankful that we are protected by religion and progressive laws.

Florence Muntz spoke on "Life of Theodore Roosevelt." She told about his early youth. Later when he became president he proved to be a wide awake man worthy of high rank among the presidents.

"Mr. S. invited only married people to his wedding."

"Is that so?"

"Yes! You see he figured all the presents would be clear profit."—Parra-keet.

Freshmen Frolic

The Freshman party, held Friday evening, April 24, was a delightful affair. It was largely attended by the Freshmen, there being from 160 to 170 people present, including guests.

The gymnasium was prettily decorated in green and white.

The festivities began with several get-acquainted games after which the following program was given: Piano solo, "Nola," Ruth Moff; recitation, "Castor Oil," Evan Jenkins; piano solo, "The Gypsy Dance," Beatrice Stoner; solo, "Glow-worm," Mildred McAvoy; vocal selection, "Love's Old Sweet Song," Mr. Rohrabough, Paul Smith, Phebe Ellen Parsons, Thelma O'Connell and Ruth Moff; solo dance, Jeanette Stollard; selection by quartet, "Banjo Song," Thelma O'Connell, Ruth Moff, Phebe Ellen Parsons and Mildred McAvoy. After the program an hour was spent in playing various games. Then followed the grand march, in which the presentation of favors consisting of paper caps and scarlet balloons with S. H. S. and the class numerals in black added to the effectiveness of the whole.

Delicious refreshments were served after an hour of dancing, the evening ending with more dancing.

The Freshman class wishes to thank sincerely those who helped them with their preparations. They also hope that their guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

A favorite expression of the spelling classes, "Words fail me."

JUNIORS TO PRESENT PLAY

Record-Breaking Attendance Expected

On May 8 and 9, the Juniors are presenting Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," with the following people taking the parts:

William Sylvanus Baxter-----
-----Carl Matthews
Lola Pratt, "the baby-talk lady"---
-----Grace Windram
Mr. Baxter -----Russell Stahlsmith
Joe Bullit-----Clyde Jenkins
Genesis -----Bob Davis
Johnnie Watson-----Henry Yaggi
Mr. Parcher-----Billy Miller
Jane Baxter-----Dorothy Dougher
May Parcher-----Gladys Redington
Ethel Boke -----Eleanor Votaw
Mary Brooks -----Betty Jones
Mrs. Baxter -----Ruth Older

The tickets have been given out and the people are fast turning in the money for these. With this picked cast and the coaching of Mr. Drennan the Junior class feels sure that "Seventeen" is going to be the biggest success of the year.

The play is familiar to almost everyone, and has been a great success wherever it has been put on. It is a typical Tarkington play and could not fail to interest the most critical audience. Let's all help the Juniors put it across for it will benefit the entire school.

Music Grinders Quartet Entertain

This quartet, which is composed of four of the most popular singers in Salem, afforded good entertainment to the High School assembly April 29. The members were Mr. Snyder, Mr. McCalmont, Mr. Burt and Mr. Drennan.

They sang "Dear Old South" and "The Bridge." As encores they sang "Poor Mona" and "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield."

The only thing lacking was that they lacked enough songs to satisfy their audience.

Hi-Y Club Holds Business Meeting

The Hi-Y Club held its regular business meeting April 23, 1925. Plans were discussed for the Hi-Y work during the year.

The new officers for 1925-1926 were elected. These were: President, Robert Garrison; vice president, Clyde Jenkins; secretary, Rex McIlvain, and treasurer, Harold Shears. The officers-elect gave short speeches and will take office May 1. We hope to see more fellows taking an interest in Hi-Y because a good time is always assured.

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Friendship

In the journey of life for the troubles through which you must pass there is a compensation. One of these is a friend.

The problem is not the choosing of your friends it is to better understand the bigness of the relationship, and the love that exists between friends. Where there is love there is trust. It is to one you love to whom you tell your troubles, the best joke, and his choicest thought. It is impossible to forget a friend for this reason.

Often the remark, "Oh, she thinks she's too good for me now," is heard. Can you feature the little mind back of this remark? Either one of the friends have grown till the choicest thought of one becomes nothing but a silly remark. Then is the time to become big enough to understand your friend. For inasmuch as your friend grows so much you grow, or your friendship which has blossomed will disappear as quickly as the sun which after setting in the west glorifying the sky with each distinct color sinks and is gone before you realize all its beauty.

Only too often what could become a fine friendship is ruined by selfishness. The phase of selfishness to which I refer is jealousy. This is especially noticeable in friendships between the sexes. Can you not share your friend?

Friendship is not the making over of your friend to suit your whims—it is the love one has for his friend as he is. There has been but one perfect being so the bigness of friendship lies in the fact that you can see your friend's faults but love him anyway. You should love your friend no less because of his faults, but help him overcome them. It is the good in the person for which he is loved. It is because of the faults in yourself that you can see the faults of others.

It is not always your enemies but your friends who cause the most pain. One does not care what his enemy says but rather what his friends say. It is for the friend who realizes how much, how completely, his friend's feelings lie in his hands to pay due respect.

You should and do seek out your friends. It is a poor friend who waits for an invitation. If you do not feel welcome any time you are a poor friend. Time does not wait for friendship nor neither does friendship depend upon time. Both should be

taken advantage of by friends. How shallow a friendship must be that one would feel he should not ask for his friend when he is needed most.

The pain of friendship lies in the fact that it might end. So easily are friendships broken! You see your friend taking to another person, and think you are not wanted. Or, again, and by far more unfair, is to give up a friend because there is another person who is loved more than you. There is always one person that is liked better than all others, just as at night one star shines brighter than all others. Friends become no less welcome because one person is loved. In fact that is when one truly appreciates friendship.

In conclusion I will quote from Thoreau, who in my opinion has chosen beautiful words to express an exquisite thought:

"As surely as the sunset in my latest November shall translate me to the ethereal world, and remind me of the ruddy morning of youth, as surely as the last strain of music which falls on my decaying ear shall make age be forgotten or, in short, the manifold influence of nature survive during the term of our natural life so surely my friend shall forever be my friend and reflect a ray of God to me, and time shall foster and adorn and consecrate our friendship, no less than the ruins of temple. As I love nature, as I love singing birds, and gleaming stubble, and flowing rivers, and morning and evening, and summer and winter, I love thee, my friend."

—Dorothy Detwiler.

"Safety First" Day Recognized

The Columbiana County Motor club conducted a "safety first" program throughout the county the week of the 20th to the 25th of April. The club provided speakers for the different school to urge the drivers of automobiles to be more careful.

E. M. Peters, president of Chamber of Commerce, was the speaker for Salem High School. He urged that people should not try to go around machines on a crowded road. It is the cause of too many wrecks. The half minute which they do save is not used to any better advantage than if they took a little longer on their drive. His final plea was "Always Be Careful."

Oh! that little red ticket z
Before it goes through the wicket
Must be sold by me you see;
So give me a bunch
And I'll give you a hunch
That a booster I can be.
'Tis the same old cry
And the same old cry
A need for cash you see
So let's give a laugh, a skip and a hop
And put the Juniors at the top.
S'if "Seventeen" you've never seen,
And want a laugh quite hearty
Join the crowd at eight-fifteen
And have a theater party
You'll not regret that here you met
And your money's worth you'll get.
—Eleanor Votaw.

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ALUMNI NEWS

Miss Mary Louise Astry of Mount Union spent the week-end in Salem. Paul Dow of Youngstown spent last week-end in Salem.

Miss Deborah Stratton and brother, Paul, spent the week-end in Smithville.

Railroad Stations

Did you ever stop to think about a railroad station? It is a place where many people are mingled in one group. It may be sad one minute and happy the next. This seems queer but nevertheless it is true.

The other evening I went to the station with a very dear friend who had been here visiting. He has been here several times before, but now he is quite old, and he said that he would never be back again. This made the parting very sad for us but at the same time someone else was made happy by that very train. An acquaintance of mine was there to meet his sister and her husband, who were coming to make him a visit.

Think what a sad place the railroad station was at the time of the war. Many went who never returned, but what a joyful place it was to the one who could go to meet her son, husband or sweetheart when he returned safely from overseas.

The same station that sees the lad, from a small country town, leave home to seek his fortune in the great world, may welcome him back victorious or receive him a failure.

A short time ago a boy left his home and started west to seek his fortune, but strange to say he found that to obtain money one must work and work hard. The station in his home town soon had the honor of receiving him a failure and now he thinks it is rather nice to have a home to which to go after the day's work is finished.

In a railroad station everyone seems friendly because it is nice to find the ones who are going on your train and how far their are going. Taken as a whole would you say it was a place of happiness or sorrow? This is a difficult question to answer but one must admit that a railroad station was, is and always will be a sad as well as a happy place.

—Wanda Mathews.

Second Semester Dates

- Tonight—Sophomore party.
- May 8 and 9—Junior play.
- May 9—Columbiana county meet.
- May 13—Dinamo picnic.
- May 15—Brooks contest.
- May 16—Mt. Union track meet.
- May 22—Junior-Senior banquet.
- May 23—State meet.
- May 28 and 29—Senior exams.
- May 31—Bacclaireate.
- June 1—Senior farewell.
- June 1-2-3—Exams.
- June 4—Commencement.
- June 5—Alumni banquet.

A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles about awhile and finally some chicken gets him.

Governing Yourself Right

There are many reasons why we should know how to govern ourselves right. We are never happy when we don't, because we are always in trouble. We all need to learn how to find pleasure in doing right, and I think we all want to, if we stop to think about it.

Many times we are not careful and let small things entice us to do wrong. Then we are always sorry afterwards, and sometimes very much disgusted with ourselves. Why not do the right thing and get joy from it?

All of our great men do, and have done the right thing in everyday life. That is why they are great, and have become a success in life. They all find joy in doing it.

Doing the right thing raises our ideals and gives us a higher standard. It makes us feel better.

Have you found joy in doing right? If you have you will surely keep trying to do better. You can never be successful until you do.

If you haven't found joy in doing right, you don't know what you are missing, friends. It's just like a new life. You feel so free and full of happiness.

Try it! From now on when you are disgusted take hold of yourself, and straighten up. One will never get any place doing the wrong thing.

—Corwin Barton.

SENIOR SPEECHES APRIL 29

Irene Quinlan spoke on "William Euard Gladstone." Gladstone stood out in English history as a great statesman who was fair and loved by men. He was very tolerant of his opponents' ideas but he was not swayed easily to their point of view.

Cessna Mackintosh used for his subject "Coal." He told of the vast amounts of coal there are in the world. He said that although there has been a great wasting of coal 98 per cent of the coal in the world still remains.

"The Negro at West Point" was William Bingham's subject. There is provision for the negro at this school but very few have taken advantage of it. Colonel Young was one who made a name for himself there.

Jokes of teachers all remind us, We can make our grades sublime By bursting forth in joyous laughter, At the designated time.

Prisoner—"How are you, Judge?" Judge—"Fine, \$5."—Review.

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MEN'S WEAR

"Oh Lucy! Hurry a little and we'll go down town," called Elizabeth Jackson, Lucy Varley's chum.

"Coming this minute, Bets," replied Lucy.

The two girls linked arms and walked down street together. They had much to say, and the conversation was very animated. Upon reaching Main street, Elizabeth said, "Let's go into Farrel's confectionery and get some thing to eat. They do serve the best things."

"Can't be done, Bets; I'm sorry, very sorry. You see, I never go in there. The place has a bad name; it would never do for me to go there."

Lucy spoke regretfully for she hated to disappoint her friend and spoil her good time. Elizabeth turned around with a grimace. Regret, anger and astonishment were written on her countenance.

"Well, Lucy, I can't see that that's any reason. Perhaps you don't think of me. If I can go in there, you can. It won't hurt you this once, please Lucy."

By this time they were in front of the place mentioned. A crowd of young boys smoking cigarettes were standing around the doorway. There had been rumors that there was a little room used for gambling on the premises. The very sight of those young loafers, and the thought of those tales disgusted Lucy. Yet, it was very hard for her to deny her best friend in such a seemingly little thing. As they were passing by Elizabeth spied Gladys Morgan, a three-year Freshman, who was talking freely to two or three of these animated cigarette fiends. Saying a hasty good-bye to Lucy, Elizabeth ran to meet the crowd. With her head up, feeling hurt though proud, Lucy walked on alone. She reassured herself that she would always stick to what she had said. In her opinion the mere saying of a resolution meant nothing.

The break in friendship caused by this incident made the two girls take new paths, and seek other companions. Elizabeth slowly but surely was drawn into the circle that frequented Farrel's. Quite alone Lucy went her own way but often wished that Elizabeth might forget the quarrel. In time the police made an investigation at Farrel's. Unpleasant things were brought to light, and many of the young people were implicated. By luck Elizabeth Jackson escaped trouble and criticism.

So one fine afternoon after school Lucy was walking down street. From behind her, she heard a cheerful "Hello, wait a minute, Lucy."

Lucy stopped and waited, realizing that "Bets" was willing to forget. Smiling, with a soul full of gladness, she suddenly became aware that maintaining right meant something worth while in her life.

—Junnia Jones.

Ed—"I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer.)

Ed—"I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Co-ed—"I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

Isn't That Just Like a Man?

Tom was president of a club of fellows ranging in age from 16 to 20. He was the acknowledged leader of all their activities and whatever he said was law. There were twelve fellows in the club, known as "The Owls," and none of them dared even look at a girl because they had made that part of the oath of initiation.

Just because Tom had fallen for a cute little blond, who was already in love with herself and all of the fellows in town, he decided that none of the gang should have a chance to do that.

Everything went beautifully till a new girl came to town. She was more blond than the first girl Tom had fallen for and he fell harder than ever. Sad to relate, "Fat," a member of the club, also succumbed to her bewitching wiles and so the fun began.

"Fat" lived near her home, and he managed to start out just in time to meet her, and walk down street with her every time she went. Tom seeing this gave "Fat" a bawling out at club the next night, and threatened to kick him out if he didn't "lay off the janes." "Fat" promised but after meeting was over, when he and Tom were walking down the street, he said, "Say, Tom, if a fellow would have a date would he get kicked out for real?"

Tom replied, his face red and burning in the dark, "I'll say so. Ya better not try it. The guys might get rough with you and duck you in the lake or something."

"Fat" was sufficiently scared so he said nothing more. As they passed the new girl's house who should appear but Alice herself, in pink organdie. She had her ukelele in her hand, and as the boys strolled slowly past she sat down, and began to sing dreamy songs as she played.

Neither of the fellows dared let on that they were crazy to stop, but they walked on past.

"Fat"—"Well, it's nearly nine bells. Guess I'll turn in," as they reached his gate.

Tom—"Guess I'll go home too—so long."

"Fat"—"See you tomorrow."

A few minutes later "Fat" crept out of the house, looking around to make sure he was unobserved. He went down the street to Alice's and turned in. She was still playing so he went up on the porch to assist her. However, she needed no assistance. Seated on the swing beside her was Tom. "Fat" looked horror stricken, and then he began to laugh.

"Ho! Ho! Thought you were going home. You're a good one, you are. Listen, I won't tell on you if you fix up a little picnic for next Sunday down at the lake. Get me a cute date, too."

Alice—bubbling—"Oh Mr. Fat, I'm so glad you came. My girl friend from back home is coming and I know you will be just crazy about her."

Tom and "Fat" got away with the picnic that Sunday and finally broke up "The Owls" without having any trouble, and "Fat" never was thrown in the river for having a date.

—Dorothy Ziegler.

REMEMBER MOTHER On May 10th—Mother's Day


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Junior High Notes

8A—On the fifteenth of April, Mrs. Campbell was given a surprise party by our division. Delicious refreshments, games, music and stunts occupied the time. It was voted the best party ever given by the 8A's.

Robert Cope to Mrs. Miller: "But I have some cents."

While most of the 8A girls are wagging their tongues, Margaret Tilley uses her tongue to locate food.

It was "apple blossom time in Art class" last week.

8B—Ours is the history room. There's always war.

Miss Connors caught Bayerd Flick singing his own composition, "When Banana Skins are Blooming, I'll Come Slipping Back to You."

William Folk has quit school and gone to work.

The inkwells are always dry in the study hall when Fred Himmelspach has a seat there.

On Arbor day the 8B's, 8D's and 8C's were entertained by the radio program broadcasted from Columbus for the benefit of school children. Homer Peters installed his radio for the purpose. This was much appreciated.

8C PERSONALS

We have a family blotter in 8C. Everyone uses it, and no one knows to whom it belongs. It is beginning to look fagged, however, and we wish someone would contribute a new one. Hand me the blotter, please. K. G. Did you know that Wade Look wears golf stockings?

No. Does he?

Yes, there are 18 holes in them.

—E. M.

Elizabeth McKee wore a black and white middie one afternoon. Robert Birch knows why she wore those colors.

We are going back to the olden days; we had a combat in the arena (fish bowl). The blue gill won over the gold fish.—J. F.

Obituaries

On the morning of April 27 the gold fish was found dead. The death of the deceased was owed to hydrophobia caused by the bite of a wild fish.—R. K.

8D—Ask our boys why they have two manual training teachers.

8D Thrift club held a special meeting in April and invited the principal to be present. It was well conducted and reports were flattering.

8E—Dean Heston was playing monkey on a stick and dislocated his shoulder blade.

8E's zoo is still at large.

Miss Smith's desk nearly collapsed when Martha Reeves put her biscuit baked at Domestic Science on it.

8A's, 8C's and 8E's wish to express their "thank you" to Russell Pearson who so kindly loaned his radio for Arbor day.

SIXTH GRADE

Anna May Painter attended a party at the Christian church Friday night. Roy McLaughlin spent the week-end in Pittsburg.

Leila Beck is moving to the Country club this week. We are glad she will finish her term here.

Charles Snyder, Gerald Harshman and Wm. Smith have accepted posi-

tions at Pettit's greenhouse for evenings and Saturdays.

Our class is organizing a boys' baseball club. We play McKinley Saturday. Look out, McKinley! Our captain, McLaughlin, is a whiz.

Pitcher, R. McLaughlin; catcher, E. Yarwood; first base, Wm. Smith; second base, F. McLaughlin; third base, L. Yates; short stop, E. Beck; fielders, Bailey, Thompson, Snyder.

7A—Oscar Hively has a new motorcycle.

Charles Greiner and Hunter Carpenter visited in Youngstown last Sunday.

Frank Brendowsky has returned to school none the worse for his accident.

Elizabeth Covert has returned to school after an absence of several days.

Emily Bahmiller visited in Massillon over the week-end.

Raymond Day motored to Canton with his parents Sunday.

Thelma Cooper met with an accident Sunday. Minor bruises and a black eye were the result.

We extend our sympathy to Nick Buta in the loss of his brother.

7B

Edith Price is withdrawing to go to Alliance schools. We are sorry to lose her.

Norman Hill joined a party in Lisbon Sunday and spent the day in the woods near there.

George Hawkins, John Williams and Howard Heston went with Mr. Williams to Milton dam recently.

Why the smile? George caught a carp!

Mr. Broomal's class of the M. E. church is having a party at Donald Kellar's Friday night. Many from this class will attend.

7C

Irene Holk has a broken wrist. Roller skates were not made for one-stepping.

Gale Menough in a special study of chemistry has about completed an electric arc furnace.

Katherine Litty has returned after a week's illness.

Alta Moores accompanied by her sister entertained at a club gathering with her violin. The Rosary was the selections he played. We are proud of you, Alta. Keep it up.

John Hill is getting fame catching snakes and turtles for his aquarium. What are you going to do with it, John.

Ernest Naragon went to Berlin Center Sunday with Scout Executive Chamberlain to illustrate scouting.

7D

Anna Margaret Tescher is back after a two weeks' absence.

Ethel Neiderhiser is ill. We extend our sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery.

Joseph Pasco went fishing last Thursday and caught 10½ hours.

Lila Hofman played a piano solo at a musical Friday evening.

Virginia Simpson attended the funeral of her uncle at Dover, Thursday.

Fritz Hundertmarck discovered a fire at the Stark Electric trestle and did all that a good scout could do to take care of it.

Mary Catherine Hanna missed school Tuesday. We are sorry to hear of the sickness in her family and hope for speedy recovery.

Carrie Shallenberg moved to Florida April 27, 1925.

Nick Nan, our ever ready student, will finish his school term here although his parents are living in Canton.

McKinley School

The baseball team organized in Sixth grade of our school chose Henry Reese captain.

In their first game last Saturday Captain Reese, Smith, Jackson, McQuilkin and Ballantine defeated a Fourth Street School team with a score of 15 to 1.

A harder game is scheduled for next Saturday against another team from Fourth Street School. The lineup will include Reese, Pukalski, Kibler, McGaffick, McQuilkin, Jackson, Wilson, Stiffler, Zeller and Ballantine.

5S

Gordon Scullion was chosen captain of the 5S baseball team. The boys are hoping for victory in their first game with an opposing team.

McKinley 5N will play Fourth Street a game of baseball Saturday morning, May 3. Raymond Moff is the captain for McKinley's team. His lineup is the following:

Catcher—Ray Vincent.

Pitcher—Charles Carpenter.

Shortstop—Jack Carpenter.

First base—Raymond Moff.

Second base—Carl McQuilken.

Third base—Eddie Welch.

Left fielder—Jack Ballantine.

Right fielder—Liester Stewart.

Center fielder—Corin Baffin.

The subs are Herbert Cohen, John Reeves, Kenneth Stewart, Alfred Paxson and Donald Althouse.

March

March, the month when winds will blow,

March, the month that brings more snow,

March, the month that blows my hat, And one sure thing, I don't like that.

March, the month when birds come back

And build their homes way up in trees,

They won't use either nail or tack, And why is more than anyone sees.

But birds need use neither nail nor tack,

But floss and wool and string, So be happy when the birds come back,

For it's one sure sign of spring.

Constance Tice

McKinley Ave. School.

"Please sir, may I leave class to jump rope?"

"And why the kindergarten act?"

"I've just taken my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle."—Bison.

First fellow—"What kind of a pie is that you have there?"

Second ditto—"This is a spider pie."

First—"What! What do you mean, spider pie?"

Second—"It was on the window sill and I spied 'er."

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"I know they'll notice it. Oh why! Oh why must it be. If only I had been more careful. Do you think they will see it?" he confidently asked his neighbor.

"No," answered his neighbor. It is not noticeable. Do compose yourself."

Still he was not convinced.

"Did you notice it?" he asked another. The same reply. "What shall I do? What shall I do? I'm disgraced for life," he sighed.

That noon he rushed frantically out of the bank where he was working and ran the two blocks to his home. "Mary, hand me a needle and thread, quick," he gasped. "I've had a hole in the heel of my sock all morning."

—Leota Eakin.

She—"Before we were married you called me an angel."

He—"I know it."

She—"But now you don't call me anything."

He—"That shows self control."—Bison.

SOCIETY

The Misses Margaretta Limestahl and Theda Knauf motored to Washingtonville last week-end where they

attended an opera.

Miss Amelia Waldi spent Sunday in Youngstown.

Miss Virginia Smith of Youngstown spent the week-end with Miss Florence Jane Tolerton.

Miss Ruth Barton spent the week-end in Cleveland with her sister, Miss Janet Barton.

Misses Helen Smith and Florence Jane Tolerton were the guests of Miss Martha McCready at Mount Union over the week-end, and attended a dance given there by the Delta Delta Sorority.

Gathering Sponges

The majority of us are quite familiar with the sponge and probably you have wondered how they are gathered and where. Down here in Florida is the largest sponge exchange in the world, located at Tarpon Springs. Sponges are gathered in very few places in the world; Italy and Tarpon Springs being the two principal places.

One Saturday afternoon we thought that we would like to visit Tarpon Springs, while we were living so near. So at 1 o'clock we left St. Petersburg for a 56-mile drive to Tarpon. We were surprised when we finally reached Tarpon to find it to be such a small place and mostly populated by Greeks and Spaniards, as they are the sponge gatherers. We drove down by the sponge exchange where the government boats were anchored. The sponge exchange itself resembles a vast prison with its heavy barred windows and doors. It is here the sponges are held before they are sold and then shipped to all parts of the world.

In interviewing the captain of one of the government sponge boats, which had just returned from its six months' stay out, we learned that they take their crew and two divers and stay out for six months. The boat goes out for 12 miles and stays; it is supplied by the supply boats which run between it and land. These boats carry out food, clothes and other necessities and bring back the sponges.

The life of a diver is not very pleasant and they seldom live longer than a year if they continue to dive. Before the divers will go out with the boats, the owner of the boat must pay each diver \$1000. Sponges are found in a bed on rocks. When a diver finds an unusually large bed he often-times gets piggish and stays down longer than his allotted 20 minutes. When he comes up his body starts to bloat and then his companions in order to get his divers' suit off are compelled to cut it off. As they wear woolen underwear, they peel that off like the skin is peeled off bologna. On some occasions their head swells so large that they are dead when they come up and in order to get the helmet off they have to cut off the diver's head. One can always tell a diver by his hobble, as their legs are partially paralyzed, which is caused by the blood being forced out of them and never being able to get back in.

Sponges have to be sorted and graded, from the very large ones down

to the very small ones.

They are found in varieties and shapes. We saw some shaped like bowls with plants in them, some with large pieces of coral and so on, and a great many with oyster shells growing in them, pieces of fossils from the bottom of the gulf and a great many other freakish things are seen.

I've told you about the sponges and divers and now I must not forget to tell you about the man-eating shark that was caught here in St. Petersburg about two weeks ago. This monarch of the sea was caught at the end of the Municipal pier. Quite a large fish is used for bait. The hook resembles a small anchor and the line is a heavy rope.

Once they get the shark on the hook they fasten it to the post where boats are anchored. Then they allow it to run until it is tired out, usually about 40 minutes. Then they lift it upon the pier with a small derrick.

The last shark which was caught was 12 feet in length and weighed 1100 pounds. It was hung up on the pier and while it hung there I went out to see it. I stepped upon a bench and from there over onto its fins in order to look down its throat. It was just like looking down a big cave. A man-eating shark has two rows of teeth, like saws, in each jaw. If Mr. Shark gets you behind his second row of teeth it is good-bye for you.

Now don't think that sponges and sharks are all we have in Florida. Right now we have the fragrant orange blossoms and the mocking birds, which sing all day and far into the night.

The north is lovely but the south satisfies me.

Gretta Titus
St. Petersburg, Fla.

What Would Happen

IF Valois went home before 12 p. m.
IF Houser wore knee pants?
IF Paul Bartholomew broke the 440 record?
IF Mary Miskimins forgot how to talk?
IF Rex Mellvain were six feet tall?
IF Ruth Older ate garlic?
IF Rose Mary Filler was a star at running the mile?
IF Esther Williams couldn't be kidded?
IF Al Sartick disliked gum?
IF we were all perfect?

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OLD STUFF

By Sol Bunk

A few days ago in biology class they were studying Darwinism. In the course of the class the teacher was called to the phone. When the teacher returned several of the students were found skinning the cat on the chandelier. Tell me, dear people, what does this prove?

Bunk is the American's greatest life stimulant. They must have bunk for breakfast, dinner and supper; a great many of us sleep on it.

Ever since Senior Dallas Texas Heck gave his speech on loafing the school has been under the impression that he is going into the bakery business.

There are some girls in our school that are so delicate they can eat nothing but humming bird's tongues, fried in gold fish oil, and served on wilted orchid leaves.

People talk about rare things they see, but they cannot beat the fact that Mary Jane Strawn was seen rolling a hoop up and down McKinley avenue the other afternoon. Training for track she said.

Here's one for those that enjoy taxing their brains with problems. If elephants overcoats cost 15 cents, how long would it take for a drop of water to spilt a shingle?

The ambition of most of the Americans is to be taxidermists. (That is to stuff eagles in their pockets).

This was noticed on a sign board: "When you have a blow-out invite us." —Firestone Tire and Tube Co.

Warner's bakery reports that there was a run on the mints the other day.

The Quaker is granting the public three guesses why dogs are so scarce in Salem city.

They say Latin is a dead language, but this is not always so because Edith has a great deal of fun telling Red "Te amo."

The latest song hit with Mary Mis-kimins is "Nothing Could be Finer Than to Be In Caroline." She has a fellow in that state we assume.

We all know that Mary Ellen Smith will just be tickled pink to know that the amusement parks are about to open again. Then she will be able to ride on the merry-go-round and have access to the public play grounds with all of its wonderful sand piles and sliding boards.

"I'm Going South" to see "My Gal Sal," when I'll be "Waitin' Around" "Paradise Alley." "Two Blue Eyes" make me "Jealous," but when "Your Lips" promise you'll be mine "Forever," and I gaze into your "Innocent Eyes," I beg for "Just One More Kiss," before your "Big Boy" leaves for "Hollywood," where I'll be "Counting the Days" "Till We Meet Again" in "Charleston Cabin," where we'll be "Holding Hands" on a "June Night." When you beg me to "Linger Awhile," I can only say "Forget-me Not," for "After All I Adore You."

Now, I must return to my "Home in Pasadena" where I'll dream of you "In the Evening." I'll be so "Lonesome," but "Maybe" in "Maytime" I'll return to "The One I Love," and then-but "Wait, You'll See!"—Oidono.

Who remembers when a fellow could honestly and truly say to a girl: "You certainly have a fine color in your cheeks?" Those were the days when the women had the color "in" their cheeks, and not "on" them as now.

I pawned my coat to pay a bet; that's Economics,

I sold a thing to pay a bill; that's History,

I wish I had it now it's cold; Philosophy,

But how to get it back again—ah, that's the mystery.—Lampoon.

Found on Ralph Kircher's registration card, Name of Parents—Mamma and Papa.

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the

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THINK IT OVER

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"Scottie's" father had been watching him for some time. He would read a passage in a book and then go through various manoeuvres. Finally when he went and lit the fire on the hearth, spit on the floor, walked around the room several times, and then turned on his heel on the spot where he had spit, it was too much for Dad. He said, "Son, what are you doing?"

Much was his surprise at the complacent answer: "Dramatizing part of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' 'On the hearth the fire was lit, and the kid turned on the spit.'"

Mrs. Astry—"Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Puss?"

Puss—"I go for the hims."

RULES FOR THEMES

1. Write on both sides of the paper. It isn't necessary to use the same kind. Cardboard, wall or wrapping paper will do.
2. If you use ink (pencil preferred), spill it and decorate the paper.
3. It is the best to use a short pencil with stubby lead. The teacher can guess what you mean if she can't read it.
4. Take a topic you've read about for a subject. If you can't remember it, get the original and copy it.
5. Don't put a title on the theme. If the teacher can't find out what you're writing about, kick to the superintendent or principal.
6. Don't sign your name. The teacher knows your writing.
7. No punctuation marks are required; abbreviate as much as possible.—Ex.

"Look up at me, blue-eyes."

"No, 'cause if I do you'll kiss me again."

"Honest, I won't."

"Then what's the use of looking up?"—Bison.

DON'TS

Don't say "yes" when you mean "uh-huh."

Don't use English when American is just as good.

Office boy (to boss just returning from lunch)—"Call your wife, Sir."

Boss—"With pleasure. What shall I call her?"

My girl is so up to date that when she heard about the New Testament she wouldn't even read the Old one any more.—Humbug.

NOTICE!

Ralph Kircher says any young men who wish to block their hats this spring may use his head.

November 46, 1919
Youngstown, Ohio Chicago
Africa near North Pole.

My Dear Friendless friend:

You are cordially invited to attend a moonlight afternoon picnic in the morning of December 63, 1919, given by the Mixed Nuts of the Woodvill Asylum. You are also invited to bring all your crazy friends and stay at home. If you happen to get here before you arrive you will meet yourself coming back.

DIRECTIONS—Ask any policeman or street car conductor as they will not know. Take the car you just missed and get off at the place you got on. Cars run both ways, take either of them or both. Also bring along a basket of water in case of hunger.

AMUSEMENTS—The Clown Prince will sing the "Star Spangled Banana." Kaiser Wilhelm will make a speech on "A Quick Trip to Hell," and also "ME UND GOTT." A murder will be committed every one-half hour, two hours apart, for the amusement of children.

BILL OF FARE—Fine ham sandwiches will be served with cheese in them. Also hot coffee will be served cold without sugar or coffee.

FEATURES—Music will be furnished by the best hat band in the country, assisted by a gum band who will play a few stretches while the hat band rests. Men without legs will run races for a silver cup made of best tin. All armless men wishing to enter the ball throwing contest must present their own handwriting. Valuable prizes will be given away but must be returned before leaving the field.

STRICT RULES—All people that eat must die at home. Anybody found dead or drunk on the premises will be arrested or released at once.

Be sure to come as you will not enjoy yourself.

Giving my sincerest sorrow,
I remain,

A member of the Committee.
Signed, Thurlo B. Thomas.

P. S.—Please bring invitation along, but in case you forget it, leave it at home. If you do not receive this please pass it on. —Exchange.

Don't say "get me" for "did you catch the drift of the avalanche that detached itself from my storehouse of information and rolled down the steep of my lingual member."

"Just a slip of the tongue," said the butcher as the meat fell on the floor.

"Get out of my weigh," said the catfish as a crab fell on his scales.

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