

## Salem High Wins County Title— Cup Is Stolen

The Salem High track team defeated the other county schools and won the county championship at Lisbon May 9. Before a record crowd of enthusiasts, and with perfect weather at hand, the fast Salem athletes showed up well before the other six teams, winning five first places and placing men in all but three events.

The team showed a working ability and an undefeated spirit throughout the entire meet. The meet would have been perfect if Perkins, star half-miler and relay man, had not been injured. Although he was spiked three times, he ran nearly the full half-mile and won his event, breaking his previous record by four seconds. Alton Allen finished second in this event and ran a remarkable relay race.

Cope ran the mile in 4:49 and set a new High School record which had been held by Marietta, whose time was 4:53. Both of these men will receive silver loving cups for breaking these records.

Gregg tied the hurdle record but he knocked over two of them so his record does not stand. He also distinguished himself by winning the broad jump, going 20 feet.

Judge also showed up well finishing second in the 440 and running a very fast relay race.

The relay team ran the mile in 3:44, breaking the old High School record. They used two new men who showed up well. The team is now ready for the Mt. Union meet and is going in to win. This year's winner at Mount Union will have permanent possession of the cup as most of the schools have won it two years.

The spirit of the Salem team is very good and the team promises to make a hard fight at Alliance.

Following is the summary of the events:

220-yard hurdles—Gregg (S); Cornelli (L); Miller (W); Judge (S). Time—27 3-5 seconds.

High jump—Neigh (L); Fife (Let); Holyapple (E); tied for first, second, third; Coffee (S); Gregg (S); Thome (W); tied for fourth. Height—5 feet 5 3/4 inches.

100-yard dash—Kirtley (P); Brown (C); Morrissey (Let); Krefer (L). Time—10 2-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Kirtley (P); Cornelli (L); Allen (S); Bolan (P); tied for fourth. Height—10 feet 9 inches.

Half-mile—Perkins (S); Allen (S); Altomare (Let); Nichols (Let). Time—2:09.

Broad jump—Gregg (S); Morrissey (Let); Cornelli (L); Neigh (L). Distance—20 feet.

220-yard dash—Brown (C); Kirtley (P); Martin (S); Neigh (L). Time—24 1-5 seconds.

(Continued on page 4)

## Lucille Bennett Chosen May Queen

Students Elect Popular Girl at  
Assembly.

Lucille Bennett, Senior, was honored by the High School students last Friday when she was elected Queen of May Day. Lucille is most qualified to hold this honor being unusually slender, tall and graceful. Sara Mae Zimmerman, also a Senior, was elected to crown the queen, as she was second in the election for queen. Miss Bennett has chosen these girls as her attendants: Beatrice Conkle, Mary Yarwood, Camille Kines, Ruth Mullett, Dorothy Detwiler, Florence Cosgrove, Edythe Barnes, Letha Jackson, Florence Jane Tolerton and Helen Smith.

May Day, which will be May 20, promises to be the most successful and beautiful one ever held. The color scheme to be carried out in the queen's procession will be unusually beautiful. Many novel events have been arranged among which are the highland fling and a dance by Old King Cole and his men, each done by a group of High School girls. Both Miss Potter and Mr. Springer are working hard to whip the events into perfect shape.

## Popular Singer Entertains School

Mr. Herbert Hutson, accompanied by Mr. Austin Kay, favored the High School assembly with three numbers and two encores. The selections used were "The Dream Canoe," "Beurceuse" and "Rose in the Bud."

## Seniors Give Speeches Juniors Present

### "Seventeen"

Play Most Successful Ever Given  
Given Here.

In her speech on "Coal Tar Products" Ruth Robb told how many products could be made from sticky coal tar. The dyes purple and indigo, which were at one time so expensive are now cheap because of coal tar.

"Conservation of Natural Resources" was the subject discussed by Joe Bryan. He told about water power and fertility of soil. But where the greatest conservation comes in is the case of minerals which disappear in time.

Marguerite Schmid chose as her subject "Mothers' Day." Mothers' Day was begun by a girl who wished to do something in commemoration of her dead mother. She decided that the plan of having a day for all mothers was the most noble and lasting.

"The Development of the Automobile" was told by Charles Schaffer. He told of the mechanical advancement of the automobile from the crude machine into the almost perfect piece of machinery that it is now.

Dorothy Shinn chose as her subject "Traits of a Bee." She told of the habits and peculiarities of the bee. The bees work in systematic order just as we should try to do.

Edward Heck spoke on, "Freudian Theories of Amnesia and Symptomatic Actions." In this he gave examples and instances of where the unconscious self makes the conscious self do things unknowingly. People forget proper names on account of the action of the unconscious mind.

(Continued on page 5)

"Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington, was selected as the play to be given by the Junior class. It was a play full of humor and was one enjoyed by all; those who are just nearing the age of 17, those who are 17 and those who have already passed that age all had a good laugh.

The play was a great success. Willie, just 17, who displayed the character of a boy of 17 was exceptionally well played by Carl Mathews. We all felt sorry for him in the end, when he was not successful in obtaining his desire.

Jane was Willie's small sister who was forever tattling about Willie, and his love affairs. This part was taken by Dorothy Dougher, a winsome little maid of the Junior class. It is wonderful how much she can remember.

Grace Windram handled the role of Lola Pratt with exceeding cleverness. The "baby talk lady" with whom Willie was enraptured was to be a foolish little girl with her precious dog "Floppit." This part was hard to play but Grace handled it with ease.

Mrs. Baxter, a devoted mother, was played by Ruth Older. She seemed to understand a boy of 17 better than her husband, Russell Stallsmith, as Mr. Baxter, played the father's part effectively.

The other characters, all friends of Willie and Lola, were played well.

May Parcher ..... Gladys Redington  
Mr. Parcher (disgusted with Lola)

..... William Miller  
Johnnie Watson ..... Henry Yaggi

George Croper ..... Rex McIlvain  
Wallie Banks ..... Donald Smith

Ethel Brooks ..... Eleanor Votaw  
Mary Brooks ..... Ceaseri Paumier

Genesis, Baxter's servant .....  
..... Robert Davis

## Football Letters Awarded

In the assembly of May 6 the football letters were awarded. Those who deserved first team letters were awarded theirs. Reserve letters were awarded to those that did not win the first letters but had been faithful in appearance for practice.

The gold football which was given by Dr. Yaggi to go to the most popular and most deserving football girl each year was given to Betty Jones. Jones. She is a Junior. She will be allowed to keep it for a year when the football girl will be chosen again.

Miss Elizabeth Miller, a former Salem High School student, played two numbers on the piano which were enjoyed by everyone. The numbers were: "The Eagle," by McDowell, and "Contra Dance," by Beethoven.



## THE QUAKER

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### The Greatest Thing In The World

The proposition is Love. Everyone should know that love is the greatest thing in the world. We may have Faith, Hope and Strength, but if we have not love, we have nothing. Why is the greatest thing in the world love? Because if you have love, you possess all other virtues. If we did not love we would be blocking progress and would help humanity by getting out of the way. We should love unless we want to be left alone with an impoverished soul. The petty things of character melt under the eternal sunshine of great truth and world love for mankind. Love never fails, therefore it shall be the supreme possession. With love, we acquire personality; he who has personality has an understanding heart, a heart that lets folks of all sorts into its lounging room giving out beauty and warmth to all.

Are we all able to love and should we all love? We all should love; Christ loved us all; he loved first, therefore we should love. If there had been love in the hearts of the impassioned talkers preceding the appeal for war, there would have been no war.

There are a great many facts in the Bible telling us that love is above all other things. John said, "God is Love; he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

Great things may come and go away. Great inventions may be forgotten, great deeds may be forgotten, but love is everlasting. Great inventions and great deeds gradually fade away only to be replaced by greater inventions and greater deeds. Love does not die.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because God sent his only Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent His Son for the atonement of our sins. If God so loved us, we ought to love one another.

It is a sick, tired and crippled world in which we live. I think the surest and happiest path to peace and contentment of heart, mind and spirit, is to be kind, to love the other fellow. Wars are never started by loving the other fellow. Love is eternal while all other things fade and pass away.

The smallest touch of love never dies; the winds of heaven blow its beauty to the farthest corners of this strange, mysterious world. Start to love today, so that tomorrow may be a much better and happier day than today.

Love is the fulfilling of the law; and now abideth Faith, Hope and Love, these three, but the greatest of these is Love. —Fred Ebersold.

### School

Sometimes we are tired of school, and wish we were out. We criticize all things; the teachers are cross, lessons too hard, etc. Yet when we stop to think that's only in life, we must meet the hard things fair and square. As we are almost through we think over the past years and realize that things were not as hard as they seemed. Now that we are almost ready to leave we wish that we could go on. The friends we made, some of them we will see as we go through life, but many of them will drift away from us. No longer are we only going to school. The harder things of life begin. Some will go away to school and some will stay at home, but every one's life changes. It is beginning—where you must go for yourself, not have some one back of you with help. Although we can never lose that which you have gained in the four years of High School life. Now when we are leaving it is not with joy, but sadness in leaving that which we love, and seems a part of us.

Soon all will be over  
And our High School days be done,  
And yet for our life after  
There is something we have won.

At times it makes us happy  
And at others very sad  
When we think of good times  
We so often have had.

And yet we cannot always  
Think only of fun and play  
As our school days are over  
We think of the future day.

And as we bid you adieu  
This class of twenty-five  
We think of the future life  
Toward which we must strive.  
—Letha Jackson.

A woodpecker lit on this Freshman's head  
And settled down to drill  
He bored away for half an hour  
And then he broke his bill.

A Sophomore lies beneath this stone  
His struggles were the worse  
He studied Latin o'er and o'er  
Until he died of thirst.

A typical Junior if you seek  
Here's one who loved a frolic  
He kissed a damsel on the cheek  
And died of painters' colic.

A solemn Senior lies at rest  
In agony he died  
He flunked his final English test  
And that was suicide.  
—Exchange.

Sure they send animals by mail—I saw a letter with a seal on it.

## HEMMETER STORE NEWS

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## ALUMNI NEWS

Orien Naragon, who is attending school at Athens spent the week-end with Paul Walton at Ohio Wesleyan.

Russell Stratton attended the field meet at Lisbon Saturday.

Ralph Zimmerman spent a few days at the home of his room-mate at Danville.

Miss Ethel Weingart spent Monday evening at Youngstown.

Raymond Parshall and John Siskowic of Wooster were home for a few days.

Paul Stratton, who is teaching at Smithfield, spent a few days in Salem.

Miss Katherine Enderline and girl friend spent a few days in Salem.

The Glee club of Wooster, of which George Bunn is a member, gave a concert in Salem Friday evening.

### Senior Examinations

#### Room 307

Note—307 study halls report to auditorium.

#### May 28

9:00-10:30—E4.

10:30-12:00—L3.

Sp2

1:00-2:30—SO4.

#### May 29

9:00-10:30—SO5

F2

F3

10:30-12:00—CC4

C6

1:00-2:30—M3

#### OTHER EXAMS

#### June 1

1:30-3:00—M1-200-201-202-203-204-205.

M2-307.

SC3-206.

#### June 2

9:00-11:00—E1-300-303-304-305-309-200-201.

E2-202-203-204-205-109

E3-206.

1:00-3:00—SC1-205-204-206.

SC2-307

#### June 3

9:00-11:00—L1-200-201-202-203.

L2-204-205-100.

F1-206.

SP1-309-304-300.

SO6-206.

1:00-3:00—SO1-300-304.

SO2-200-201-202-203-204.

SO6-206.

1:00-3:00—SO1-300-304.

SO2-200-201-202-203-204.

SO3-205.

### Honor Roll

200	Brooke Phillips
Irma Boncsina	Lewis Platt
Ruth Consor	George Rogers
203	300
Clarence Sidinger	Dorothy Cobb
204	Winifred Bailey
Wanda Mathews	Walter Deming
(All A's)	302
205	Edith Flickinger
Mary Chessman	Gladys Fultz
(All A's)	Donald Getz
206	303
Esther Rogers	Thelma Justice
Margaret Entrikin	Anna Ruth Miller
	304
Alice Heckert	Nellie Naragon
Betty Miller	(All A's)
Helen Reitzell	Louise Smith
Faye Slutz	(All A's)
Helen Smith	Dean Phillips
Florence Jane	Wayne Morron
Tolerton	George Ruggy
Thomas Frantz	309
Lloyd Heacock	Eugene Young
Alice Fluckiger	306
Robert Howell	Rebecca Price
Sara Mae	(All A's)
Zimmerman	109
208	Evelyn Shepherd
Anna McLaughlin	Irene Slutz
Clara Patten	(All A's)
(All A's)	Caroline Webber
Joe Marsilio	Myron Sturgeon
Janet Riddle	Homer Taylor
(All A's)	

### To Wisdom

In every heart, I've learned, there is some care,  
Some memory dear, some cross that must be borne,  
Some rosary of bright, joyous, perfect hours,  
With at the end, a cross, low hung, and worn  
With gallant smile, hid from the eyes of men.  
Oh may I as the years roll swiftly by,  
When time has dulled the first wild stabs of pain,  
When I have learned to kiss my cross, and wear  
It well, head high, when my heart smiles again,  
Be true to heal the heart, as yet untried.

Mildred Birch—

Baby chickens raise feathers on the installment plan—a little down and more down each week.

### Second Semester Dates

- May 15—Brooks contest.
- May 16—Mt. Union track meet.
- May 22—Junior-Senior banquet.
- May 23—State meet.
- May 28-29—Senior exams.
- May 31—Bacclaureate.
- June 1—Senior farewell.
- June 1-2-3—Exams.
- June 4—Commencement.
- June 5—Alumni banquet.

Little Girl—(With mother at bank window)—Muvver, lift me up so I can see the animals too.

One swallow will not make a summer, but a frog can make a spring.

Puppy love sends people to the dogs.  
If you go—don't howl—  
A watch dog must have a good movement.

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### PHOTOGRAPHER

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## A True Experience

It wasn't so many years ago when I was sitting in our kitchen one evening a while before dark, watching mother get the two-quart milk pail ready for me to go up on Summit street for our next day's milk.

I was sitting on the table swinging my bare feet and legs, feeling as happy as a girl of twelve could feel. Mother finally finished drying the pail, and gave me the money, and with her customary warning of, "You get back here before dark or your father will tend to you," I started off happily.

I got as far as the front lawn of the house where I was to get the milk when I heard a girl's voice saying, impatiently, "Well, St. Peter—hurry up or it'll be dark and I'll have to go home strapped again." Then I heard a boy's voice saying in a soothing way, "Now, just wait a minute, give me a little time; just wait a minute, Totsy."

Then it was that I discovered that Tot and Walt, yes, he was Irish too, Walt O'Neil, were playing marbles. I, of course, wanted to play too, but since I was a year younger than Tot and several years younger than Walt—I was too little to play.

Walt had to get the milk then and while he was gone Tot and I decided to try to find something exciting to do. I happened to see old bossy, she who helped me to put on weight, standing peacefully by the barn, and I asked Tot if she'd hold her by the horns while I got on her back. Tot agreed, gleefully; I suppose she thought she'd have an easy time of it. Well, when we got up to bossy she didn't seem to look so gentle, but I thought I couldn't show Tot I was afraid of her. Tot boldly reached for bossy's horns, and finally secured a good hold. It was then I thought a bright thought. I know that I was much bigger than Tot even if I were younger—and so I thought Tot ought to get on bossy first and if bossy's back were strong enough to hold her—why, she could hold me too, perhaps. I told Tot of my bright idea, but she didn't think it very appealing. We stood by bossy—Tot still holding her horns—arguing whether bossy could stand up under the terrible strain of me—when bossy suddenly twisted her head—and Tot went flying backwards, so scared she thought she felt bossy's horns going straight through her. Of course she yelled for Walt. And Walt came. I know for a fact if bossy had run her horns through me and I had yelled for Walter he wouldn't have heard.

By the time we had a few games of "tag" and one of "hideand-seeK" it was getting pretty late. Yes, it was dark. But that warning of mother's was so very old and I'd heard it so often that it seemed to just go in one ear and out the other.

I at last started home with the milk pail in my hand. I was stepping gingerly along, going rather swiftly, when horrors!—what was that awful croak—that terrible liquid feeling on my left foot—oh! it was a toad, I had stepped on it. It had croaked, I could feel it's life's blood oozing in a "gooey liquid" over my foot! My foot! I was a murderess. I remembered of having the sensation of stepping in

boiled macaroni and of pitching pail and milk into Summit street gutter. I ran home—on! I could hear that hopeless and agonizing croak—just like a human death groan, ringing in my ears. When I got as far as the front door I happened to remember my mother's warning about being back before dark—and there was our next day's milk running along happily in the gutter on Summit street. Some iat had a feast that night. I'm glad that something could be happy. I went to bed almost immediately after I arrived in front of dad—it was a painful process, getting undressed, with the physical pain which he had caused, and the mental pain of knowing that that night it had taken a life. I was also in agony for fear I'd have a foot full of warts—but I think I was forgiven because I never had one wart.

But to this day I can feel that hop-toad under my left foot whenever I see one. I don't dislike them, I only feel sorry for them. I know that that experience is one not enjoyed or given the privilege of being enjoyed by many people.

—Martha Willaman.

## TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 1)

Javelin throw—Morrissey (Let); Shafernocker (P); Dickey (W); Neill (W). Distance—145 feet.

440-yard dash—Campbell (W); Judge (S); Pignatore (W); Billet (Let). Time—55 1-5 seconds.

Shot put—Banks (W); Ferrell (C); Arbaugh (W); Cook (P). Distance—44 feet 9 inches.

One mile—Cope (S); Marietta (S); Pancake (P); Fleming (P). Time—4:49.

Discus throw—Shaffernocker (P); Houser (S); Pignatore (W); Morbeto (Let). Distance—108 feet 11¾ inches.

Relay race—Salem won (Shears, Judge, Allen, Coffee). Liverpool, second; Lisbon, third; Leetonia, fourth. Time—3:44.

Final standing—Salem, 41 1-6; Wells-ville, 22 3-5; East Liverpool, 4; East Palestine, 25½; Leetonia, 19 3-5; Lisbon, 16 1-3; Salineville, 0.

Dumb—How did you puncture your tire?

Bell—Ran over a milk bottle.

Dumb—How come? Couldn't you see it?

Bell—Naw, the kid had it under his coat.

Simp—What have you in your hand?

Sap—Fly paper.

Simp—Oh, deah! You don't mean to say that flies read?

## Defined

A jazz band is a group of citizens who are paid for playing static.

A tutor who tooted the flute,

Once tutored two tooters to toot,

Said the two to the tutor,

"Is it harder to toot or,

To tutor two tutors to toot?"

It is better to keep silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

The Bootblack—Light or dark, sir?"

Mr. Drennan—I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck.

# The Annual

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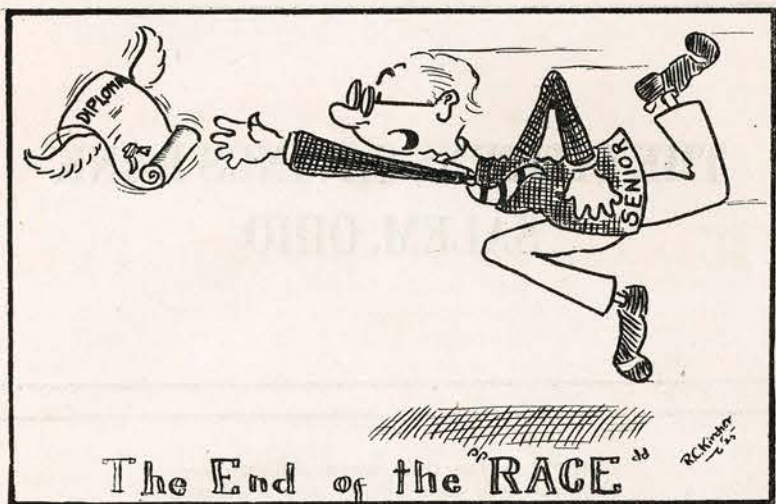
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The End of the RACE

### Junior High Doings

The seventh grade English department under the supervision of Miss Arthur has received some very interesting letters in reply to those sent out by the pupils. Below are extracts from some of them:

The White House, Washington.  
March 18, 1925.

My Dear Albert:

The president was very much pleased to receive your letter, and is sorry that he has been so busy of late that he does not seem to have much chance to write you, as you suggest. You know he is a very busy man, and sometimes it is not possible to answer all the letters that come to him.

Most sincerely yours,  
Everett Saunders

Secretary to the President.

Mr. Albert Lesch  
216 West Pershing Avenue  
Salem, Ohio.

Mr. Forrest Paxson  
152 Ellsworth Avenue  
Salem, Ohio.

My Dear Forrest:

It was fine in you to write me as you have done concerning your future. I am glad that you are interested in college and that you are beginning to think about what you should do.

With every good wish, I am  
Yours sincerely,

John W. Hoffman, President.  
Ohio Wesleyan University.

10 Lincoln Avenue  
Salem, Ohio

Miss Anna May Painter  
Salem, Ohio.

Dear Anna May:

Your letter of April the seventh was received and I appreciate, very much, your writing me.

If I were a little girl, like you interested in both piano and voice, I would try to go to Oberlin or some other equally good school and study those two subjects after you are through High School.

You will have to work but there is nothing that will bring you more pleasure and give more pleasure to your friends than music. Then, too, it is profitable, and will become more so as the years go on, I feel sure.

Wishing you success and thanking you for inviting me, I am,  
Yours very truly,

Grace P. Orr.

Mr. J. Howard Ahead  
Ellsworth Avenue  
Salem, Ohio.

The hatching is very similar to the barnyard fowl. We hatch our chicks by using an incubator, handling them in practically the same manner as chicken eggs, same temperature, etc. Ostriches mature at four years of age and have twelve to fifteen eggs to a setting, and it takes from forty to forty-two days to hatch the eggs. The principal diet of the ostrich is green alfalfa, chopped into a meal and it requires about six pounds per day for each bird. The birds also require quantities of gravel or other gritty substances at all times.

We can furnish you with fresh eggs for hatching at \$5.00 each, f. o. b. South Pasadena.

Should you be in the market for live ostriches, we will be glad to give you quotations.

With best wishes, we are  
Yours truly,  
Cawston Ostriche Farm.

The following are editorials written under the direction of Miss Cameron of the English department, eighth grade:

#### The Junior High Bell

Brrrrr-rr-rr! Opening of doors, and the halls are filled with four hundred chattering, noisy, students. Here and there is found a silent one contemplating on what the teacher has either said to him or is going to. Two minutes another bell, and silence reigns again in the vast halls of Junior High.

We wonder what that bell brings to the different pupils. To one it brings joy or relief to some from a boresome class or it is a signal to some for sorrow to leave an interesting class or go to another with lessons unprepared with a cross teacher.

For twenty-nine years that faithful bell has rung. Rung with long taps, short ones, quick ones. Only now and then has it had to pause for an operation on its batteries. It has performed its work faithfully and cheerfully, and here's three cheers for the bell of Junior High.

—Elizabeth McKee—8C.

#### Our Janitors

We often hear the different teachers principals and superintendents of the schools praised for their wonderful work for the pupils. But you seldom hear much about the janitors. If you

think of the many things they do for us I think you would give them some praise.

Who keeps the rooms warm in the winter and the ice off of the walks? Who keeps our basements in a clean, sanitary condition? Who keeps the floors swept and the windows washed? Who winds the clocks and sets them in right time for us to go to dinner? Just think how often we hear some one say: "Go tell the janitor" or "Go ask the janitor this or that." Now I think every one will be willing to give three cheers for the janitors.

—Lois Coffee8A.

#### May Day

The public schools of this city are having their annual May Day celebration next Wednesday, May 20, at Reilly Field.

There are few of us who take this day as seriously as we should. Some of us are really glad if we are not in it. We don't realize the weeks of worry and work the teachers, children and mothers have had in practice and making costumes, etc., for this event. It is up to every one of us, whether we are in it or not, to do our best to make this day a success and if we are not in it to be sure and see it, and in either way enter into this performance with the right spirit.

—Betty Whitacre—8E.

#### Vanity Cases

I think ninety-nine girls out of one hundred have vanity cases in school. They couldn't be satisfied to do like a boy. He combs his hair in the morning and then at noon. They have to comb their hair in class when the teacher is not looking. Sometimes when the window is open and the wind blows in a little they think the powder has blown off. Then when the teacher is writing on the board or talking to some one, on goes a little powder and rouge. I think if vanity cases were not sold some of the girls would do more studying.

—John Q. Huffman—8A.

#### The Football Coach

The football team. It may be a good one. It may be winning many games. The players get much credit. But the coach who is not seen or mentioned is sitting along the sidelines watching every play. He is the man that taught them the game. He is the man that showed them the wonderful plays that won the game. He is the man that put in extra hours with them. If there is anything goes wrong they run to the coach. He may tell them something that may turn the tide and win the game. The people root for the players whereupon it was the coach that won the game. Therefore the coach should get much credit. This shows that there is a leader to everything.

—Bayerd Flick—8B.

When Liz dines out she says with ease,  
"Oh, won't you pass the salt dish please?"  
At home when it is not at hand  
She says, "Ma, slide across the sand!"

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SENIOR SPEECHES  
(Continued from page 1)

Betty Miller chose as her subject "Today." Do not think and lament over the mistakes made in the past. They are past. These things which we gain in spite of mistakes are real accomplishments.

"Office Appliances" was the subject of Theda Knauf's speech. She spoke of the dictaphone which is taking the place of shorthand. Office inventions are improving so that fewer people can do the work.

Customer—I want a pair of flesh-colored hose.

Clerk—Black, yellow or white?

## SOCIETY

Ruth Barton, Sara Mae Zimmerman, Beatrice Conkle, Lenora Astry, Jane Campbell, Florence Jane Tolerton, Martha Willaman, Roberta Reese, Florence Muntz, Florence Cosgrove, Jean Olloman, Mary Ellen Smith, Dorothy Duncan, Leota Aiken, Evelyn Miller, Paul Smith, Everett McKinley, Lee Christine, Jim Fogg, George Volmer, Ralph Hannay, Lloyd Heacock, Rex McIlvain were among the High School students who attended the field meet at Lisbon.

Miss Margaret MacDonald, who spent the winter at Tampa, Fla., has returned to Salem.

Miss Florence Jane Tolerton, Helen Smith, Robert Howell and Gus Tolerton spent Sunday in Cleveland.

Miss Sara Pollock spent the weekend with friends in Salem.

### Ask and It Shall Be Answered

The first rays of the golden sun came peeping over the woody hill—awakening the birds and tiny animals of the forest—changing the dew drops on the occasional spots where Aurora threw her light into a million diamonds, sparkling and shimmering on the grassy carpet. A red bird called to his mate, a squirrel sat chattering on a tree as though wishing to express his joy as the red bird—the noise became louder; other birds joined in the chorus, and the air seemed filled with a strange vibrating sound penetrating the hill from the plain beneath to the very summit.

Far down in a narrow path a young man walked—hands clenched behind him; head thrown back. It was spring—a young man's fancy was changing to thoughts of love—and he was fighting it off—fighting with all his heart and soul, because he wished to do what was right—because he loved his mother.

Gregory Herron did not notice the birds—he did not see the sparkling dew drops nor did he stop to watch the squirrels as they ran far out on the narrow branches, and then lightly danced on to the next tree. Gregory's thoughts went back to the first time he had seen Blanche, dainty and sweet, dancing with Ted Roland at the country club. Her reddish gold curls bobbing up and down, her blue eyes sparkling, and her tiny feet seeming to glide so smoothly they hardly touched the floor. She had looked so innocent—she had appeared so gentle and sweet—how could she, Blanche, have gained the reputation she now held? How could any one with such true blue eyes ever do anything to obtain the low remarks of the older people as she passed, the sly nods of the girls and the laughing quibbles of the young men? He loved her, he knew, yet even his mother, that best of pals, had told him she was not his sort of girl. But what mattered that? He loved her—she loved him—he thought, yet something big and horrible held them apart, like a horrid monster clutching him by the shoulder—keeping him from her. He walked on up the path which grew steeper as it ascended, doggedly fighting his love—trying to see Blanche as others saw her; trying to realize she was not for him. He could not bring himself to say "not good enough" yet he

knew that was all it amounted to. Yet the thought rankled in his mind—he could not be sure he was good enough for Blanche, he could not be sure he deserved her. If only someone could answer the problem. Was she to be blamed because she had made mistakes; because her mistakes lead to greater mistakes; had carried her in such a whirl of joy and pleasure she had lost her footing and slid recklessly on and on? Or was she to be admired because she had finally realized her folly; had finally seen her mistake and tried to do better; had finally made herself worthy of his love; for he understood her battle. He alone knew how she had fought to regain the true happiness she deserved. For himself Gregory knew that his answer would be—yet his mother's words of the previous night rang in his ears. "It will break my heart, Gregory—after all the nice girls you've known!" He had tried to argue, but of no avail; no one could seem to realize that because Blanche had done wrong once it did not keep her from making her way back to the cross roads of life and taking another road; it did not keep her from being a bigger, better person because of her understanding of right and wrong, and it did not keep her from being of use to this world and helping others not to make the mistakes she had made.

Gregory paused—his manly form straightened, his slender hand ran through his curly brown hair—then he raised his blue gray eyes and murmured, "Oh God! What shall I do?"

He walked on—the trees became smaller and farther apart. The woods were thinning to a few lone trees on the summit of the little mountain. Suddenly Gregory paused—there silhouetted against the clear gray sky—her little feet firmly together—standing trim erect, slender—in her tweed knickers—her tiny head turned toward the sun as it finally reached the summit of the hill stood Blanche. God had answered; Gregory knew what he should do, for "Man's life and nature is, as it was, and as it will ever be."

—Edythe Whitacre.

Diner—Here waiter, there's a fly in my coffee.

Waiter—Don't worry. It won't drink much.

Alton—My father is so strong he tore a pack of cards with one hand.

Biddy—That's nothing, my father rushed out of the front door and tore up the street.

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## New Spring Suits and Topcoats \$25 Up FITZPATRICK-STRAIN CO.

### Seniors Plan Farewell Party

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Senior farewell to be held June 1. The class voted at a class meeting to pay 50 cents each to attend. These committees have been chosen to plan the party.

Eats—Tot Cosgrove, chairman.  
Decoration—Dorothy Detwiler, chairman.

Entertainment—Helen Smith, chairman.

The dinner will be held either at the Memorial building or at the Christian church, with dancing at the gym in the evening.

The Freshman asks  
The Sophomore growls  
The Junior blows  
The Senior knows.

Here's a bud of a man—Pigeon-toed, chicken-hearted, goose-necked, owl-eyed, canary voiced and foul-mouthed.

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## THE GREAT MASSILLONIAN

This school can feel proud of the fact that they will have with them for a few more years Dr. Daniel Mendal Boone.

Daniel Boone has for the last five years been carrying on great chemical research work with chemicals.

We might say here that before continuing with this impromptu biography that he is a pioneer in the work with Hydro Faires Acid.

Pardon dear reader for detaining you but it is very imperative that you know the elements that go to make the notorious Atrius infamous.

As near as I can discern his progressive laziness began back in his joyous Freshmen year. It was then early in his life that he began to take appalling likes and dislikes to matters of scientific interest.

As far as I can find from the records in the office, his first scientific study was that of falling bodies, such as dropping ink wells from the desk to the floor. Another study of his was trying to determine with what rapidity small bits of paper chewed up in the mouth would travel to the front of the room or with what force it would strike the ceiling. It was in this way of experimentory that he put many a teacher to the acid test. Thus it has been through the minature experiments that he has become a genius in the work with acid.

We find in the annals of the Massillon institute that he has invented and patented a double mesh hair net for poodle dogs, a tonic for making burglars walk in your sleep, a automatic device for manicuring the gold fish, and a bladeless safety razor.

Of course these are just some of the minor things he has done in his spare time. (We can't find whether he took a correspondence course or not). Nevertheless it goes to make him "a man for the ages."

Like all great geniuses he was full of side-splitting melancholy, and sorrow, and although Daniel was not permitted to be developed fully mentally, he has gained world-wide fame by his commonly known Tobassoslain.

Due to the value of this wonderful substance to the human race, I feel that I must tell you of its development

It is told that once while working in his laboratory, a few drops of tobacco juice dropped from his mouth into a beaker of hydrochloric acid that happened to be near at hand. The reaction was so rapid that he was struck dumb by the behavior of the mixture. Without another moment's delay, he set about to analyze the substance.

After many weeks of patient work the analysis was complete and to Dr. Boone's great astonishment he found that what he had was hydrochloric acid and tobacco. Quite overcome with his great discovery, he named it Tobaccochloris.

He knew that he had a substance that in value would at least rank with radium.

Acting upon his reasoning that it was an insecticide he had no way to prove it, for, like the great Pasteur,

he was too human and too timid to think of trying it on an innocent animal. So after many weary minutes of concentration, he conceived an idea. A portion of the liquid was placed in a bottle and taken home with him that evening.

That evening when he found himself well alone, he gave a portion to his baby sister. To his great surprise, he found that this brought instant death. He was so overcome at the power of the liquid and at his discovery that he rushed into the streets calling, "eureka, eureka," meaning that he had found it. So science has acknowledged his discovery and the people of the world have done concerning it like they do with all great discoveries. From what I understand, MacMillan, on his last trip to the North Pole, used it to keep the home of the North Pole.

So fellow students, let us draw a great moral from the prehistoric like of this great Massillonian. Let us know that fools and their thoughts are soon parted.

—A Senior.

## McKinley Ave. News

The McKinley Cubs of Miss Meyer's fifth grade won a game of baseball Saturday, May 2, over Fourth street fifth grade. The score was 28-6. Jack Ballentine and Jack Carpenter each made two home runs and Eddie Welch and Charles Snyder each made one.

The Cubs will meet the Prospect team next Saturday morning at Reilly Field.

### McKINLEY AVENUE

#### WINS TRACK MEET

The following report shows the places taken by members of the different classes:

**Mrs. Harris' Fifth Grade**  
 First place—Harriet Izenour, broad jump; Melvin Heston, hop-step-jump.  
 Third place—Alice Jones, broad jump.  
 Fourth place—Harreit Izenour, hop-step-jump.

**Miss Meyer's Fifth Grade**  
 First place—Charles Snyder, broad and high jump; Isabel Roessler, basketball throw.  
 Second place—Charles Snyder, 100-yard dash; Isabel Roessler, 75-yard dash—op-step-jump; Eddie Welsh, 50 and 75-yard dashes.

Fifth place—Carl McQuilkin, 75-yard dash; John Reeves, 50-yard dash.

**Miss Sharpnack's Sixth Grade**  
 First place—Albert Alesi, baseball throw.

Second place—Vera Kelly, 50-yard dash.

Third place—Barbara Benzinger, 50-yard dash; Albert Alesi, 100-yard dash.

Fourth place—Paul Sartick, Albert Baltorinic, tie baseball throw; Albert Alesi, high jump.

Fifth place—Edward Dougher, high jump; Joseph Jackson, broad jump.

Relay team—Alesi, Zeller, Dougher, sixth grade, and Charles Snyder, Miss Meyer's fifth grade.

If an elephant can carry a trunk—how much can a polar bear.

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The cautious man consults the fish and game laws before setting a mouse trap. Radio bugs are more numerous at night.

Salmon—I've been canned for two years.  
 Oyster—That's nothing. I've been stewed three times so far today.

"Killed by a Revolving Crane"—The headlines read. "My word," said the Englishman, "you have fierce birds around here."

Mother—Quit pulling that cat's tail!  
 Little Boy—I ain't—the cat's doin' the pullin'.

Maizie—Did you tear the porcupine?  
 Eddie—No. But Katy-did.

Flat-tired mama papa's going to give you the air.

## Old Stuff

By Sol Bunck

Ants are educated animals that know where picnics are being held.

Dad claims that every time we have duck for dinner at our house all he gets is the bill.

Ladies and gents, here are some questions, see how many you can answer:

1. What does the laughing hyena laugh at?

2. Why doit guaffes attend making parties?

3. Does the porcupine because it's love-sick?

4. Is a golden wedding a place where gold fish get married?

5. With so many automobiles nowadays how far will a horse fly have to fly to find a horse?

6. In a small town out in Kansas at the square there is a traffic cop. As it happens, on one corner of the square is located a drug store, on another corner a grocery, the other one contains a milinery shop and the last one is a parking place of a garage. All the people that pass this corner call the policeman "Mike." Why do they call him that?

7. Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?

8. If you've never ridden a donkey do you ever want to try it?

9. What animal makes the nearest approach to man?

10. A horse was tied to a rope 12 feet long, a pan of oats was 15 feet away. How did the horse get to the oats?

11. Why do the farmers in West Virginia build their houses on the summit of a high hill?

12. Are stool-pigeons always in season?

Horse-sense is best to keep a waggin' tongue goin' straight.

When we go in swimming nowadays we take our "calves" to water.

I think if we all had the iron nerve and backbone that "Perky" Perkins showed us that he had Saturday at Lisbon we would all be better off.

In the play "Seventeen" we heard of "Icle Boy Baxter," in our school life we hear of "Ickle Boy Weynard."

Harry Houser said that Reasbeck confided to him that Nick Fithian was informed by Joe Bryan, who was told by Charlie Coffee, who heard over the radio along with Eddie Heck on the night of April 31, 1925, that the Junior-Senior banquet was postponed on account of rain.

You'd be surprised how things have changed. Fifty years ago women-folks had color in their cheeks and now they have it on them.

Barton and Yoder are a great deal alike. Barton sells real estate while Yoder shows reel after reel at the State.

Grocer—How about some nice fresh crackers?

Customer—I guess not, your cat is asleep in those crackers

Grocer—Lan' sake, mam, I don't mind wakin' up the cat.

We don't know whether we're going to have enough jokes for the Quaker Annual or not so to make sure we're going to print the pictures of the graduating class.

If you hear a used-car salesman talking and he tells you the car has only been run six or seven thousand miles, quietly ask him how far it has been towed.

I saw a car the other day which bore this epitaph on the rear tire—"Four wheels—two tired."

While walking through a stone orchard in eastern Pennsylvania the other day I saw a tombstone which bore this ditty:

Who weighed eight-hundred-forty-five  
Here lies the body of Willum Shive,  
He tried to reduce when 'twas all too late,  
So open wide ye Golden Gate.

A fellow I knew once got a letter from his wife which read thus:

"Dear Hubby—Please come home at once, there's no one to take care of the furnace.

"Wifie."

# Watch

# for

# the

# Annual

# and

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# of

# School

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