

Salem Wins Again

Class Debaters Prepare for November Clashes

Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior Debates to be Staged Next Month

Tryouts for class debate teams resulted in the choice of four debaters from each class who will represent that class in a series of verbal clashes to decide the championship of the school. Only varsity members were barred from trying out.

Each team will be coached by a member of last year's varsity. Thus Joe Marsilio will coach the Freshman team consisting of Bertha Marsilio, Virginia Harris, George Windle, and Mary Roth. The Sophomores are represented by John Floyd, Florence Shriver, Virginia Callahan, and Florence Davis, and this outfit will be coached by Max Caplan. Harold Hurst, Charles Wilhelm, Edith Flickinger, and Walter Coy will bear the Junior colors, with Wayne Morron to instruct them. Clara Patten's Senior forensic artists are Viola Stanciu, Freda Headley, Irma Bonscina, and Mary Bodo.

The first debate, that between the Juniors and Seniors, will be held in assembly, November 9. The topic for discussion will be: Resolved, That the United States should adopt the English Parliamentary system. The Seniors chose the affirmative side.

The Freshmen-Sophomore debate will be staged a week later, November 16, also in assembly. The debate subject for these two classes is: Resolved, That the United States should give the Philippines their immediate independence. The Sophs chose the negative side of this question.

The main speeches in these two debates will be four minutes long and the rebuttals, three minutes. The winners will meet November 30 to decide the championship of the school. The subject for this debate will be this year's varsity question which has not yet been definitely chosen.

The varsity this year will meet Niles in a dual debate, Akron West and Canton McKinley in a triangular match, and Wooster High in a one way debate. Active varsity preparations will begin some time in December.

—Quaker—

Beat Alliance

Alliance now looms up as one of the biggest obstacles in the path of our gridiron warriors. Her recent defeating of Rayen High makes her a very dangerous opponent. You will recall that last year Salem went down to defeat before the Alliance crew, so this year we are out for revenge.

Let's all go down to Reilly field Saturday and show the team we're with them. At an important home game of this sort we ought to have as near perfect attendance as possible. Our team has gone through the first half of the season undefeated; let's help in the best way we can and cheer them on to a clean season's record.

Seniors Hold Masquerade Ball

Great Variety of Costumes Peps up Party

Ooh! Ghosts! Yes, and that wasn't all. Costumes of all shapes and sizes came floating, or rather, bouncing (ask Don Ward) into the gym. We never knew that William Bodendorfer could look effeminate as well as silly. Bob Garrison turned up looking like a cute little flapper, while Max Caplan made a disastrous attempt to look and act like a specimen of womanhood. Russell McArtor represented the shade of some past notable. It was interesting to see how many people thought they didn't need a mask. (Maybe that had something to do with Les Older's winning a prize for the funniest make-up.)

After the usual get-acquainted games, the real part of the program commenced. Mary Bodo gave a recitation entitled "Little Orphan Annie." Then followed a playlet that was presented entirely by the spoken letters of the alphabet. Thus Tuffy Howell was "B. V. D." We don't know why Tuffy should be given such a name, for the young man is very modest. Janet Riddle was "Q. T.", Don Ward was "Pa", Margaret Fults was "Ma", and Max Caplan was "M. D."

It seems that B. V. D. was desperately in love with Q. T. However, Pa strongly objected to this state of affairs and, in an ungovernable fit

of anger, rendered B. V. D. unconscious. M. D. was promptly summoned, and, in taking a physical inventory of the patient, Max went through a series of operations and contortions that almost put the poor sick man to sleep permanently. Evidently, Max isn't missing any chances to chastise Tuffy.

Then the students all joined in a circle and had their futures and pasts read by Joe Marsilio, who was dressed in a costume that somehow reminded one of a witch. The faculty, too, came in for their share of fortune-telling and the "Witch" took advantage of the fact that he was not in the class room and told Miss Douglas and Miss Stahl some disturbing things.

Then the winners of the prizes were announced. You don't need to be told again what prize Older received; you probably guessed that, anyway. The prize for the prettiest costume went to Irma Bonscina, while Janet Riddle received a prize for the most original costume.

Ed Schulk and his orchestra pepped it up for the rest of the evening. A welcome intermission was the varied assortment of edibles. Les Older made the "vittles" disappear with astonishing rapidity, but this evidently didn't affect his playing the next day.

High Organizations Get Under Way

HI Y INCREASES MEMBERSHIP SCIENCE CLUB PLANS

BIGGER PROGRAM

To Attempt More Extensive Film Campaign

The Hi-Y recently swelled its ranks by its choice of Mr. Drennan and Mr. Vickers as faculty members and Clarence Frethy and Chester Kridler as student members. At one of the year's first meetings, Prof. Vickers, in an address to the club, urged the several members to uphold the high ideals of this organization. The club's first business venture this year proved a success.

The Hi-Y distributed programs at the Struthers game and broke even financially, as they had planned to do.

The meeting this evening will be a social affair at the home of Walter Deming.

The Science club, recently organized under the supervision of R. P. Vickers, faculty adviser, started the year with a membership of fourteen. This year marks the second anniversary of the club's existence at Salem High.

This organization will attempt to carry on an extensive motion picture campaign and will inaugurate their program Monday evening with a picture that treats of the life of Thomas A. Edison.

Red and Black Blanks Wellsville

Powerful Aerial Attack Upsets River City

Presenting the most powerful and deceptive passing attack in years, the Red and Black advanced another notch towards a clean season's record by walloping the strong Wellsville crew 29-0. Salem resorted to a clever pass formation which completely baffled their hosts, and scored at will throughout the entire last half.

Wellsville Shows Up Well in First Period

The first quarter was nip and tuck throughout, Salem threatening several times but failing to score. Within the first minute of play, by means of a thirty yard pass, end runs, and line plunges, Springer's men took the ball to the one yard line but failed to score, being held on downs.

Si Boots One Over for First Score

Early in the second quarter, after marching down the field on a series of line plunges and end runs, together with a twenty yard pass, Ed Sidinger booted over a drop kick from the thirty-two yard line.

Last Half Is Series of Touchdowns

In the third quarter, things began to hum and Salem was never headed. Passes from Si to Campbell and runs by midget "Patsy" kept Wellsville continually on the defense. Campbell, Rush and Sidinger went over the goal line in quick succession. During this quarter Hi completed three out of five attempted passes for a total of sixty-five yards. "Pifer" Harsh ran forty yards with an intercepted pass for the final score in the last quarter.

Salem Favored in County Race

Captain Older, Mathews, and Campbell ripped things up on the line, while the entire backfield played an excellent game, Sidinger showing up as the game's most dangerous back.

This victory makes Salem the county favorite. However, Liverpool must still be reckoned with.

Line-up and summary:

Wellsville		Salem
Duevall	L. E.	Rush
Thorne	L. T.	Schmid
Klavuhn	L. G.	Jacobson
Snowden	C.	Mathews
Grindel	R. G.	Leibschner
Hepp (c)	R. T.	(c) Older
Dickey	R. E.	Campbell
Provost	Q.	Sidinger
Calhoun	L. H.	Konnerth
Eshbacher	R. H.	Schuller
Irons	F.	Herbert

Subs: Harsh for Schuller, Allen for Harsh, Day for Herbert, Smith for Jacobson, Seeds for Konnerth, Perkins for Rush, Debnar for Schmid, Beall for Campbell, Van Blaricom for Older.

—Quaker—

Editor and Manager Journey to Cleveland

The representatives of our publication will attend the annual Journalistic convention, conducted by the Western Reserve branch of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. They will be guests at the Cincinnati-Reserve game Saturday.

THE QUAKER

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Editorial

The several activities at Salem High are now well under way. Some of these activities are also under the law. For example, the teaching corps still frowns with displeasure on the student who is so wicked as to chew gum in school or dispose of the remnants of an unfinished lunch.

Our gridiron warriors are hot on the trail of the county championship, boasting a clean record with five straight wins. Every one on the team from the giant Older to "Patsy" are possessed of that never-say-die spirit that is so essential to a winning team. Rigid training rules also compel them to adopt a never-say-die spirit which, incidentally, has a lot to do with the team's success.

The class debating teams have started on their program, each one hoping to be the champion aggregation. The would-be orators have now passed the ludicrous stage and have reached the point where they are capable of a determined effort at debating.

The hockey girls are polishing their war-clubs in preparation for future shin-socking contests. Some of last year's players, who became rather adept at this pleasing pastime, are back again to make it lively for the beginners. Speaking of beginners, the Freshmen can now get around without the aid of a compass, and quite a few know the road to the principal's office very well.

The appearances of yesterday's report cards caused the adoption of several resolutions, which, if carried out, would transform the students into a flock of Noah Websters.

—Quaker—

Class of '27 Decides on Gold Rings

Stationery With Gold Seal Also Proves Popular

Gold was the prevailing choice of the Senior Class in deciding the yearly debate as to the best rings and stationery for the class to choose. Another rather unusual fact was that both the rings and seals were chosen from the same company, the Bastian Brothers, of Rochester, N. Y. The rings are of solid gold, with solid shanks, bearing the inscription 19 and 27 on the left and right shanks, respectively. The seal of the ring is in the shape of an oblong with an Old English "S" in the middle surrounded by the sun's setting rays. The ring proved to be popular, as three-fifths of the class voted for it in preference to the other two which were presented.

Engraved stationery with a gold seal at the top, patterned after the design of the class ring, will be used this year.

Hallowe'en Party Promises Diversion Campaign Comes to Successful Close

Tug O' War Is Special Feature

The rivalry between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes will be given physical vent in the Hallowe'en tug o' war which has become an annual event in Salem. It looks as though the Sophs had better look to their laurels as the Freshmen are a husky parcel of youngsters. It has been a long time since a Freshman class won this event, and, accordingly, the yearlings will make a determined attempt to cop the cup offered by the American Legion for this event.

But, however this contest turns out, the Freshmen are in for the usual Hallowe'en roughing up. The usual good-natured spirit which characterizes these yearly set-to's prevents ill-feeling among the High school students.

—Quaker—

New Member of Coaching Staff Speaks

Assistant Coach Whiffler spoke to the students at the assembly held Friday, October 15th. He told us of his first impressions of Salem and his intentions of helping in every possible way to make the football team a winner. His quaint bits of humor and pleasing personality make him very popular among the group who heard him.

—Quaker—

As the week of October 11 was National Fire Prevention week, it was observed by the showing of a film, "The Unseen Danger." This film showed many different ways in which fires are started.

—Quaker—

Freshmen Leading in Class Football

Failing to show a formidable line of either defensive or of offensive, the Sophomores were finally forced to bow in defeat to their ancient rivals, the Freshmen, to a 6-0 score. Whinery's forty-yard run gave the Freshmen the winning score, while Pasco's work at end for the yearlings kept the Sophomores from gaining consistently. The Sophomores lacked a consistent ball-carrier, and Flick's and Porter's work on defense failed to make up for this weakness. Neither team displayed any exceptional brand of football, Whinery's long run for the touchdown being the only feature.

As a result of this game the Freshmen are leading the Inter-class race, being the only class to have won a game.

Seniors Draw with Juniors

The second class game of the season resulted in another scoreless tie. Captain Schafer and his husky Senior warriors were kept from tallying by a team that was doped to go down before their elder brethren. Schafer, Lewis, and Kridler took the lead in offensive play, while Howell and Sheen of the Seniors and Harwood and Alexander of the Juniors showed up best on the defense.

—Quaker—

Here's Reason for Vacation

The Northeastern Ohio Teachers' association, of which Superintendent J. S. Alan is Vice-President this year, will hold its annual convention at Cleveland tomorrow; they will follow out the same program as in other years, planning a two-day stay in Cleveland.

—Quaker—

Zat: I'm all ready to marry Jack.
So: I hope you get it, my dear.

Subscription Campaign Comes to Successful Close

Students Fill Set Quota

The campaign for subscriptions to the "Quaker" came to a successful conclusion last week. Keen competition among the different classes and rooms resulted in a final total of four hundred subscriptions, the quota set by the staff.

The Senior class, with eighty-eight percent, showed the way to the others. The Juniors were next with a percentage of sixty-nine, while the Freshmen, with sixty-two percent, led the Sophomores by one percent. Room 202 led the home rooms with a perfect record. Roberta Reese solicited subscriptions in this room.

The Alumni and the Junior High students have aided the campaign materially, and the "Quaker" seems started on a successful year.

—Quaker—

Hallowe'en Party? No

Some of the Seniors received some valuable suggestions for their masked ball from the various members of the Quaker staff, who appeared in full regalia, Tuesday, October 12, in an attempt to persuade the students to subscribe for their journal. The appearance of Roberta Reese and Lamoine Derr, all togged out in clothes that Lincoln would recognize, brought down the roof. They represented the alumni column. Other items in the Quaker were represented by the staff, and the playlet ended with the triumphant exit of Don Ward's mid-get football team.

—Quaker—

Salem High Pays Tribute to Walter Camp

Father of American Football Honored Throughout County.

"Walter Camp, the father of football, will long be remembered as the man who above all others, established the national game on its present clean basis." These were the words of Mr. F. P. Mullins in expression of the gratitude which every American owes Camp. Mr. Mullins, a Yale graduate and personal friend of the famous promoter of clean sport, revealed the many sides of Camp's life, spent in an attempt to make America more fit physically and otherwise.

Captain Older, Fred Schuller and Bill Liebschner, of the Varsity read articles which dealt with various phases of Camp's life.

Yale college is collecting a fund to build a memorial in honor of Walter Camp, and Salem contributed a large percent of the gate receipts of the Struthers football game, Saturday to this cause.

DELL'S
THE HIGH SCHOOL QUALITY SHOPPE FOR BOYS

Dirty Hands but a Warm Heart

Arleene Coffee

Jack ran all the way home from school to tell his mother about winning the marble championship of his school.

Jack was eleven years old and was very much enthused over this contest; for weeks the family had been getting daily reports as to the results.

"Say, Mom, I won that last game."
"My, my, that's just fine, Jack; we're right proud of you. You can tell us all about it after a bit, but don't bother me now; I've got to get dinner ready so Robert can hurry right back to school to play basketball this noon."

Robert came, and pretty soon Mrs. Denny said that dinner was ready.

"Mother, are you going to let that boy sit at the table with his hands that dirty?" said his irritated brother Robert, who was older and more particular.

"My gosh, what's wrong with my hands, they aren't hurtin' you none. You're always pickin' on me, why don't ya pick on someone your own size? Big sissy, that's what you are, allays wantin' hands so clean and—"

"Say, look here, you better quit calling me a sissy; I won't stand for that. Mother, make him quit."

"You two boys sit down and eat your dinner and quit your quarrelin'; there ain't no sense in your gettin' so mad at each other, and you two bein' brothers."

"All right; say Mother, I've a real good chance of being elected captain for next year and—"

"You know I just about lost that game this morning; would've, only the teacher couldn't draw the circle straight and mine didn't go outside the ring."

"Mr. Jack Denny, I wish you'd learn some manners at school. Every time I begin to speak, you have something to say about one of those mar-

Turn to Page 5

—Quaker—

Mrs. Lee Entertains

Through the kind aid of Miss Grace P. Orr, music instructress, the students were enabled to have with them, Tuesday, Oct. 19, Mrs. Thomas Lee, who played several selections on the piano.

Her pleasing personality and excellent playing won the hearty approval of the entire student body.

—Quaker—

Ed Heck Talks His Way Into Varsity Debate

Eddy Heck, whom all of us remember as Salem's premier debater, is enough of a debater to convince the coach at Ohio State that he ought to be on the varsity. Ed is the only under-classman on the team and looks good enough to be a speaker. The class of '25 has certainly turned out some wonders in every line, and every member of that class ought to be proud of being part of such an organization.

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Sports

Hi Ball Carriers Upset Akron West

Smash Through Rubber City's Defense for 9-6 Victory

Continuing their very successful work on the gridiron, the Red and Black "went, saw, and conquered" the Akron West huskies for their third consecutive victory. Spectators were unanimous in saying it was one of the best games seen on the Akron gridiron for years, and all claimed that it was Salem High's fighting spirit that won, for it was a real team of scrappers who represented our school in that game. All were stars with no exceptions. True, some, as Mathews at center and Campbell at end, outshone the rest on defense, but it was wonderful how the team, working as a machine, kept tearing down the much heavier West High squad.

It is the writer's belief that it was the Red and Black's defense that won the fracas. Time after time the rubber city's famous end runs failed when Campbell or Mathews, evading the interference, pulled down the ball carrier for losses. Schmid at tackle outplayed and outfought his man, while our captain, Les Older, played the same plugging game, never letting up a second, tearing down tackles, and making holes for Sidinger, Harsh and Herberts to tear through for runs.

Ed Sidinger, Sophomore quarterback extraordinary, captured our entire sum of points, his beautiful dropkick in the last three minutes furnishing the winning margin after Akron had knotted the count, at six-all by a blocked punt.

Salem High backers expected a fast, good ball carrying aggregation; what they saw Saturday was a real fighting football team, fast powerful, and nery from giant Les Older to the water boy.

Line-up:
Salem—9
Rush L. E.
Schmid L. T.
Jacobson L. G.
Mathews C.
Liebschner R. G.
Older (Capt.) R. T.
Campbell R. E.
Sidinger Q.
Schuller L. H. B.
Harsh R. H. B.
Herberts F.
Akron—6
Sobol
Michaelshok
Reilly
Laney
Hawkins
Levi
Delaney
Whitten (c)
Kneale
Foster
Schafer

Touchdowns—Sidinger, Sobol. Goal from field—Sidinger. (dropkick)
Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

—Q—
Jenkins: "You say Miss Koontz is out? Didn't she know that I was to call this afternoon?"

Maid: "I think she must have known. She had nothing else to go out for."

—Q—
"Johnnie, who took the cookies from the pantry?"

"Mother, I gave them to a poor little boy who was hungry."
"You have a heart of gold, dear. Who was the little boy?"
"I, Mother."

—Q—
If you never saw that kind of dancing before, it's collegiate.

Football Schedule

Oct. 30—Alliance, here.
Nov. 6—East Liverpool, here.
Nov. 13—Leetonia, there.
Nov. 20—East Palestine, here.
Nov. 25—Lisbon, there.

Struthers Downed by Hi Grid Machine

Game Featured by Many Thrills.

Bob Campbell's seventy-five yard run for a touchdown, and Ed Sidinger's educated shoe enabled the Red and Black to run its consecutive string of victories to four by defeating the Purple and Gold gridironites from Struthers 10-6. Bob was Salem's big noise through the whole game, on both defensive and offensive, Si helping along with four points through beautifully directed drop kicks.

Jimmie Scullion, starting his first game of tackle in the ailing Joe Schmidt's place, did his bit in a real manner; he, with Older and Mathews shared the line honors. Older, the old Faithful of the team, played his usual consistent game; while Don was right in it from the start. Struthers' lone touchdown came just before the final gun.

The game, as predicted, was one for blood. Although Salem showed an excellent brand of ball in spots, it never displayed the fighting ability for which it became famous in the Akron game, for something was lacking. It was just a good team's off day.

LINEUP:
Salem
Day L. E.
Older (c) L. T.
Leibschner L. G.
Mathews C.
Jacobson R. G.
Scullion R. T.
Rush R. E.
Sidinger Q.
Schuler L. H.
Harsh R. H.
Campbell F.
Struthers
Pipollie
Socass
Pichitino (c)
Stoker
Pow
Ashbaugh
Harper
Repaskie
Brownley
Schmidt
Dolney

Touchdowns: Campbell, Dolney.
Goal from field: Sidinger (drop-kick); point after touchdown: Sidinger (drop-kick.)

—Quaker—

Coffee Makes Good

Charley Coffee, last year's football idol at Salem has come through with a bang at Ohio State. He is now a member of the Freshman team and is ripping through that open field with the same flash and brilliance that brought Salem football fans to their feet time and again. In scrimmage against the varsity Charley showing up well. It is the least that Salem can do to wish Charley the best of luck, and we hope he gets into the varsity lineup before he graduates.

—Quaker—

Reserves Downed by Union High

The Reserves lost their first game of the season to Union High of New Castle. Union scored two touchdowns and a safety for a total of fourteen points. The game was colorless and slow, due to ragged playing by both teams. The Reserves put up a poor exhibition of football and showed that they were easily capable of better playing. Whinnery and Pasco played a good offensive game, while Harwood and Scullion played a good defensive game. Shiek of Union was the star of the game.

—Q—

He: Someone took me for Doug Fairbanks today.
She: How's that?
He: I gave my seat to a lady on the street car today, and she said "Don Q."

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Jacob Runs Wild

The Freshman class at Eastern Reverse included Jacob Fodder, a long, lanky rural youth whose greatest ambition was to become a famous attorney. To attain this end he had bent every energy and had finally completed his high school course after six grinding years which had left him more determined than ever.

During his high school days the sandy-haired "Jake", as he had been known wherever he went, had taken no part in the several activities that are offered to the average youth. But the ambition to make the Reverse football team had entered his brain after penetrating a formidable thick wall of ivory on which hair sprouted in all directions.

The first appearance of Jake in a football uniform was the occasion for much mirth by the wags of the campus. The coaches good-naturedly gave him advice on the gentle art of tackling and running, as he had expressed his purpose of playing in the backfield.

At last, even the coaches ceased to humor him and told him that it would not be necessary to again appear on the field of scrimmage. The heart-broken Jacob pleaded to no avail; the coach made clear the fact that his presence was not essential to the team's welfare.

Nothing daunted, the plodding Jacob went through drill with ten imaginary team mates. This practice would have aroused no comment were it not for the fact that it was done in his room at all hours of the day. After an especially noisy session at the quiet hour of eleven his suffering house companions made it very clear that such procedure was highly dangerous to his personal well being.

From that time on, Jake conducted his practice in an adjoining cow-pasture. The quiet-mannered cows, although mildly amused, offered no complaint. Day after day, the toiling Jacob wended his way to his practice grounds. He bought a rule book which enabled him to obtain a faint perception of some of the game's technicalities. He attended all the varsity games and with each passing contest became more determined than ever to some day attain his wish of playing under Reverse's colors.

The following year Jacob again tried out for the squad but, although his playing ability had increased slightly, he did not impress the coach as a football player. But, with that dogged determination that marked the country lad, he kept on practicing day after day. This program of procedure remained unchanged throughout a great part of his Junior year until one day he was discovered by Sam Gas, who could utter more words in one minute than the average school boy employs in a month at school. After he had assured himself that this behavior was a habit with Jacob he promptly proceeded to broadcast the news to every one who would listen to him. At last the news reached the coaches ears and, touched by his earnestness, they determined to give him a chance in the first game in which they established a comfortable margin of points.

This game came a month later when Pale, a school whose only claim to distinction was the regularity with which it suffered defeat, journeyed to Eastern Reverse for its annual chastisement.

In the last quarter Reverse led, 98 to 0. Waffle, the head coach, called Jacob to his side.

"Fodder," he said, "go into the game and show us what you can do."

"You mean me?" asked the astonished Jacob.

"Yes, you. Snap it up. Get into a suit and go out there in Garibaldi's place at half."

With hands that trembled with excitement and eagerness, Fodder crawled into his aged and venerable football uniform and lumbered out on the field.

A storm of delighted howls greeted

his appearance.

"My, look at mother's little darling! He looks so handsome in him's little football rompers."

"Oh, you brute! You forgot to shave. You'll scare those poor things to death."

But Jacob was deaf to all these taunts and jeers; his eyes were riveted on the opposing line. Thru play after play he hurled his full force against the opposing line. Pale College was held on downs on the fifty yard line.

After two line bucks had failed to gain any distance, quarterback Blews called Jake's signal for an end run. Fodder trembled with excitement; his body was tense for the coming ordeal. The center snapped the pigskin back. Jake fumbled the ball, picked it up and juggled it awhile, and then, grasping the ball firmly with one arm, he put all the power he had left into a determined effort to demolish the Pale tackle who rose before him. With a resounding thud the tackle went down. Jacob continued on his thundering drive toward the Pale goal. Time after time he side-stepped and dodged through and around his opponents' outstretched arms. Only one man loomed up between him and the goal and, with agonized breath he realized he could not evade him.

"Come on, you rummy, I'm not going to bite you," yelled the player before him.

With a glad cry, Jacob recognized the youth as Dandrough, the Reverse fullback. He staggered over the last white line and collapsed.

"That rube packs a mighty sock," were the first words he heard upon regaining consciousness.

Jacob smiled cheerfully as he recognized the tackle who had tried to stop him.

"Enough of a sock to play a while longer with the team," remarked Coach Waffles.

—Pluto '27

—Q—

If William went out riding in his Ford, ran out of gas, and was forced to push the machine back to town, could you say that the Ford was moving by Will power?

—Quaker—

The Golden Fleas

Ooooooh! what was that. Jerry Kallmenames stood still in his tracks, frozen with horror. Again the dreadful sound came out of the black night. Ooooooh! With a sudden flash of recollection, quite strange and unusual with Jerry, he remembered that this was Hallowe'en. Jerry's cap had risen, balanced on the end of his upright hair, and then had fallen off with a crash that brought a chill of horror to Jerry's already startled mind.

With an ear-splitting howl he tried to run, but his limbs, frozen with intense fright, had not yet thawed out. Hence locomotion was impossible. Suddenly, a flame of resentment glowed in Jerry's soul and thus his frozen limbs were thawed out so that he could again walk. No sooner had he started on his hurried journey homeward than he heard again that low hair-raising groan. Ooooooh! Jerry's face turned white with fear.

Suddenly he saw a great yellow, glaring eye, leering at him from out the darkness and winking in hideous glee. Before he had time to turn and flee, the fast approaching auto with the full glare of its spotlight had crashed into Jerry, knocking him into the realm of forgetfulness.

Napoleon, sweep out padded cell NO. 13. We have a promising visitor. PLUTO. '27.

—Q—

Today's Math Problem

If peanuts sold for ten cents per pound, and steamboats sailed on roller skates, how many lollypops would it take to paint the dome of the Capitol Building at Washington?

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Poet's Corner

The Masquerade

I'm goin' to a Masquerade,
I got my costume ready made.
I'd tell you what it is all like,
But you'd go and tell, big as Mike.
What color? Just quit a-askin'.
Well, now mind I'm not a-tellin'.
It's what I like an' I allas said
I liked any color so it's red,
An' I'd like to be a pirate bold
With knives an', mind I haven't told.
Say, you orter see my false face,
My sister, wot says I'm a case,
Says it looks even worse 'an me
An' that's a-goin' some you see.
Ma says it fits the character,
It's what I like so that don't matter.
Fer supper we'll have refreshments,
The ladies served first, then the
gents.
An' swell things to eat, my oh my;
Sandwiches, doughnuts, pumpkin pie.
We'll have to drink, just what I love
You know what vinegar's made of.
Then we play funny games an' tricks,
So 'at everybody'll mix;
Some of the jokes are just real mean,
But then, of course, it's Hallowe'en.

—Irene Slutz

October

Deep blue skies above,
With the foamy clouds a-sailing
Through the wide eternal heavens;
On a clear October Day,
Golden joys that greet us
In Nature's lovely self
As she dons her rainbow garments
To join fair Prosperine's feast.
Would that I could paint thee,
O Autumn's golden days,
With a magic brush and paint
And the colors of Phoebe's rays!

Irma Bonscina '27

—Quaker—

Ghosts

Mr. "Meant-to" has a comrade,
And his name is "Didn't-do."
Have you ever chanced to meet
them?"
Did they ever call on you?
Those two fellows live together
In the house of "Never-win,"
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghosts of "Might-have-
been".

—Exchange

DIRTY HANDS BUT A WARM HEART

Continued from Page 2

ble games."
"Oh, all right, only I won't tell you
nothin' about my business after this,
and if I win and get to go to Atlantic
City, it's sure I won't take you along,
Crab."
"Don't know that I'd care to go
with anyone that won't even keep his
hands clean."
Jack kept his promise about keep-
ing his business to himself. He was
very quiet and each evening after he
had prepared his lessons for the next
day, he went to his room, and one
could hear the "clink, clink" as the
marbles hit each other.
"That was a bad shot, have to
shoot straighter'n that if I want to
get the championship; let's see, if I
hit it on that side it'll send it out."
He kept this up until his mother
called to him:
"Jack, dear, turn out your light
now, and go to bed."
"All right, Mom."
Robert was getting along quite well
in athletics and was one of his team's
star players, but was inclined always
to act as though he considered him-
self better than the rest of the fel-
lows.
Jack's and Robert's father was a
kind man, who took an interest in the
school activities in which the boys
participated.
Several nights a week he visited
the bedroom which was locked to
everyone but him. He could be heard
telling about when he used to "scrap"
all the fellows, till they wouldn't play
with him any more. There was no
need of his asking Robert how he was
getting along in basketball.
That's all they heard, especially
at meal times. He was very confident
that he was going to be the next
year's captain.
At the end of the week the team
voted on it and because Robert had
tried to act so much better than they,
they elected another one of the other
boys who was a good friend, even if
he wasn't so good a player.
Robert was very disappointed over
this, and he took on a sullen air. His
affairs were no longer the most talked
about.
Jack, these days, was very thought-
ful. One night after dinner he asked
his father if he could talk to him
privately.
"Of course you may son, if it does

not take too long, because I have
some business to which I must at-
tend."

"It won't take but a little bit, Dad,
because I just want to ask you a
question."

They proceeded to the front room
and after Mr. Denny had comfort-
ably seated himself in a large arm
chair, and Jack had seated himself on
a chair that made him look very un-
easy and one so high that his legs
did not reach the floor, Mr. Denny
told him to ask his question.

"Well, Father, I've won the marble
championship in this city, and now I
have to go to Warren to play the
winner there; and Dad, I want you, if
you will, to take me over next
Wednesday night. Couldn't you,
please, Dad?"

"Why sonny, surely, I will; I'm
proud of you, son, and I hope you
win."

"Dad, please don't tell the rest of
them; if I don't win, then Robert
can't make fun of me, and if I do, it
will be a dandy surprise to 'em."

"Well, we'll tell them that I'm
taking you to the picture show, and
then they won't know."

Jack and his father went to War-
ren the next Wednesday night, and
although this was a tremendous af-
fair for Jack, he was very calm about
it. His father was more excited than
he.

All the practicing Jack had done
showed itself that evening, and he
won by a large score.

The next evening at the dinner
table Mr. Denny said that the fam-
ily had been highly honored. "Mr.
Denny has won the marble contest at
Warren and is to be given a trip to
Atlantic City."

"You know, Robert, that I am al-
lowed to take some one of the family
with me and I'd like to have you go,
if you wouldn't be ashamed of me."

"Why, sure, Jack, I'd be glad to
go and I won't be ashamed of you.
You know I let my temper go some
times."

"Well, I'm going to keep my hands
clean just the same."

—Quaker—

Sharp: Do you play the piano by the
ear or by note?
Flat: I get down and play it by
brute strength.

—Q—

"Is football your favorite game?"
"No, quail on toast is mine; what's
yours?"

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17 Main Street

Noah Lott

Seize All

Nose All

Dear Noah: Why are Don Ward's ears so close to the top of his head?

—Sella Brate.
Ans.—Every time Don smiles, the tremendous pressure on his ears forces them upward and outward and, as a result, people ask questions.

—Q—
Don't hitch your cart to a falling star; it's hard lighting

—Q—
Dear Noah Lott: What's the name of this new motion picture about a burning organ of sound?

—Too Nin.
Ans.—The "Flaming Front Ear."

—Q—
The worst cranks are not those on Fords.

—Q—
Dear Wise Man: How can I cure my pet rooster of appendicitis?

—Ann Sirk Wick.
Ans.—After laying his head on a block, use from one to two applications of the family axe. Then pry the bird loose from his feathers and cook slowly for twenty minutes. After such treatment the fowl will utter no more complaints.

—Q—
If every dog had its day, this world of ours would be in a permanent state of dog daze.

—Q—
Dear Mr. Lott: Who is the world's most brilliant man?

—Cant Elope.
Ans.—This question places me in an awkward situation, for I am averse to bragging. However, I will sacrifice my own feeling of importance and hand the cast-iron raisin bread to D. Berries. He causes his twelve-year old son to laugh heartily when told that he must take his weekly dose of castor oil.

—Q—
A dogfish's bite is preferred to his bark.

—Q—
Dear Noah Lott: What is the latest song?

—Nye Tin Gale.
Ans.—"Why did I miss that Squirrel? My, oh my, oh my!"

—Q—
The modern idea of a "cave man" is the poor sap who digs down into his pockets.

—Q—
The "hard-boiled egg" is usually cracked.

—Q—
Dear Noah: What's all this I hear about a family row in the vegetable kingdom?

—Lem N. Aid.
Ans.—The Irish Potato "raised Cain" because the people all "fall" for his cousin, the Swede Potato.

—Q—
The most popular song among thieves is "The Robin Song."

—Quaker—

Twenty-Third Psalm in Geometry

—By Lila Kelly—

Miss Douglas is My teacher, I shall not pass;
She maketh me explain hard geometry problems and exposeth my ignorance to the class.

She restoreth my sorrow,
She causeth me to write theorems for my grades' sake;

Yea, tho I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge,
For my work troubleth me.

She prepareth a test for me in the presence of my fellow students;
She giveth me a low mark;

Surely distress and sorrow shall follow me in all the days of my course,
For I shall remain in my Geometry class forever.

—Quaker—

Viola. There ain't no Santa Claus.
Bob G: Why there must be. How could they make pictures of him if there wasn't.

O. Water Sapp

KING OF SPORTS WRITERS
Tells

A Tale of Two Pugs

I

Bo McGaffic was a mauler
Who packed some mean left hooks;
He used to take them as they came
And fold them up like books.

II

His chest was like a barrel,
And so husky was McGaffic
That when he stepped out on the street
They had to stop the traffic.

III

McGaffic's fame spread far and wide
To every distant land,
Until at last it reached the ears
Of Battling Rubber Band.

IV

Now Rubber had a mighty arm
With which he slapped them dizzy;
And he was known throughout the land
As a boy who kept them busy.

V

They matched the boys to mix it;
Some heavy bets were made
That Rubber Band would make the Bo
Look like pink lemonade.

VI

The fight was held in Honk Honk,
A sleepy one-horse town,
Where apples made good applesauce
And banana oil was brown.

VII

McGaffic loosed a mighty sock
That stopped on Rubber's chin;
And just a spot of grease was left
Where Rubber Band had been.

VIII

And now the Bo still reigns supreme
O'er all the pug-nosed maulers;
For there's no man who'll meet
McGaffic—

Not for a million dollars.

—Quaker—

Into The Silence

"I'm going into the 'Silence' today", announced Nancy suddenly at the breakfast table one bright May morning.

Consternation fell over the one member of the household who could understand what she meant, but small Gloria struck her glass of milk with her spoon and screamed gleefully.

"I thought of the most gorgeous plot last night and I could hardly sleep for its running in my head. Now, don't argue," as she saw that Glenn was about to interrupt, "for my mind's made up and I'm not going to change it. It won't be the least bit of trouble. Mammy can get lunch and dinner for you. I don't want any and you probably won't be home at noon anyway. Gloria's always good and I'll stop to put her to bed this afternoon and then I can finish my story in peace and have it ready to read to you after dinner."

As this was a rather long speech for short-winded Nancy, she sat back, gasping, and tried to recover her breath. And Glenn, knowing that it was of no use to argue, wished her luck, kissed her good-bye, and left for his day's work. Nancy established baby in her chair well supplied with toys, instructed Mammy as to her day's work, and finally entered the "Silence" room. It had been agreed when Glenn and she were married that whenever she wished to continue her writing she might freely do so.

"Oh, Mis' William', de boy done brought no meat". This complaint penetrated to Nancy's thoughts a half-hour later.

"Why didn't you call the butcher?" she asked, coming to the door.

"I did, an' he said dere's no more deliveries today, an' I can't go with my ironin' to do."

"Oh, well, I suppose I will have to go. It'll only take me a few minutes and then I'll have the rest of the morning to myself."

Turn to Page 8

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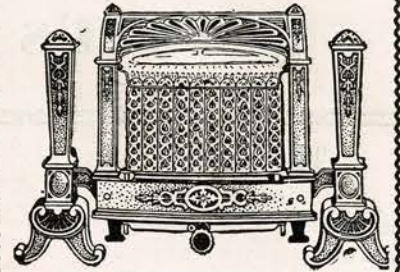
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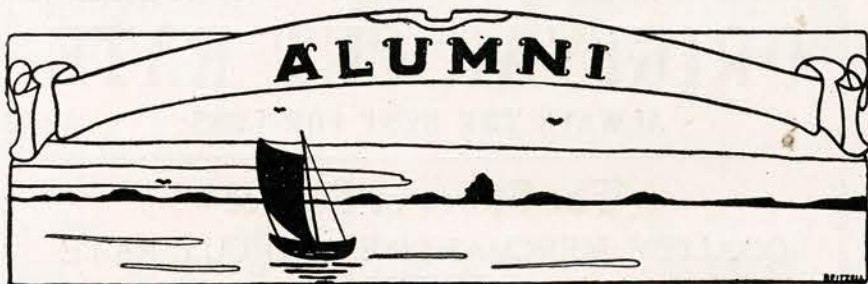
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Junnia Jones, graduated from Salem High last year and attending Dennison college at Granville, is active in musical circles there.

Oscar Tolerton '25, has been pledged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, at Lafayette college, at Easton, Pennsylvania.

Ruby Tinsman, our basketball captain of '24, is attending Ohio university at Athens, Ohio, this year. "Rube" has been pledged to the Alpha Xi Delta sorority there.

Lloyd Reynard, of the class of '25, has been pledged to the Sigma Chi fraternity at Western Reserve, where he is going this year.

At a lovely wedding on Wednesday, October 20, at the Episcopal church, Miss Camille Kines became the bride of Lee Osborne of Warren, Ohio. Mrs. Osborne was graduated from Salem High in '25 and attended Martha Washington seminary at Washington. The young couple left on an eastern motor trip, after which they will make their home at Warren.

Gloom Chasers

Femme: There is something I like about you.
 Homme: What?
 Femme: Me.

—Q—
 Every time a husband puts his foot down in his house, he usually prays that his wife will remain asleep until he gets safely to bed.

—Q—
 Short: Did you see the new Rolls at the auto show?
 Hassey: No. I didn't stay to lunch.

—Q—
 At first he acted quite properly. He crooned soft words that were meant for no one else's ears. Gradually he lost all control of himself. He spun her around several times. He kicked her none too gently. He grew red in the face and let out several violent oaths. It certainly is hard to start a Ford on a cold morning.

—Q—
 A high school graduate is one that can count up to twenty without taking his shoes off.

—Q—
 Lady of the house: Haven't you finished yet, plumber? Dear, dear! Look at all that water!
 Plumber: Now don't you worry, ma'am. I'm used to gettin' my feet wet!

—Q—
 Principal: It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat.
 Principle: Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five.

—Q—
 Editor: That's a timely joke!
 Frosh: Yes?
 Editor: It would have been great fifty years ago.

—Q—
 Wanted:—A good strong man to work on a farm to milk a cow that speaks German.

—Q—
 Ralph T. (at country fair): Look at the people. Aren't they numerous?
 "Rib" Allen: Yes, and ain't there a lot of them?

—Q—
 Prof. Winter: What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?
 Janet Riddle: Don't bite the insects.

—Q—
 Clothes make a man—a fool.

—Q—
 A box at the opera is better than one on the ear.

—Q—
 Si: Are you running for president?
 Schuller: Well, I'm on the fence.
 Si: What's the idea?
 Schuller: Just hunting for a plank for my platform.

—Q—
 Lady: I'll give you something to eat if you'll get that axe and—
 Tramp: Oh, I won't need it, lady, my teeth are all right.

Tom: Boy friend, I sure got an easy job today.
 Les: What doing?
 Tom: Keeping the candle burning on a Fisk tire ad!

—Q—
 Robert C. (fed up): I never want to see a tennis ball again.
 Mary Jane (more fed up): No, I suppose not—you seem to play just as well without them.

—Q—
 The twenty-three men in the room were huddled closely together, conversing in hushed tones. Suddenly a shrill whistle pierced the outer air.

—Q—
 "My God," whispered one man, "Can that be ne?" "Be calm," rejoined another, "that is only the windows rattling in the breeze." "There are but two seconds more to wait," said a third man expectantly. "Hist! I hear footsteps," cried a fourth. "This must be he."

—Q—
 And sure enough, it was the "prof" and he got there just one second before the class would have walked out on him.

—Q—
 Little Oscar stood on the window sill and gurgled and cooed, so we gave him a gentle push and then just laughed and laughed, 'cause we knew we were on the nineteenth floor.

—Q—
 Wint: Your work is quite original?
 Max: Oh, yes, Professor. Even the spelling is my own.

—Q—
 "What would you do if someone were dying for a kiss?"
 "Render first aid."

—Q—
 Nit: My youngest boy is troubled with halitosis.
 Wit: Too bad. How did he get it?
 Nit: He hasn't got it. He just can't spell it.

—Q—
 The professor announced that tomorrow he would hold a formal examination, so all the students came with their Tuxedos on.

—Q—
 "I lost ten dollars yesterday."
 "How's that?"
 "Cotton went up ten dollars a bale and I didn't have a bale."

—Q—
 "Jimmy has a trick car."
 "Howzat?"
 "It plays dead in the most convenient places."

—Q—
 "Here, here, young lady, what's your name?"
 "Oh, my name's Edith. What's yours?"

—Q—
 "Why did you stick this knife in this man?"
 "I saw the police coming and had to hide it somewhere."

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MAG MILLAN'S BOOK SHOP

Calendar

First Semester, 1926-1927

- Oct. 29 N. E. O. T. A. Meeting, Cleveland.
- Nov. 6 Football, East Liverpool, here.
12 Junior party.
13 Football at Leetonia.
19 Sophomore party.
20 Football, East Palestine, here.
25 Thanksgiving, football at Lisbon.
- Dec. 3 Association dance.
9 Senior play.
10 Senior play.
17 to Jan. 3, Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 7 Basket ball at Wooster.
8 Basket ball, Akron East, here.
14 Basket ball, East Liverpool, here.
15 Basketball at Lisbon.
21 Basket ball at Wellsville.
22 Basket ball, Akron Garfield, here.
23 Basketball, Wellsville, here.
29 Basketball at Struthers.
29 Semester ends.

—Quaker—

INTO THE SILENCE

Continued from Page 6

Once more she was settled in her sanctuary at her self-absorbing work. "Waa-ah, boo hoo," and, suddenly jerked from her day-dreams, she descended the stairs at a bound and found Gloria with her high-chair overturned, toys scattered in all directions, daubed from head to foot with jam which she had managed to get somehow, from the table. This mess was finally cleared up, and when Baby was clean, she decided, like an obliging little angel, that she was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. With a sigh of relief that this worry was safely out of the way, for a while at least, Nancy again lost herself, determining not to leave the room again if the house should fall about her ears.

"—In the midst of his discoveries of love-making—" "Oh, Nan, surprise! Molly and Polly arrived on the nine-thirteen, and the day was so lovely that we decided to go get the crowd and have a picnic. We knew you'd let us have it under your trees in the back yard, you're such a kind-hearted darling. Oh, Nance, where are you?" "—ing, he was interrupted by the untimely arrival of guests." She finished the sentence with deliberation.

"I'm glad to have you, Glad, but—" "No 'buts' now! We've brought everything with us. All we want is the loan of your stove, back yard, and your company for one day. By the way, where's little Darling? We planned so much on seeing and having her with us today."

"Sh-sh, she's a—" here she was interrupted by a cry from the nursery. "No, I guess she's not asleep now; I'll go get her."

Amanda's newly cleaned kitchen was noisily invaded, she and her ironing were "shooed" away, and the room was soon a scene of endless chatter, every one talking and explaining how to prepare the feast, and no one listening.

"Oh, Nan, where's some flour? We forgot to bring some." "Hey, Nance, you got any of that perfectly gorgeous cherry jam?" "Oh, Nancy, won't you bake us one of your chocolate cakes? We adore them so." Pandemonium reigned supreme there in the newly scrubbed kitchen for a couple of hours. "Come on, Nan, we're ready to eat."

At four in the afternoon every one had gone. Gloria was dozing in gluttonous contentment, the sink was filled with dirty dishes and pans, and the freshly blackened stove was besmeared and spattered with grease. As this, of course had to occur on Mandy's afternoon off. Nancy was

obliged to pitch in and clean the mess if the house were to have any semblance of order on Glenn's arrival.

Two hours later, every trace of the feast had disappeared, the stove was shining with a new coat of polish, the floor was scrubbed, and the sink cleaned. The only sign that anything unusual had been going on was Nancy. Her pretty little house frock, clean that morning, was daubed from neck to hem with grease, blackening, and dirt; her hands were none too clean after her strenuous labor and her hair, which was a little over her forehead. She had just curly when damp, curled in tendrils cleaned up and had dinner well on the road when Glenn came.

"Well, honey, how did you and 'Silence' get along today?" "I'm not going to say a word until we've finished and everything is clean. I can't stand to look at dirt long after today."

Everything was cleared away, Gloria was put to bed, and Nancy and Glenn sat down, one to tell, the other to hear the tale of woe. Nancy omitted nothing, even to the putting away of the last dish. As she proceeded, Nancy noticed that her husband was writing something, but as he had a habit of idly scribbling when some one was talking, she gave it only momentary notice.

"And so, I haven't any story to read you, but I am going to keep on with this until I do."

"Here's your story. I took it down in shorthand as you talked and after a little polishing up, I don't see why you can't sell it."

Two weeks later in the morning mail was a letter from a well-known magazine editor. In it was a check for one hundred dollars and a note which stated that her story was of a kind the public wanted. "The people have been fed up on romantic nonsense and now want stories of real, true, everyday life," stated the editor.

—ANNA RUTH MILLER

—Quaker—

Bridget (weeping): Someone told my Pat that he could bet his pants pressed by allowing a steam roller to run over them.

"Well what of it?"

"Pat forgot to take the pants off."

—Q—

Author: What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion.

Editor: It's not worth anything.

Author: I know, but tell me anyway.

—Q—

Unforgivable

He merely laughed when his wife wrecked the new limosine.

But he shot and killed her one day for dropping his golf trophy.

—Q—

"What was that joke about that the prof told in class?"

"I don't know. He didn't say."

—Q—

Dora: Billie told me I reminded him of a girl on a magazine cover.

Daisy: That's because he only sees you once a month.

—Q—

In this inquisitive age it is a wonder no one has instituted an inquiry as to who weeded the flower gardens in the Garden of Eden.

—Q—

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his head.

—Q—

Where there is a snowstorm, there is a white, snowlike substance called snow.

—Q—

"Has she a very good musical education?"

"Splendid. You can tell her the name of a song and she can tell you what's on the other side of the record."

—Q—

The height of accommodation is the motorist who puts duplicate license plates beneath his car so that his victims can read them as they are being run over.

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