

Commencement Issue -OF-

FAREWELL
SENIORS

The Quaker

FAREWELL
SENIORS

VOL. VII NO. 14

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 10, 1927

Price 10 Cents

GRADUATING SENIORS BID FAREWELL

AWARDS GIVEN AT FINAL ASSEMBLY

Athletes, Debaters, Typists Honored

At the final assembly held Monday, June sixth, a great number of events took place.

First of all Mr. Simpson awarded letters to the three cheer leaders, Mary Schmid, Max Caplan and Tuffy Howell.

Secondly, Miss Macollum awarded certificates of various sorts to those of the typing classes who have made names for themselves as typists. So, remember, if you ever want a first-rate stenographer, just get one of the following: Paul Howell, Catherine Moffet, Irma Bonscina, Mary Bodo, Mabel Cobb, Anna McLaughlin, Kathlene Mullins, Katherine Nellis, Margaret Fults, Edith Webber, Doris Cobb, Ethel Bodo, Mary O'Keefe, Margaret Mae Mullins, Theda Justice, Martha Whinnery and Pauline Ingram.

Mr. Drennan, who has worked hard and deserves the credit for having produced from raw material, some splendid debaters, awarded letters to the following: Joe Marsillio, Clara Patten, Julia Patten, Max Caplan, Viola Stanciu, Mary Bodo, Irma Bonscina, Eugene Young, Charles Wilhelm, Myron Sturgeon, Walter Coy, Lamoine Derr, Wayne Morron and Virginia Callahan.

Miss Tinsley, after giving a clever little speech, awarded basketball letters to the following: Nellie Groves, Sara Hanna, Betty Moss, Hazel Beck, Dorothy Foltz, Margaret Fultz, Mary Konnert and Bertha Mae Hassey.

Coach Springer with his athletes completely filled the stage. The following boys received letters for either track or basketball: Robert Campbell, Little Rib Allen, Malcolm Rush, Ed. Sidinger, Lester Older, Gus Tolerton, Don Mathews, Chester Kridler, Ted Kirkbride, Charles Herbert, Bill Day, Fred Guilford, James Scullion, Glen Jones, Dick Harwood, ~~Edith~~ Whinnery, Joe Pasco, Leonard Perkins, Herman Litty, Thomas Schaeffer, Joe Schmidt, Shilling and Keith Roessler, also to managers Tuffy Howell and Tom Schafer.

The president of the Rotary club, Mr. Strain at this assembly announced that the Senior boys had chosen Lester Older as the best all round boy in the Senior class. Lester Older at this time was presented the prize of \$25.

The Senior president announced that the Senior gift of 1927 was a microscope. This gift was accepted by Walter Deming, the Junior president.

Farewell Greetings

From the

Class of 1927

113 SENIORS RECEIVE DIPLOMAS

Largest Class In School's History Is Graduated

113 strong, the class of '27 bade farewell to Salem High, after having established a remarkable record of achievements.

No member of that class need feel ashamed to be included in that group of students. Probably no class has done as much in every way as the class which marched off the platform last night, diplomas in hand.

In all lines of endeavor, athletics, debate, dramatics, social, literary and financial, the Class of '27 excelled. The various accomplishments of its several individuals need not be recounted. And now, after four years of work and pleasure, they are leaving Salem High and calling to the under graduates that they, too, may further the ideals and the aims set forth by the class of '27. Farewell, Salem High, Farewell!

THREE SENIOR GIRLS WILL LEAVE

Honored At Farewell Dance

Three Senior girls, Clara and Julia Patten and Irma Bonscina, all prominent figures in school activities, will bid farewell not only to Salem High, but to Salem and Ohio as well.

The Patten girls will leave for California, while Irma will make her future home in Detroit.

A farewell dance in honor of these graduates was given by Mary and Joe Bodo at their home on Jennings avenue. Beautiful decorations, dancing, and peppy games helped to liven up the affair.

SENIORS WIN CITY VOLLEY TITLE

Defeat Dodges in Final Tilt

The Senior volleyball team won the city title by trimming the tough Dodge Brothers aggregation, who had been undefeated, in straight sets. The games were the hardest played and the most interesting of the year, and were a fitting conclusion to the Champions' volley activities.

The first game, 15-7, was won handily, but the last pair were real struggles. After winning the second game, 15-10, it looked bad for the school boys in the third contest, for the Dodges were leading 13-2. But things soon began to hum and the Seniors unleashed an attack that no team could have defeated, and holding the Dodge Brothers scoreless, they steadily piled up point after point, winning 15-13.

SENIORS HEAR SERMON AT METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. Clark Delivers Forceful Address

Members of the graduating class of '27 listened to a stirring address by Rev. Arthur Clark at the Methodist church. The speaker talked to his audience of the follies of youth and the condemnation which those of the younger generation were receiving.

"Since I, too, am young, I cannot give you an old man's advice," was Rev. Clark's statement. After setting forth the sins of youth, the speaker made an eloquent appeal to the students to overcome the faults to which the young are heirs, and to strive to do things expected of them.

PROM IS CLIMAX OF YEAR'S SOCIALS

Affair Greatly Successful

The Junior-Senior Prom came as a fitting climax to a highly enjoyable year. It was one of the most successful and well managed affairs ever attempted. The class of '28 ought to be warmly congratulated for the wonderful manner in which the social was put on.

Following the banquet at the Christian church, the scholars were entertained by a group of speakers and singers. Walter Deming, president of the Junior class, was toastmaster; Charles Wilhelm's "Bedtime Story," Mr. Alan's "Weather Report," Gene Young's "Static," Mr. Simpson's "Stock Report," together with vocal solos by Ruth Moff and Phoebe Ellen Parsons and a violin solo by Victoria

HI-Y ENDS SEASON

The Hi-y started out this year under very capable leaders, Les Older as president, Pete Harsh, vice president, Tuffy Howell as secretary, Max caplan, treasurer. Under the capable leadership of Bob Garrison, the club published a football annual this year.

Through the year the club had noted speakers come into their meetings and give talks which benefited the members of the club. On one special occasion all the boys were requested to attend a meeting while Dr. Church gave a very interesting talk.

The members of the club and their best maidens attended a picnic at City park in Alliance. They enjoyed the picnic very much, but a few of them got soaked with rain. The club ended the year with the election of Dick Harwood as president, Walt Deming as vice president, Walter Coy as treasurer, Lowell Allen as secretary.

We are also glad to announce that Lester Older, the president of this organization, won the Rotary prize of twenty-five dollars.

Piticar, made up a very clever "radio" program.

After the speeches, the students moved to the gym which was very prettily decorated. A very enjoyable time followed until the orchestra began heaving out hints that it was time to go home.

THE QUAKER

VOL. VII JUNE 10, 1927 No. 14

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

Editor-in-Chief ----- Joe Marsilio
Business Manager ----- Max Caplan
Faculty Advisor ----- Miss Woods

Subscription ----- \$1.50 per year

Entered as second class mail December 1, 1921, at the Post Office at Salem, Ohio, under an act of March 3, 1879.

Persons wishing to subscribe for The Quaker may do so by mailing \$1.50 with name and address to the Manager of "The Quaker"—Salem High School.



Editorial

If you'd talk to some of the Seniors now you'd probably be firmly convinced that Salem High is going straight to the bow-wows next year. The reason? Why, the Class of '27 is graduating. There won't be any Les Olders to rip things up on the football team, or Bob Campbell to thrill fans on the hardwood court, or Len Perkins to make a habit of romping away with the distance runs. No, it certainly will look bad for Salem High next year, say the Seniors.

No one can say that the class of '27 has not contained stars in every activity, and plenty of them, but neither can any one say that these activities will flop next year just because a few Seniors are being graduated. Chick Herbert and Sidinger will handily fill Les Olders' shoes, although Les was a mighty fine man. "Rib" Allen will try to fill Bob Campbell's shoes, but his lower extremities will certainly have to grow some. As for track, there are a horde of stars: Allen, Roessler, Sidinger and many others.

It rather looks, my proud Senior friends, as though the world will roll along without us, without sliding off its axis.

Bright—I took algebra in the state of New York.

Dumb—That's nothing. I took it in the state of ignorance.

At the assembly held Thursday, May twenty-fifth, the students were delightfully entertained by Mr. Walter Regal, who played several violin solos.

One of the most enjoyed of his numbers was "The Mocking Bird," which is an old favorite.

ODE TO THE LIBRARY

I'm sitting alone by this table
Watching the kids go out,
And thinking when I was a Freshman,
How I used to get kicked out.
But now those days have passed away;
They could not stay, 'tis true;
So I'll go back up to 307
And see what I can do.

—G. T., '27.

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN KNOWS:
It all.

SCIENCE CLUB HAS RECORD YEAR

The Science club, founded for the furtherance of knowledge along things of science, has had on its schedule for the past year programs of experiments and reports, and trips to the various shops and factories.

At the first of the year the new members entered in the club were required to give a paper for initiation on some current scientific discovery or happening. These were each duly given and gave the club a good start by posting them on recent scientific happenings.

Then followed programs of small lecture-table experiments accompanied by a talk explaining them. These experiments were not only interesting and enjoyable but instructive and educational.

These two types of programs occupied the winter activities until this spring, trips were taken to the shops. The club as a whole was shown thru the pottery and the entire process explained by a well posted guide. This type of research met with approval among the members and trips were taken to the Salem Rubber Company and the Salem Lighting Company. These trips were enjoyed by all and were very instructive as well as enjoyable.

The Science club procured for the High School thru the entire year, Science Films from the General Electric company. The films were shown after school and met with much success, showing the why and wherefore of many interesting industries and manufactories.

The year was closed by an enjoyable picnic at the home of Irene Slutz on the Winona road, where the evening was spent in a weiner roast and games.

The Science club will continue again next year and it is hoped that many new members will be interested into its ranks.

ALL-STARS VANQUISH SENIOR NINE

6 to 3

The Senior apple sockers, champions in just about every other inter-class and intramural event, seemed doomed to lose some of their athletic supremacy when they were defeated by the underclass All-Stars, a team collected from the other three classes of the school, 3-6. There is no doubt that the Seniors have it on any other single class even in baseball, but the combined classes seemed too much in this game.

The real reason of the combined victory could be traced to the super brand of relief hustling done by George Earley, who held the Seniors to five hits and no runs in seven innings of rescue duty. The Seniors had jumped on Jones, starrer, for two runs, and pounded him out of the box, continuing their attack on Konnert when they were stopped by "Sim." Rush, Senior twirler, was ineffective with men on bases, and after holding his opponents for two hits in five inning, was found for five runs in the sixth. Campbell, Schuller and Older finished the game on the mound for the Seniors, each being rather effective although wild.

THE VIOLET

Where the tall grass grows quite thickly,
Where a small brook flows quite quickly,
There the violet shy and meek,
Hides away from winds so bleak.
In its dewy dell it stays,
In its dewy dell it prays,
That no one who chanced to roam
Should find its lovely dewy home.
It is a very shy flower,
Often found in a hidden bower,
Where it hides away to dream,
And enjoy the morning beam.
But soon all will be over,
It will hide in the clover.
For soon it will wilt away
To sleep through a long winter day.
—Elizabeth Gottschaling—7-C

OUR BULL PUP

Our clothes are in tatters
They fill us with shame.
Not even a shoestring
Is worthy the name.
Our stockings are toeless,
Our shoes a disgrace.
The rugs are quite ruined
The curtains, torn lace.
The furniture's marked and—
Our home life is wrecked.
But we've got a bull pup,
What can you expect?
—Selma Gautz—7-D

Our Castles in a School Room

O the sun is shining brightly
On the roofs that hedge us in,
And our thoughts go drifting, dreaming
To a spot that's free from din.
And we dream of open waters,
Fields of green, and woodlands too.
But our dreams are badly shattered
When teacher says, "get busy you."
—Jean Witt—8-B

CLASS OF '27 CONTAINS SEVERAL "INFANTS"

In a class as large as ours this year (113) we have a great chance for unusual age and size limits.

We can boast a group of unusually small and young people. Leading this list of "babies" is Don Ward, who can boast of being "sweet sixteen." Donald is so small and appears so young that he is often mistaken for a grade pupil. The other day Don went into a bakery to buy a loaf of bread for his mother. "What is it for you, my little man?" greeted him as he peered over the edge of the counter. But Don can be proud he is finishing so young for it testifies to continuous progress.

"Moxie" Caplan runs close for the championship of the nursery. "Moxie" is so old that he will be able to vote some day and I am not so sure but what he is getting a little childish. Nevertheless, Max, too, can be glad he is finishing early in his "teens" for it allows for a good start in college.

At least the smallest if not the youngest of our "unusual graduates" is Lucille Baker. Everyone is familiar with her consistent efforts to overcome the disadvantage of her size at the piano. Lucille can "pound the keys" as well as if she were twice her actual size.

Mary Bodo is a close second for honors. But let me tell you, Mary's size surely cannot keep her down. She was a vital member of the Debate team and never "napped" during the struggle as "youngsters" are apt to do.

One might go on and on naming our unusual graduates, but perhaps this will suffice to create an interest in the class of '27.

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I stopped.
"Next I tried physical training. There is no use to tell the details, for I must not tire you, good friend. It really did give better results than the medicine and I still keep in good form. Yes, it has been ten and a half years since I started, and many a testimonial have I written as to the good effects of exercise, but you see, I may have been physically young but I did not feel young. I didn't understand boys and girls, I didn't have any kindred spirit, no, I had not yet found the fountain. I came back to New York to die for I felt the quest was hopeless.

"Still I did not want to pass the mountain unawares. Last night as I was going down the street my spirits were lower than usual. It was my sixty-seventh birthday—thirty years since I commenced searching. At once a bright idea struck me. Why not search for youth where youth was? I resolved to follow the first group of youths and see where they went. A group of boys was then passing and I followed them. Now and then little bits of conversation drifted back but I did not understand it. They seemed to be in great excitement. After covering three blocks they turned in at a large brick building. Middle-aged people were also entering. At the door I had to buy a

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Win Third Straight

Excellent work in the late events proved too much for the East Palestine squad, who up to the low hurdles finals led the field in the annual county meet. East Palestine was expected to offer some hard competition, but the extent of their wins in early events was entirely surprising and had the Red and Black non-combatants squirming with uneasiness. The final totals were: Salem, 52, East Palestine, 37½, a margin of 11½ points.

jumped on Jones, starter, for two runs Les Older was the only Salemite to break any county records, slinging the discus 109 feet, 4 inches for a new high water mark. Collela of East Palestine toppled the shot record with a heave of 45 feet, 1½ inches. Perkins annexed both distance runs in excellent time. Allen, after tying with Roessler at 11 feet, 6 inches, cleared the height of 12 feet. Salem High ran one-two in the hurdles. Seeds and Mathews placing in this event.

The relay was won by Columbiana after a thrilling race.

JUNIOR-SENIOR TRACKSTERS WIN

The combined Juniors and Senior classes were victorious over the Sophomores and Freshmen combine in the final track event of the season. The only feature of the meet was Gus Tolerton's record-breaking heave in the shot put, which he shot out 40 feet, 11 inches. Bob Campbell, of the

upper-class team was high man of the meet, scoring 30½ points. Shilling, the leader of the defeated team, scored 26½ points.

The final total of the meet was: Seniors and Juniors 76½; Freshmen and Sophomores 55½.

ALLEN BREAKS STATE RECORD

Clears Twelve Feet

Lowell Emerson Allen, defeated in the pole vault only twice in two years, showed at Columbus that no Ohio vaulter was in his class by taking the only first place accredited to Salem, clearing twelve feet and shattering the former mark of eleven-six. "Rib" has gone higher several times but because these attempts were not in official state meets the marks were not accepted. Allen and Schmidt, who was fourth in the discuss, were the only point makers. The meet was won by Columbus Central, Lakewood of Cleveland being second.

"BO" McMILLAN SPEAKS

"Bo" MacMillan, the noted football star and the present coach at Geneva college, was the main speaker at the assembly held Tuesday, May twenty-fourth. He spoke on football and related several amusing experiences. He also gave us some very good advice.

"Don't let your successes get the best of you," "Don't get the swell head," Play the game fair and square and play for the good that's in it," said Bo. His pleasing personality won his whole audience.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

He was an old, old man when I first saw him. Surrounded by bewildering, swarming humanity, he was like a leaf, browned and shriveled by age and blown about at the mercy of the wind. He was bent and crippled, a pathetic picture. Hoary hair haloed his head, his eyes were dim and weak, and his expression spoke of little hope.

I saw him again, but a different picture greeted me. True, his hair was still white, his face was yet wrinkled and withered but he walked differently. His shoulders were straight and erect as those of a young man. His head was held high and his eyes, those eyes were far different; they were bright and snappy and jolly, holding the fire of an unconquerable youth. How different from those weak, hopeless eyes that I had last seen! That bent crippled form, that hopeless expression—unconquerable curiosity arose in me and commanded me to question this queer person. Perhaps it was on account of my own approaching old age that I wished to find the secret of his youth, so humbly wended my way through the hurrying crowd to the man who had once been old. It was not difficult to become acquainted, for in his new found youth he had forgotten the grouchingness of his old age, and taken on the cheerful friendliness of youth. The young-old man gladly accepted my invitation for him to tell his tale and we hurried to my bachelor apartment.

After a refreshing cup of strong black coffee, I lounged back in my favorite chair and asked for his story. And in a clear, resounding voice this is what he told:

"It will perhaps be necessary before I tell you, good friend, of my experience to trace my ancestry back about six hundred years to the source of this adventure. In that time there was a man famous in history, a man that seemed to be on a foolish mission, a hopeless mission I might say. Ponce De Leon, searching for the Fountain of Eternal Youth in his vast wanderings, had once been told by a foreigner of seeming wisdom that in a land named Utopia was a fountain of crystal-like water imbued with the spirit of eternal youth, placed there by the gods centuries before the creation of man. Whosoever was able to discover this fountain would have found youth everlasting.

"Ponce, God bless his soul, was a vain old creature and it worried him to know that he was reaching the last precious years of his life, in which he wished to pile up gold and riches. When he was told of this fountain which was able to increase the years of his life, years unencumbered by the pains of old age, this Fountain of Youth became his sole aim. But it was hopeless; the fountain was never found and Ponce waxed old as they said in those days, and in due time he died.

"Well, the years went on and Ponce's descendants forgot the Fountain of Youth in their worldly cares and toil, that is the descendants forgot it until my father, Harold Lane—the name was changed to that when the descendants migrated to America—started a search for it.

"The remembrance of this fountain reached our family when I was twelve years old. Father had multiplied the gold of old Ponce and we then had enough to live comfortably without father working longer. In spite of his fantastic searching (every one of his friends thought him crazy) father was practical. He budgeted his income, he laid aside a good portion each month for the fountain fund. This money he would use in journeys searching for the fountain. He went on many long journeys but he died suddenly at the age of 61, his search unrepaid.

"I was a skeptical youth and reasoned out when father was hunting that there couldn't be such a fountain, so in the early part of my life, up until 36, I never considered the quest, but on the morning of my thirty-sixth birthday I awoke feeling old. It was a terrible feeling I had never experienced before. There was a certain hopelessness as though the best part of my life was gone. Gone to what? Piling up useless gold that could never buy the one thing I wanted—Youth. I wanted to feel young again, to act young again, to be thought of as young again.

"For several months I was in this state of mind; I winced with pain every time the word old was mentioned. I avoided my friends in order that they might not know how I felt, for I was ashamed of it.

"One day, however, I remembered my father's quest. At first I was wont to jeer at it, but as the months rolled by the idea grew on me. Perhaps I could find the Fountain of Youth!

"At the beginning of my thirty-seventh year I was enthused with the thought, morning, noon and night, and even when I was sleeping I dreamed of it.

"By this time I had collected enough money to do as I wished and I considered retiring. Why retire? To search for the fountain. You see, by this time I had become a strong addict.

"I set out far from my native home, good old New York. First I set out for unexplored lands, lands where perhaps the natives never grew old but lived in eternal youth. Deep in the jungles of Africa, in the mysterious gardens of the Orient, even in Iceland, I traveled and my friends all the while thought of me as another Theodore or another Kermit Roosevelt, not knowing of my real mission. Well, I searched fifteen full years, years full of false hope and faith. At the end of the fifteenth year I was sitting on the veranda of a hotel in a foreign city. In my distress I poured out my story to a neighbor. He was a kindly soul and seemed to take my problems to heart. Three days afterward he called me into the secrecy of his room. 'I have found it, I have found it,' he whispered, and held up a bottle of Hardy's Healthful Tonic. 'The man who had the most perfect health and youth in the world told me to take this,' he counselled. My hopes were aroused, I thanked him, took the bottle, and departed. I also inquired as to where I could obtain more.

"It was vile tasting stuff and it made me fairly faint to smell it. But nothing could hinder me, I would sacrifice anything for youth, so I took it.

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ly small and young people. Leaving this list of "babies" is Don Ward, who can boast of being "sweet sixteen." Donald is so small and appears so young that he is often mistaken for a grade pupil. The other day Don went into a bakery to buy a loaf of bread for his mother. "What is it for you, my little man?" greeted him as he peered over the edge of the counter. But Don can be proud he is finishing so young for it testifies to continuous progress.

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Faithfully, very faithfully, for four and a half years I took it. Then my faith began to waver. The medicine acted only as a stimulant, and for only an hour after taking would I feel good. At first I thought the time would increase but at the end of several years it commenced to decrease so I stopped.

"Next I tried physical training. There is no use to tell the details, for I must not tire you, good friend. It really did give better results than the medicine and I still keep in good form. Yes, it has been ten and a half years since I started, and many a testimonial have I written as to the good effects of exercise, but you see, I may have been physically young but I did not feel young. I didn't understand boys and girls, I didn't have any kindred spirit, no, I had not yet found the fountain. I came back to New York to die for I felt the quest was hopeless.

"Still I did not want to pass the fountain unawares. Last night as I was going down the street my spirits were lower than usual. It was my sixty-seventh birthday—thirty years since I commenced searching. At once a bright idea struck me. Why not search for youth where youth was? I resolved to follow the first group of youths and see where they went. A group of boys was then passing and I followed them. Now and then little bits of conversation drifted back but I did not understand it. They seemed to be in great excitement. After covering three blocks they turned in at a large brick building. Middle-aged people were also entering. At the door I had to buy a

ticket. I was disappointed—perhaps it was one of those confounded movies.

"I found a seat at last, a high seat and not very comfortable. A boy and girl came out in the central area and began to shout. Five boys came to the space in the middle and then five from the opposite side. A man blew a whistle and they began to toss a large ball. With the aid of several young people around me I learned the purpose of the game. I forgot every- one. I lost my hat, I lost my cane. I chose my side and it won, straight and clean and hard. I had found my youth, found it in the association of clean sport.

"When I was leaving, some little codger on the losing side said, 'Not much wonder that they won, look at all the old men with them.' None of us were old men and never shall be old men. We had drunk at the Fountain of Youth."

—E. McKee, '29.

—Q—

She may be a telephone girl, but she sure has some good connections.

—Q—

Rush—What you been doing in the bank?

Guzz—Starting an account.

Rush—Savings account?

Guzz—No, spending account.

—Q—

Tom—I've heard quite a bit about you.

Max—That's not strange. I've done a lot.

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GREAT WAS THE FALL THEREOF

It is one of nature's laws that some things, some people of this world shall live for a time and then die, while others live not only in their own age, but for all time. Concerning persons and creatures this statement cannot be taken literally; we must consider it in a figurative sense.

Jesus, though he died a visible death, has never died in spirit nor in the hearts of the people. Shakespeare, Milton and many others, though they are seen no more on earth, live in the spirit and in the works which they have left to all mankind.

Concerning inanimate objects and states and nations as a whole, it is possible to live for all time in the literal sense.

There must be some way in which people and nations can fulfill this law of nature. We can see by history that it has been, but also we can see that it has not been done. In these last instances, it has not been some throw of fortune that has wrecked. No. The cause of the failure lies deeper than that. It concerns the people themselves. In fact, it is the people themselves. The power to insure success, or to precipitate failure lies in the hands of God's greatest creation, Man.

The fate of himself, of his age, of all the human race depends upon the way in which he builds the institutions of his country. If he builds with truth and right, he is like the wise man who built a house upon the rock and the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon the house; and it fell not for it was built upon a rock. While if he builds with vice and wrong doing, he is like the foolish man who built a house upon the sand, and the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

Let us wander in the fields of ancient Italy. Let us bask in the warmth of an Italian sun, with the blue vault of a southern sky above.

Far in the purple distance there stands a magic city. White gleaming spires lifted high, and glistening walls—clear, yet softened by distance, scarlet banners wave and flutter in the faintly wafting breeze. All is like a dream, far, illusive, almost imaginary.

Rome was the imperial city. She was the ideal city. In a land of riches, surrounded by miles of orchards and vineyards, and near a port teeming with boats of Roman merchants which plied the high seas, she was the supreme queen of a vast empire and was reigning ruler of all that empire. Poems were written, songs were sung and stories told of the glory and wonder and power that was hers. She led the world in civilization.

Hers was the greatest, the highest beauty. Joy, glory, honor, and freedom—yes, freedom apparently held full sway. What could it have been that brought the downfall of so great a city?

It was not the poor classes of Rome that caused her downfall, it was these idle rich, basking in the light of un-won glory and ill-won gold.

Rome fell, and with her fall a nation disappeared, a government was wrecked, and a civilization was sent into oblivion. There is nothing that so undermines the health, as those negative qualities of character just mentioned, and when health is undermined the character is undermined and falls, and all is wrecked. Rome fell simply because all those, who were the apparent strong were undermined. Any chain is as strong as its weakest link. Every house built with a fault in construction will fall in a storm.

In the present day, we as a nation, have our idle and degraded poor. We have also our idle and degraded rich. We have among us, on every hand, the kind of people who wreck our laws, customs and institutions. The people who destroy the works of civilization.

This is exactly the condition which existed in Rome immediately preceding her fall. She had her crime wave, so has America. She had a gradual decline—are we starting on our decline? It seems so.

Our tastes seem inclined to be for the exciting, the thrilling. Our literature and shows testify to this. Again I say, this is the identical condition which existed in that doomed Italian city. Are we going to permit these tastes, these likes, to grow until they bring the fate of Rome upon our land? The life of America depends upon you and me just as the life of Rome depended on her citizens. Can we, are we going to fail our trust as they did? We must not. If we wish America to live forever and aye, we must build so she can. We must eradicate, destroy, slay all those outcroppings of the negative qualities of character.

Let us then place our minds and our hearts at work to build for the future of America and of all civilization. Place our trust in God and in the right and good of mankind, for through these only can we effect our desires for the longevity of our country. Let us think not only of ourselves, but our posterity and leave within their grasp a fighting chance for "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

By this path of righteousness and this only can we build in America a structure of culture and light that will truly live for all time.

—Clara Patten.

—Q—
SO LONG!

My High School days are ended,
And gee, I hate to go!
I've spent the greatest day of my life,
At first, I thought they were slow;
But now I realize
How swiftly they have passed
And every day I wish
That they would always last.
But then there're lots of good times
coming,
And lots of experience, too;
But I shall always remember
These happy days, my whole life
through.

—Roberta Reese.

—Q—
Hassey—"Three lipsticks, please."
Clerk—"What size?"
Hus—"Three car rides and a house party."

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Irate Pater: "What do you mean by coming home at five A. M.?"
 Bertha Mae: "For cryin' out loud, pop! I have to patronize the old roost some time, don't I?"
 —Q—
 If you like something, avoid it. It's bad for you.
 —Q—
 R. C.: "Are you the man who saved my little boy from drowning when he fell off the dock?"
 R. V.: "Yes."
 R. C.: "Well, where's his cap?"
 —Q—
 Farmer: "Hey there, kid, no swimming allowed here."
 Frethy: "It's perfectly all right, chief, I won't make a sound!"
 —Q—
 Our idea of a clever woman is one who can chew a wad of La Page's glue with false teeth and not make a sucking sound.
 —Q—
 Meda: "Oh, dear, I'm always forgetting."
 Jim: "So I notice. Always for getting this or for getting that."
 —Q—
 Pif: "Do you believe in life after death?"
 Hus: "No, but I do believe in life before death. Let's go!"
 —Q—
 Chief: "How many times is this I have arrested you?"
 Bob C.: "Don't ask me; I thought you was keepin' score."
 —Q—
 Laugh! I thought I'd split an infinitive.
 —Q—
 Rib (ardently): "Ye gods and little fishes! How I love you!"
 Shorty: "I wish you'd leave your pets a while and pay more attention to me."
 —Q—
 A man can fool all women some of the time, and some women all the time, but what bothers a man most is why he can't fool the same woman the same way all of the time!
 —Q—
 Walt: "You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?"
 Dick: "No, who were you?"
 —Q—
 I know a boy who is so dumb he thinks Eleanor Glyn wrote ONE MINUTE TO PLAY.
 —Q—
 Janet: "Why don't you marry Bill?"
 Evelyn: "I was going to. But father gave his permission. So there wouldn't be any fun in it now."
 —Q—
 Conductor: "What are you doing with those towels in your suitcase."
 Sidinger (with presence of mind): "Oh, they are some I used the last time I was on this train. I had them washed and brought them back."
 —Q—
 There was once a fellow with a very rich father who went to college to study. Go ahead and laugh.

Rogers: "I took out a woman last night and she wasn't hungry."
 Taylor: "Honest?"
 Rogers: "Absolute truth!"
 Taylor: "But boy, did she have a thirst!"
 —Q—
 Lila: "Meda never goes out with the same fellow twice."
 Bill: "So I understand. They're so broke after that, they aren't able to take anybody out."
 —Q—
 Bob: "You know why girls walk home?"
 Rib: "No."
 Bob: "That's right."
 —Q—
 Let's eat, drink and then get Mary.
 —Q—
 Skeptical Observer: "Your backfield all seem pretty slow when it comes to totin' the pigskin."
 Les (casually): "Yes, but what's time to a hog?"
 —Q—
 Rib: "Isn't that hair tonic in the green bottle?"
 Bob: "No, that's muscilage."
 Rib: "I guess that's why I can't get my cap off!"
 —Q—
 Short: "Come from Indiana, eh?"
 Rib: "Sure do!"
 Short: "You don't talk like an Indian!"
 —Q—
 Max: "I got a hunch."
 Joe: "Really, I thought you were just round-shouldered."
 —Q—
 Is Rib dumb? Listen, he wanted to get a double garage when his dad bought a twin-six!
 —Q—
 Robert William Campbell asked Rib the other day how long girls should be loved. "The same as short girls," Rib told him.
 —Q—
 Kessler: "I believe I'll take one of those large lobsters."
 The Fish Dealer: "Yes, sir, and shall I wrap it up?"
 Kessler: "Yes, I guess you better had. I'm afraid he doesn't know me well enough yet to follow me home."
 —Q—
 If the ham hangs around the smoke house, where does the veal loaf?
 —Q—
 When the coach told Rib to go to the locker room and get a new basketball, he said: "What size shall I ask for?"
 —Q—
 "I'd prefer being a chauffeur to being a jockey," said Guss Jacobson, "for a jockey sees only the horse's neck, while the chauffeur sees everybody's neck."
 —Q—
 Loopy—Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?
 Betty—No.
 Loopy—Good. Then we'll take a trolley

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