

BOOST
DEBATE!

The Quaker

BEAT
PAINESVILLE

VOL. VII NO. 7

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY, 4 1927

Price 10 Cents

DEBATERS PREPARE FOR VERBAL TILTS

REDS CAPTURE ANOTHER PAIR

Defeat Wellsville and Struthers

The winning habit seems to have been firmly inculcated in the Red varsity, this aggregation winning its tenth and eleventh victories over Wellsville and Struthers. The former was simply toyed with for thirty-two minutes, Heinz, beg your pardon Campbell and company walloping them 45-7, giving them a scant pair of field goals and three fouls for their total. Struthers, usually a strong team, was given a 45-25 thumping. This score might have been worse, but the locals seemed to get tired of scoring towards the latter part of the game, and began getting generous. Rush gathered 37 points in these games, boosting his season's total to 170, while Harsh and Campbell played the same all-around game that is typical of them.

Girls Register Two Wins

The girls also continued winning, they also triumphing over Wellsville and Struthers, defeating the sextet of Wellsville 34-4, and the latter in the best game of the season, 14-13. Wellsville gave the local lassies little opposition in the first, Konnert helping herself to 18 points. In the Struthers game, however, they had to play with all they had, which proved to be a great deal. The game was a real thriller, the locals being ahead until the last two minutes of play when Struthers went to the front with a one point lead, Konnert's field goal, a wonderful shot, just before the final shot, brought home the first victory of a Salem sextet in years, and was the second that Struthers suffered in three years.

Science Club to Show More Films

Through the interest of the Science club, a series of movie films has been arranged to be shown in the auditorium at 3:30 on these respective dates: February 14: Conquest of Forest—1 reel.

Bituminous—1 reel.

The Conductor—1 reel.

March 14: King of Rails—3 reels.

April 11: Thomas A. Edison—1 reel.

Electrical Giant—1 reel.

Light of a Race—1 reel.

May 9: Queen of Waves—2 reels.

Our Daily Bread—1 reel.

Much credit is due Mr. R. P. Vickers as it is through his effort that the films have been secured and through his cheerfully given time that they are shown.

East Palestine, Painesville are Week-End Foes

East Palestine There; Painesville Here, Saturday

East Palestine and Painesville are the next opponents of the Red varsity, in which games the local tossers will attempt to run their winning streak to thirteen straight and tie the record of the school. They should do this, and if a comparison of scores has anything to do with it, little trouble will be met in the East Palestine game, while Painesville, generally a very strong aggregation will give them the strongest opposition of the season if they run true to form, for rumor says that they have a strong five. Massillon, conqueror of Canton and Warren defeated them by a 25-15 score.

The local girls seem to have finally hit their stride and should finish the season strong. In Konnert and Hanna we have a pair of forwards that are almost the Tinsman-Willaman standard, and a splendid scoring combination. They exhibited fine basketball in the Struthers game, giving the dope bucket a spill by licking that school's sextet, being aided by the wonderful defensive work of Beck and Captain Groves.

Rush Leads Scorers

Rush is far in the lead of the rest of the local five in scoring, piling up 170 points in the eleven games to date. Captain Campbell, the class of the county players in all-around ability is second with 72. Rush is

hitting the basket with regularity and in this phase of the game has no equal in the county or district, and is due to be considered in the All-state selections. His ability is not only confined to the scoring department, however, as Mal does his share of the defensive work. Older is third in line of the scorers with 56 points. The rest of the point makers are: Sidinger 54; Allen 44; Harsh 14; Tolerton 5; Kirkbride 4.

Team Scores 445 Points

The quintet to date has scored 445 points to its opponents' 194, the points being made up of 204 field goals and 37 fouls while their adversaries have accumulated 69 baskets from action, 56 points via the charity route. The single game average is; S. H. S. 41, opponents 18.

In the defensive department of basketball, "Pifer" Harsh seems to excel any seen on the local court so far. Pete has the knack of breaking up dribbles in a manner that is almost uncanny, committing few fouls, but being present in every scuffle. From the spectators' view of the games it is the point-maker that is the hero, but it is the defensive player that makes his baskets be of use, for, of what use are baskets scored if the opponents score more?

Salem High Mourns Loss of Dr. Yaggi

Loyal Friend of Salem High Dies January 21

Dr. H. K. Yaggi, known and loved by every student of Salem High, died at his home Friday, January 21. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Red and Black athletics, devoting a great deal of his time and energy, especially to football and basketball.

But Salem High will remember Dr. Yaggi not only for his material aid in helping out wherever he could, but even more for the spirit of determination and clean sportsmanship which he inspired into the heart of every backer of the Red and Black. He has

left every one the memory of his magnetic personality that so often cheered discouraged athletes on to victory.

The last picture of Dr. Yaggi that many of us fondly cherish in our minds recalls this loyal friend of Salem High cheering, urging, compelling the basketball team to victory.

The "Quaker," in behalf of the entire student body, expresses the deepest sorrow at the loss of a man so noble in character, so determined and so loyal—Dr. Yaggi.

FIRST FORENSIC CLASH BILLED FOR FEB. 24

Ravenna Is Debaters' First Foe

Coach Drennan's repartee experts will meet their first opposition on the 24th of this month. On this date the negative team, debating the Direct Primary system, will journey to Ravenna to tangle with that town's orators. This contest will be Ravenna's initial effort in debate, and accordingly they will be all set to upset the Salem crew.

The debating squad was divided into two groups, one debating cancellation of the world war debts, and the other, the repeal of the District Primary. The latter group consists of Wayne Morron, Max Caplan, Joe Marsilio, Charles Wilhelm, Walter Deming and John Williams. Besides Ravenna, this group has also scheduled Wooster. The debaters anticipate the season's toughest opposition in this fray, as Wooster is coached by a Wesleyan grad of noted forensic ability. This contest will probably be held March 25.

On the War Debt question, the following debaters have found berths: Joe Marsilio, Clara Patten, Julia Patten, Lamoine Derr, Myron Sturgeon, Fred Schuller, James Patten, Irma Boncina, Walter Coy, Harold Hurst, Bertha Marsilio, Florence Davis, Virginia Callahan, Eugene Young, Violo Stanciu and Mary Bodo.

Niles and Youngstown South will furnish opposition for this aggregation, each school engaging in a dual debate.

Only two verbal tilts are booked to take place in our auditorium, the remaining four being foreign encounters.

Hi-Y Plans Initiation

Rev. Clark of the Baptist church was the speaker of the evening at the last meeting of the Hi-Y fellows. Rev. Clark just recently came to Salem and has taken an active part in young people's work.

At this meeting it was ordained that the uninitiated boys should do penance the week of the 6th. The program in charge of the initiation committee should afford much merriment for the student body—at the expense of the uninitiated.

Prof. Alan: How far is my ball from the green, caddy?

"Nate" C.: Sir, I cannot tell a lie.

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Editorial

Doesn't it feel fine to just sit back in your chair and take a retrospective slant over the past semester? You seem to feel your head expanding and your hand just itches to pat your back when you think that you are a member of as fine an organization as Salem High.

And do we have anything to be proud of? Certainly, of course, and a few more emphatic expressions of affirmation. First of all we came back to find a newly-decorated building, looking twice as inviting as ever before. Then came that wonderful team that swept thru everything in its path to stow away another county championship; a clean, fighting bunch of lads that won as much by sportsmanship and fair play as by their excellent football ability. Who is there that does not know and admire Older, Mathews, Campbell, "Si," and every other member of that championship outfit of pigskin toters?

Another achievement, though not along the lines of athletics, was the dramatic success, the "Show Off." We have every reason to be justly proud of every member in that cast and especially of Coach Drennan, without whose aid this production would not have been as complete a success.

Our Basketball team seems headed for another championship season, and is ripping through the season in fine shape. Captain Campbell and his gang of lightning passers are just about the best ever, and ought to have a little to say about who will win the district title this year.

The debaters are just getting primed for Ravenna, their first "worthy opponents." They are facing the toughest program that any Salem Hi team has ever attempted, but with Coach Drennan's aid, they ought to come thru with flying colors.

This is also a banner year for the Hi-Y, Science club and other activities along this line. Sure, go ahead, pat yourself on the back some more.

Perhaps the greatest source of satisfaction to all of us, is the fact that the mid year exams are now only a memory, whether agreeable or not depends on the grades you received.

But we cannot rest on our laurels. There is still work for us to do. So let's dig down and get busy, and try to make this semester even more successful than the last one.

Keep it Rolling

If you want to be worth more than a heap of sand in the desert, you'll do well to see that your educational development, the amount of information you possess, is rolling steadily along.

Some boys never understand this. They go to school simply because they're made to, without having the first idea of what it's all about. But others get the hang of it, and kick in; they realize that school is giving them the biggest opportunity in their lives to get the dope they're going to need later on if they want to be anything more than tailenders.

Here are some questions to try on yourself:

Do you get good marks at school? Do you like to read? Do you ever feel that your teachers are down on you. (If you do, unless you get close to zero in deportment, it is probably because you don't KNOW enough.)

Do you like school?

Are you interested in most of the things that your parents talk about? Have you ever started looking up any particular subject you happened to be interested in, like aviation or lumbering or the life of Abraham Lincoln, until you found out all you could about it?

Have you ever discovered a misstatement in the newspapers?

Do you know what helium is?

When you come across a word you do not understand like "palimpsest" or "pompano," do you look it up?

—American Boy.

—Q—

Vocalist Gives

Pleasing Recital

The students were delightfully entertained by Arnold Lutes at the assembly Tuesday morning, January 25. He sang the following numbers: "My Castle in an Unknown Sea," "There's a Light in Your Eye," "Sunshine of Your Smile," "Love Knots" and "Mother Machree." Mr. Lutes was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Paul Covert.

—Q—

Mrs. Covert Entertains

at Piano

At the assembly held Tuesday, January 18th, Mrs. Paul Covert entertained by playing several numbers on the piano among which were "Dizzy Fingers," "The Scarf Dance," "La Paloma" and "March Grottesque." Mrs. Covert is an accomplished player and the music was much appreciated.

The second part of the program was given over to Senior speeches. Ruth Bolen gave an interesting talk on "Something Different," while Mary Bodo's subject was "Money and Its Uses." The third speaker was Leo Beall, who gave a resume of the life of Oliver Cromwell.

—Q—

Tom Schaffer: "I wish every year had three hundred and sixty-five days of rest."

Max Caplan: "Are you mad? Then we would have to work a day every fourth year!"

Seniors Stage Heated Argument

Great fear and anxiety crept into the hearts of many underclassmen when they heard the big row which took place in 206.

It seems that directly after Mr. Simpson made the announcement that Senior speeches were to commence, there was a great fuss among the Seniors to determine who should be the first speaker.

Lester Older and Roberta Reese were bound and determined to be on the first day's program but Dudley Ashead in some miraculous manner known only to Dudley succeeded in winning first place, so on Friday morning, January 14, Dudley gave the first Senior speech of the year. His subject was "The Sesqui-Centennial." Fred Beardmore told us of "The History of Pearls," while Lucille Baker spoke on "Music." Elma Auld gave an interesting speech on "Clara Barton and Her Red Cross Work."

More Seniors Speak January 21

Senior speeches were the principle attraction at the assembly Friday morning, January twenty-first.

Irma Bonscina told us some interesting facts concerning "Greek Mythology." Wayne Brown's subject was, "How Much of Your Brain Do you Use?" Earl Cain talked on "Commercial Aircraft," while Frances Carey chose as his subject "Canada."

The speeches were all well delivered and instructive.

—Q—

Exchange

Just a little bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot
Makes a recitation
Seem like what it's not.

—The Oak Leaf.

—Q—

Perpetual Motion

Doors are made out of trees,
trees grow out-of-doors.

—Pasadena Chronicle.

—Q—

Has She Got Her Sorority Pin Yet?

Reservations in the Class of 1944 of Georgia Wesleyan College have been made for Miss Laura May Fincher, aged six months, of Atlanta, Georgia. The news dispatch does not state whether the prudent Miss Fincher has her date for the Senior Prom.

—New Student.

—Q—

New Discoveries in Geometry

Geometry teaches us to bisect angles; an oxygen has six sides. A circle is a rounded straight line that is bent so that the ends meet.

—Oak Leaf.

—Q—

Sidinger: "How did that school get such a bad name?"

Konnerth: "More men reported for football than were enrolled in school."

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Sports

Red Team is Still Undefeated

Red and Black Defeats First County Foe

The first step towards the county title was taken by the Red and Black tossers at the expense of East Liverpool, in a very loosely played and rough game, the score being 31-18. As can be seen from the one-sided score, the game was not typical of those played by those teams in previous seasons, the locals having an easy time of it thruout the game, when usually games between the two schools are very hotly contested. Rush and Campbell were the scoring aces of the locals, each damaging East Liverpool's hopes to the extent of twelve points. Sidinger and Older accounting for the rest, while Harsh led in the defensive phase of the struggle. Larkins, the husky Ceramic running guard, was the best offering of the up-county quintet, leading his five in both departments.

The Salem girls also opened their county season with a victory, defeating the East Liverpool maidens in a well played game, 30-15. Altho the visitors never threatened the lead that the locals piled up in the early part of the game it was hard fought, and had its distinguishing features, the chief one of these being the playing of the scoring ace of the locals, "Modesty" Hanna. Captain Corns of the East Liverpool sextet was unable to get going under the careful eye of the local guards and had to be content with a single field goal.

Lisbon Easy For Boys

The Black varsity saw service in most of the Lisbon game, in which the locals' entire squad took part, twenty to be exact, giving that quintet a sound drubbing; they gave an excellent account of themselves in all departments. The final score, 49-11, was only half of what it might have been had the Reds played the entire game. Sidinger, Rush and Kirkbride led the locals in the game in all-around play, while Litty played a fine defensive game.

Local Maids Handed Setback

The lassies failed to get along as their colleagues had, losing to the Lisbon sextet after a splendid comeback, by a 39-35 score. The defeat was due entirely to the lateness of the Salem rally, the local forwards getting enough shots to win two games, but only began counting points in the last half after Lisbon had piled up a strong lead. Hanna again was the local top-liner in scoring, with Beck and Captain Groves starring on defensive.

Both Teams Trounce Wellsville

Wellsville was invaded in a very successful manner by both Salem aggregations, the boys winning, 31-16, and the girls counting their opponents out with a 31-20 drubbing. The boys started out like a house on fire but soon burned out, scoring only 11 points in the last half, after counting 20 in the first sixteen minutes of play. Rush was the only local to do much

offensively, all seeming to lack the necessary gumption to run up the score that it is possible for them if they so wished. The girls in a way redeemed themselves for the Lisbon game, and showed everything they had in a dashing manner that trounced their hosts, 31-20. Sara was the typical "Hard-Hearted" of other games, topping the scorers by a wide margin.

Akron Garfield Receives Pasting

The dope bucket received a vicious dumping when the locals turned back the visting Akron Garfield five, as a very hard game, with Salem victor by only a slight margin had been predicted. As it was, however, Akron failed to show very little of anything, and was sent back to the Rubber City on the tail end of a 40-15 drubbing. Rush as usual showed up to advantage in the scoring game, and is habitually walking off with high honors of the games. The Black Reserves gave Rogers a 31-23 thumping, while the regular Black five was given a 49-11 drubbing at Damascus. The Damascus girls licked the local girls also, 30-28.

— Q —

A SAD TAIL

(Billy Bodendorfer goes to the barber's with his father).

A week ago Billy reclined in luxurious ease on a divan, and watched the gleaming scissors as they darted among his father's bushy locks.

"Daddy," he lisped, "may I have one of your curls?"

The barber wiped away a tear with a towel.

"Dear little chap," he said. "How affectionate! How touching!"

"Do you want to treasure it?" he continued, as he cut off a wiry bunch. "Do you wish to keep it, so that in years to come you may say, 'Behold a lock of hair from my dear father's head?'"

"Not much!" cried Billy, "I want it for a new tail for my rocking-horse!"

— Q —

Rush: Penny for your thoughts?
Bob C.: No. I don't wanta turna pro!

— Q —



Jeanette: "Did you ever let a man kiss you?"

Maggie: "No, only a couple of High school boys!"

SPLASH!

A car whizzes by and the coat is covered with mud—a common accident to children on their way to school.

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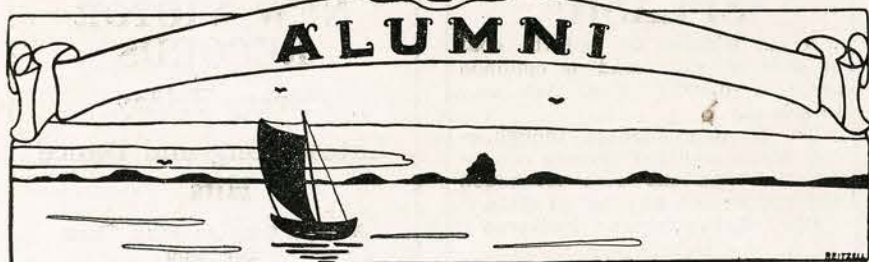
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Miss Janice Hiddleston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Hiddleston, North Union avenue, and J. Sidney Evans of Newark, N. J., were united in marriage at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, January 20th, at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. J. S. Dancey, at Canton. Mrs. Evans was graduated from Salem High in 1918.

Mrs. Helen Flick Chalfant, '24, of Washington, Pa., visited with relatives in Salem last week.

Miss Edith Barnes, who is a student at St. Vincents hospital, Cleveland,

spent a few days last week with her parents on West High street.

Miss Eleanor Votaw, Garfield avenue, spent last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Walsh in Struthers.

Clyde Jenkins is attending Akron University, having entered at the beginning of the second semester.

Miss Henrietta Tucker, '29, is now working at the Auto club in Youngstown, Ohio.

Poet's Corner

FRIENDSHIP

As I sit, all alone by the fireside
And think of the days gone by;
As I sit, all alone with my musing
I know I have failed—and sigh.
As I look over years, I remember
The faith of my friends long ago.
And I smile e'en as teardrops are
framing,
For that memory helps me so.
Oh that trust! Blind trust of early
friendship,
Traverse the pathway of years,
Come to me from the days of my
girlhood:
Help me mend life's tatters and
tears.

Clara Patten, '27

— Q —

WINTER

Aeolus frees the furious winds,
From their hollow mountain cave;
'Tis their home of freedom and anon
they rave
O'er the cold grim earth and every
wave.

The dull gray sky hides Phoebe's rays,
And Pluto's shadow darkens the days;
Then Diana's chariot climbs across the
sky,
And the darkness of hades ascends
on high.

Janus has closed the gates once more,
Peace and prosperity are now in store.
Let Zephyrus rave and Aeolus rule—
But the Muses call us all to school.
—Irma Boncsina, '27.

— Q —

Winter: Where are you from?
Wiffler: Chicago.
Winter: Let's see your bullet
wounds!

— Q —

"Scene" and "seen" on Franklin
Avenue (Pretty Girl): I live just one
hundred feet from here—now don't
you dare follow me.

Success

The way is long, the night is near,
But the beacon light of hope shines
clear.

The way is rough, and feet grow
tired,

Some drop by the wayside, with
glory not fired.

The way is hard, temptation lurks
there.

Despair drowns many, but faith con-
quers fear.

Ambition's the pass word; work
brings you the goal.

Strive, struggle my comrades; its
well worth the toll.

—Irma Boncsina, '27.

— Q —

TIME FLIES.

The clock strikes twelve—a year has
flown,

Yet we've not an hour to call our own;
At best the time is but a loan

From the time of God.

But we must not the time abuse,
The hours and minutes are ours to
use;

So let us not one second lose
In the year of '27.

Irene Slutz, '27.

— Q —

There was a young fellow named
Max;

The boy was full of wise cracks,
Then just as a caper

Printed them in a paper
And now he pays out income tax.

— Q —

Older: In that death scene of mine
I moved them all to tears.

Lamoine: Yes, they knew you were
only playing dead!

— Q —

Vickers: What can be done with
the by-product of gasoline?

Loeta E.: Usually they are taken
to the hospital!

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Bert Wilson's Test O. WATER SAPP

"Pete, I have a sneaking idea that Wilson is neglecting training," remarked head coach Rogers of Central university to his assistant, Pete Swift.

"Bert Wilson! Say, that's a joke. Wilson is too sensible and level headed for that, Rogers."

"I don't know, Pete. When a girl comes into a young man's life, anything is liable to happen. Allene Hawley has caught Bert, I hear Pretty face, golden hair—you know what I mean. Darn the women anyhow, Pete. They've wrecked more championship teams in this school than any other one thing. When a regular he-man becomes a regular she-man, you can kiss him good-by as far as training is concerned."

"But Allene Hawley seems to be a fine young girl, Rogers."

"They all do; that was how I was caught," Rogers remarked dryly.

"Well, you'll have to show me evidence if you want me to believe anything about Bert," staunchly replied Pete.

"Why man, look at the brand of basketball he's been showing these last two weeks. Before this Jane got him, he was the best man we had on the floor; now he's the best lover we have on the bench."

"But Bert told me personally that he was not feeling very well."

"Of course not, when he breaks training rules."

"That's your opinion, Rogers. But I'll speak to Bert."

"And unless he snaps out of his coma, I refuse to believe anything but what I've just started. Furthermore Bert will be kindly dismissed from the squad. I'm tired of fooling with these cake eaters."

Pete walked away, his brow puckered in thought. How could he prove Bert Wilson's innocence? Pete had unbounded faith in Wilson, but he failed to see how he could instill that faith in Rogers. The coach was a man of his word and unless Bert had a faultless alibi or improved his playing, there would be but one result.

Bert was a medium sized fellow, with broad shoulders and an athletic build. His eyes held a clear, penetrating light, but on the whole he was not handsome. In fact, some girls wondered why Allene preferred Bert when she could have had more handsome and richer male companions. The difference was that Bert was an honorable man.

Allene, walking by his side, was a healthy, vivacious eighteen year old girl. Her eyes were deep blue and very mischievous; her red lips, white teeth and blond hair made her one of the prettiest girls in the university.

As they walked they chatted gayly.

"You're going to win the game tomorrow, aren't you, Bert?" asked Allene with an assured air.

"I don't know, Allene. Of course, if we all play heads-up basketball we should, but Union has a fair aggregation this year. Now if you have any bets to place—"

"Bert! you know I don't. But you'll win, won't you?"

"And if we do?"

"I'll,—I'll give you something," she

Turn to Page 8

King of Sports Writers Tells About The Funny-Foot Mixup.

1.
Gene Funny was a bruiser
Who had a crooked beak;
His ear was like a maple leaf,
His teeth played hide-and-peek.

2.
Through all the fistic world
The Funny boy was feared;
They claimed he was so hard and tough
That wire grew in his beard.

3.
The maulers from the old home town
Kept out of Funny's path,
For Gene was sure a slugging fool
When they stirred up his wrath.

4.
Throughout the country flew the news
That Gene was hard to beat;
It reached a bruiser whom they called
I Never Sausage Feet.

5.
Now Mr. Never Sausage Feet
Sure thought that he was tough;
He told the world he'd kill this Gene
If the Funny boy got rough.

6.
They signed them up to fight it out
In a town called Gabberdeens,
Where people were so jumpy
That they ate rubber beans.

7.
Gene Funny led off with a sock
That staggered Sausage Feet;
One arm, two teeth, and both his ears
Flew out into the street.

8.
Then Sausage Feet pushed out a mitt
That stopped against Gene's dome;
The fans all thought the fight was done,
And started to go home.

9.
But Funny bounced up from the mat,
And landed on Feet's chin
With a mighty sock that lifted
The Sausage from his skin.

10.
Then Sausage lost all interest
In Funny and the fight;
He sank to rest upon the floor
And shut his eyelids tight.

11.
The referee started counting
From one to ninety-four;
And then he stopped bewildered:
He couldn't count any more.

12.
That battle was the last Gene had:
They all avoided Funny;
No one would fight the mauling pug
For any sums of money.

—Q—

Modern Definitions

Home is a place where you have your mail sent.

—Q—

"Pete" I.: Do you know what they call lemons in Philadelphia?

Charles C.: No, what?

"Pete" I.: Lemons.

—Q—

Miss Kelley (to Mr. Springer, touring, who is shaving outside of his tent): Do you always shave outside?

Mr. Springer: Certainly! Do you think I'm fur-lined?

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Noah Lott

Seize All

Nose All

The dumbest guy we've heard about
Is known as Taffy Bender:
The poor, misguided saphead thinks
Gold fish are legal tender.

—Q—

People who are most ready to give
others a piece of their minds are usu-
ally the ones who can least afford such
generosity.

—Q—

Dear Noah: How can I become beau-
tiful?

—Hope Full.

Ans: My dear young lady, it is the
purpose of this column to answer
questions, not to suggest miracles.

—Q—

The mirror must be a gay old in-
strument, it certainly has a lot of
funny reflections.

—Q—

Dear Noah: Why is a boxer's camp
like a cloudless sky?

Y. Isabel.

Ans: One sees so many stars there.

—Q—

The little boy in the fourth row
wants to know if a brick layer is a
hard boiled hen.

—Q—

Dear Mr. Lott: Did anyone ever
break the law of gravity?

—Sigh N. Tiffic.

Ans. No, There was one bird who
went up in the air about it, but he was
brought back to earth.

—Q—

In these days of dizzy speed, no
man is faster than his slowest car.

—Q—

Dear Noah Lott: Who holds the
world's speed record?

—Kwikfut

Ans: The fellow who thought a hive
of wasps was the butterfly king's
palace.

—Q—

"You're Pickled," said two Onions
To a drunken Cow quite meek,
"Lettuce be alone and Beet it,
We don't want corned beef this
week."

—Q—

KENTUCKY SHINES.

For days the clouds have hovered o'er.
The air's been murky,
I've missed some sunshine.
For nights the sky has been o'ercast.
The air's been foggy,
I've missed some moonshine.

Kin Tucky Mountaineer.

—Q—

He begged a kiss—
Now don't doubt this,
And don't disturb this rhyme!
For that was writ' by a romanticist
In Queen Victoria's time!

—Q—

Wiffler: "I say, old fruit, why is it
that the theaters are so cool in the
summer?"

Stratton: "Why, old dear, it must
be because of the movie fans!"

—Q—

Maggie: "What an innocent girl
she is."

Shorty: "Yes; it has taken her
years to acquire that innocence!"

—Q—

Patsy—"Let's go rabbit hunting."
Older—"I ain't lost no rabbits."

**When Knighthood
Was in Flower**

Thousands of the common rabble
roared their applause from the
bleachers and the fine ladies and gen-
tlemen shook powdered handkerchiefs
and murmured bravos, as Sir Laugh-
a-Lot dribbled down the great floor
for a basket. Yes sir! and really it
was a funny sight for he is so tall
you know, he had to stoop over to put
the ball in the basket. It was the an-
nual Independence Day game between
the Round Table gang and the Kitch-
en Seneschals who served them.

You think Sir Laugh-a-Lot is the
captain of the team? Quite right; he
is. Say, now, I don't bear any grudges
but between you and me, as a captain
I think he rates high as a horseshoe
pitcher. Nevertheless he knows his
basketball. Now while I have been
spilling you the dope, the kitchen lads
have rung up three more baskets. The
score now stands 13-7 in favor of the
chow slingers. I feel pretty leery on
this next play, you know, 13 is kind
of—There! I thought so. Sir Outa-
Wind just kicked one of the Senes-
chals in the stomach for breaking up
his shot. Sure enough there comes
the stretcher-bearers. Oh, well, after
all, boys will be boys. Look at that
now—Sir Peel-an-Orange just missed
some good shots and Arthur has
yanked him out of the game. I just
heard Peel's best girl say, "Oh, goody!
They are going to give my big hero
a little rest." Can you beat that?
He'll get a rest all right, probably
have to go and kill a dragon or two
for missing those shots. Say, you
ought to see the "sub" they sent in.
Looks to me like he'd partaken a lit-
tle too much of the cup; he kind of
wobbles. Both teams are resting
now. Suddenly there comes a crash—
What was that? "To the dressing
room, someone, quick!" Everyone has
a frightened look, even Arthur looks
uneasy. Now, our messenger is back.
Amid a terrified silence he informs us
that one of the Seneschals dropped his
jersey and the suit, being made of
Damascus steel, caused considerable
racket when it lit.

The game is on, there is but a short
time left to play now. Oh, say, one of
the knights just clipped one of the
Seneschals and I might add that he
makes a pretty sight, his suit flashing
as he revolves through the air; he
lands with a deafening crash. Several
aides rush out and help him out of
his suit with acetylene torches, and
bring back the victim. Well, there
the game is over in favor of the grub-
stakers and the usual fighting is now
going on. After the fight those who
are able will go and take part in the
general carnage of eating.

—Clarence Frethy, '27.

—Q—

"Bob" Garrison, our dear "Frank-
lin," says that some day people will
realize that the human knee is a joint
and not an entertainment.

—Q—

"Lester" O.: What's your new ed-
itor, Joe, like?

"Schuller": Tough. He fired me
for mentioning the unknown soldier
without giving his name and address!

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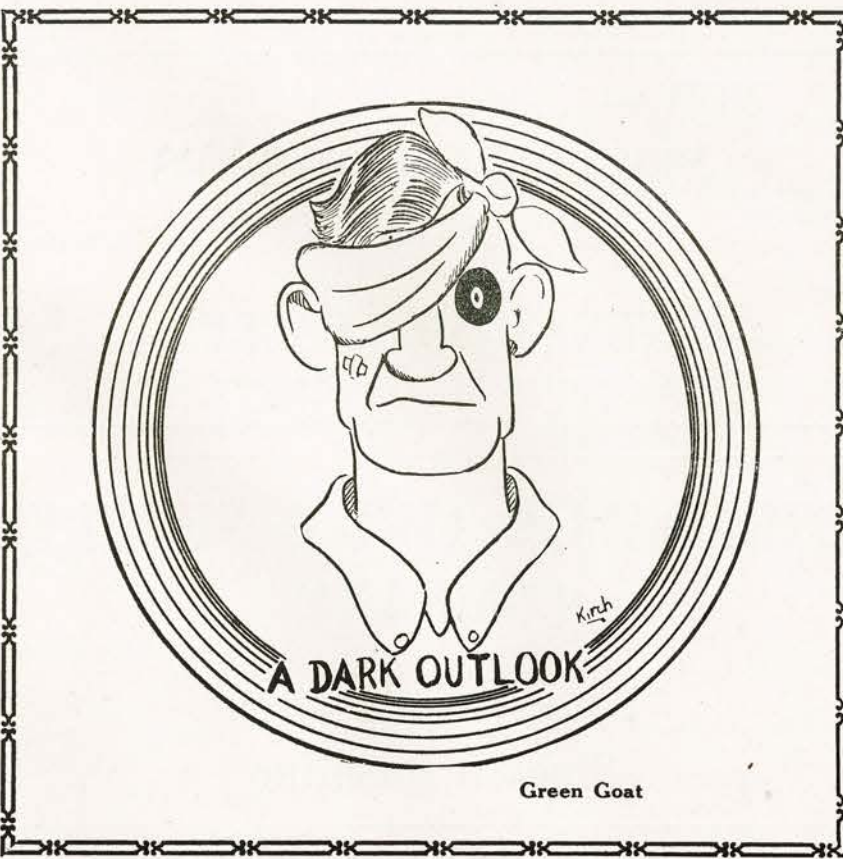
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Mr. Harsh: How did you get that black eye?
 Mr. Day: The doorknob hit me when she opened the door!
 Mr. Harsh: How did you get that black eye?
 "Oh, no, no," returned Schuller quickly. "It isn't my fault if I injure any of 'em!"
 Max: "I'm a power in this town. I can ride anywhere on my face."
 Joe: "Kind of looks like you have been doing it!"
 Getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about eighteen years old!!!
 Lowell Emerson: "Dearest, I love you, and want you for my wife."
 Roberta Mae: "Heavens, I didn't know you had a wife!"
 Arlene: "Your hat is becoming—" she began.
 Rush: "Oh, thank you," returned the enthusiastic wearer.
 Arlene: "Becoming a little worn out," finished the flatterer, unmoved.
 Bob: "Haw, I believe this is my dance."
 Betty: "Quite so. Keep it, won't you?"
 Pifer (Guest at hotel): "Wait, porter: let me give you a tip."
 Porter: "Yassuh."
 Walter: "Do you know that there are bedbugs in this hotel?"
 Porter: "Yassuh."
 "Pete": "Then the tip didn't do you any good!"
 It was the annual football battle between East Liverpool and Salem. The teams were even and the play got pretty hot. At length the Salem full-back tossed his helmet aside.
 "Hey there, you!" the referee advised him. "You'd better put your headgear back on!"
 Football game over radio: —and Brown of Harvard breaks his leg in the third quarter.
 Mrs. Springer: What part of the leg is that?
 Sigh: "Hus wears awfully tight shoes, doesn't she?"
 Mitz: "Sure; it's the only chance she has to be squeezed!"
 "Quaker" Note: One man is knocked down by an automobile every ten minutes in Salem!
 "Fat" Older: One would think it would wear him out!
 "Rib" (getting into taxi): Home, James!
 "34" Taxi Driver: What d'ya mean, "Home, James?" This is a public taxi.
 "Rib": Oh, very well. Home, Jesse James!
 Traffic Cop to Gus T. in big jam: What are you, a farmer?
 Guzz: No, but if I ever get out of here I'm going to be one.
 "Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered Rush. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."
 "You'll have to say 'lie down,' mister," demanded Robert.
 Rush: Are you good looking.
 Arlene (cooly): I've been told so.
 Rush: Well, go down to the campus and see if you can find the pen I lost!
 "You'd better put your last!"



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BERT WILSON'S TEST

Continued from Page 5

laughed, lowering her lashes to conceal the light in her eyes. Then she went on hurriedly. "Are you coming over this evening, Bert?"

"I'll drop in for a little while, my lady fair. And if my watch hasn't been playing me tricks, it's time for our next class."

At seven that evening, Allene admitted Bert to the Hawley residence. "So you have been playing?" Bert observed as he saw some music on the piano.

"Yes, I just bought some late pieces today."

"All right, then let's hear them."

For fifteen minutes Allene played with Bert joining his deep bass to some parts of the songs. Then Allene turned suddenly and said with a meaning air:

"The Senior dance is due next Friday, Bert."

Wilson thought for a moment and then asked:

"That's the day before our important Wellington game, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, that lets me out then."

"Why?"

"Why, I have just given my word to Pete Swift not to stay out nights until the basketball game is over," Bert explained.

"Then you can't take me?" Allene inquired rather sadly.

"No. I'm afraid not, Allene; I wish I could, but I've promised."

"Do you really mean that, Bert?" she asked coming close to him, her eyes beseeching him. "Can't you come just this once?"

"No, I'm sorry," Bert replied, clenching his fists to keep himself under control.

"Not if I—"

"No, Allene, please don't coax me."

"Very well, then, I'll go with Tom Salter. You know the reputation he has in this school."

"Allene! Not Tom Salter!"

"King, then."

"If you can't take me, I'll go with whom I please, Mr. Wilson," she replied haughtily.

"But Allene—"

"Miss Hawley, if you please. I'm tired of these excuses, Wilson. This is not the first time that you have acted thus. That is always your excuse; your training prevents you. Do you suppose that I should stand it? No, I'm through. From now on we shall be as student to student to each other."

"Allene!" Bert cried, catching her by the shoulders, "do you know what you are doing?"

"Perfectly. Good-evening, Mr. Wilson."

Bert dropped his hands and strode from the room. His head was awl; his eyes ablaze. In any other condition he would have seen a pair of eyes peering from behind a convenient curtain in the room; he would have seen Allene run after him and stop, with a stifled sob, at the front door. Bert, however, was blind with fury. The unfairness of it all maddened him. Giving up their friendship because of a party! Incredible, but only too true. Then, as his brain cooled, and he thought of Allene, he

tried to find excuses for her action. He had been rather negligent; he couldn't expect her to stick to him, when he seldom stayed out late. His mind, as he went to sleep was troubled—very troubled.

The next day Allene received a short note from Bert. It reads:

"Dear Allene:

"Having had time to think the matter over, I have concluded that you were right. Consequently, I shall carry out the wishes that you voiced last evening. I hope you will enjoy the dance.

"Yours truly,
"BERT WILSON."

A crisp, cool, impersonal note. Allene read the message twice, crumpled the paper in her hand and wiped away two large tears. Then suddenly she smiled, smiled wanly.

"Poor Bert," she whispered.

Concluded in Next Issue

—Q—

THE PUPIL'S PRAYER

Our teacher, who art in the classroom,
Praised be thy name,
Thy class will come,
Thy will be done,

In recitation as in the lesson.

Give us this day, our daily knowledge,
And forgive us our mistakes,
As we forgive the mistaken.
Lead us not into ignorance,
But deliver us from it.

For thine is the pupil, and the knowledge, forever. Amen.

—Dorothy Fuller, '29.

—Q—

Here's One On the Faculty.

He—"What's your favorite season, Old Fellow?"

Him—"As I recollect, Springer Winter is my choice."

He (further)—"Say not to change the subject any, but who is this guy Stratton? They say he's Beardmore lions than Douglas McCreedy. The guy's Mooney if you ask me."

Him (farther)—"Have a Hart, Big Boy. That bird's as dead as Gen. Grant. That strength pose of his is just a Stahl—his head's all Wool."

He (More)—"Well, I'm a Strickler for truth. I'm as strong as the village black-Smith, and when I see that bird I'll sure tell him where Hilgen-dorf at."

—Miss Tinsley

—Q—

"Cactus" Perkins: Air you the fresh young feller what sold me this stuff yesterday and said it was tooth paste?

Haworth: Yes, sir.

Perky: Wall, I tried fer half an hour this morning and I'll be derned if it would make my teeth stick in!

—Q—

Jones: So you think you know as much about it as the coach? How do you figure that?

Guilford: Well, he just said himself that it was impossible for him to teach me anything!

—Q—

Rush: "Are you going to the I Keppa Upsolong party?"

Guzz: "No. I'll be out of town that week-end."

Fast: "I didn't get invited either!"

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