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The Quaker

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VOL VIII NO. 1

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, OCTOBER 12, 1927

PRICE 10 CENTS

MAKE THE QUAKER A SUCCESS

Be a Quaker Booster for '27

The aim of the Quaker staff this year is to put out a publication that will rival, if not excel, last year's magazine. And that is going to be no easy task. We are going to try to make this little paper so enjoyable that everyone will want a year's subscription.

Noah Lott has left for I don't-knowwhere and will be replaced by the clever Riddle Kid. Try your talents on his riddles, rhymes and what not.

There is going to be a special effort made to have the stories, poems and essays the best that can be procured in the school. Perhaps some of your friends will surprise you; maybe you'll surprise yourself.

Walter Deming has promised to make his sport write-ups full of pep and originality. Walt knows the games and you'll surely enjoy reading his accounts of the scholastic clashes.

Melvin Ormes, "the boy with a grin," is going to add the brighter side to life. And oh, what a funny side. We have seen some of his jokes and they are "wows." Turn back and get a good, hearty laugh.

If possible you'll get a chance to air your own opinions in a student opinion column. Often you disagree with the management of affairs or have certain ideas of your own; here's a chance to express them.

For the folks with a society bend, we have Phebe Ellen Parsons and Bertha Mae Hassey, society and alumni editors respectively. Phebe Ellen is a hustler and is sure to satisfy all society bugs. Bertha Mae will handle alumni to everyone's satisfaction. Lila Kelly, Louise Smith, Mina Greenisen, and Anna Ruth Miller are here to give you just the thing you want.

Take this issue and make the test. The others are going to get better and better. Don't you think it's worth \$1.25? And, oh yes! We are going to have a big surprise for you. Watch the next issue for more details.

Bring your money today or tomorrow and be through with it. Help the representative in your room to get this campaign across. Remember you are going to enjoy yourself; we are going to give you the best that Salem High school has ever produced.

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Play Fair with our Advertisers

Doubtless you have enjoyed this issue of The Quaker; you are going to enjoy many more. But do you know that were it not for our advertisers the publication of this little paper would be impossible? It takes money to run a school paper; the advertisers furnish the greater part of that money.

It is a business proposition and they expect results. They are not giving money through charity, nor do we want them to do so. Let's play fair with our advertisers and give them a square deal.

Meet the New Instructors

Seven New Members on Teaching Corps

When a teacher steps behind a desk, he is subjected to many voiced and silent questions. From where does he come, what did he do, where did he graduate, etc? In order to prevent a case of lockjaw we are going to kindly publish as much personal news as they will ever tell. If you can get more information than we have here, report to The Quaker; such good news reporters should not be running loose. Let us welcome these new instructors and help them to adapt themselves to Salem High School.

Women first. The initial member "on the boards", is Miss Beryl Albright, who replaces Miss Strickler in the Latin department. She was a member of Wooster's 1924 class and brings an A. B. degree from that college. Miss Albright spent the year of '25, teaching in Honolulu. Then she made a rapid change and came to Lisbon High, where she remained for the '26 and '27 seasons. Salem just suits Miss Albright, so we'll have to try to suit her. How about it, Latineers?

Miss MacCollum has been replaced by Miss Carolyn Wells. The latter is an A. B. graduate of Ohio State, '25. Miss Wells had previously been employed as secretary to the librarian at Ohio State Library, Columbus. "I like Salem," said Miss Wells. Thank you, we'll do something nice for you some day.

Another newcomer is Miss Mary M. Hollett who takes Miss Mooney's vacated position as Spanish instructor. Miss Hollett hails from Ohio Wesleyan University, '26, and also

bears an A. B. degree. She too, finds Salem quite agreeable. Aren't these ladies nice?

Now come the gentlemen. Step up Mr. James H. Fley. Ohio State claims Mr. Fley as an alumnus. Before coming to Salem he was a member of the teaching corps at Bucyrus High school. Mr. Fley, who is supplanting Mr. Drennan, is teaching American and General History, Public Speaking and Debate.

Mr. H. V. Henning in 303, comes as a graduate of Heidelberg College. His previous teaching experience was gained in the East Canton High school. General Science is the only subject Mr. Henning expounds, taking the place of Mr. Winters.

The new instructor in Community Civics and Commercial Arithmetic, is none other, than Mr. E. E. Branstetter, a graduate of Denison University at Granville, Ohio. Last year's teaching was done at Agata, Ohio.

The handsome fellow in the Commercial Geography, Economics and Ancient History room, is Mr. Harold M. Williams. After graduating from Ohio Wesleyan University, Mr. Williams taught at Mount Victory High school.

All these new members of our teaching staff, like Salem and Salem High school. We wish at this time to welcome them and wish them all the luck in the world. Come on fellows, let's make them like the student body of Salem High. Let's go!

South Again Whips Salem

Second Defeat Rankles Red

Showing a marked improvement over last week's form, Salem again went down before Busty Ashbaugh's big "Red and Blue." Truly a team went out on the new stadium field determined to beat a much larger school or die in the attempt. That do or die spirit showed forth in the fact that several boys were carried off the field heart broken. The rejuvenated field was dedicated in defeat, but not in the spirit of defeat. There was not a lagger present. The team to a man played with the stuff that is bound to win games. Confidence lacking last week began to get into the very playing of the boys.

South Scores Early

Starting off against a much larger team the Red seemed dazed. Capt. Koken chose the kick-off and down the dirt field the Red and Blue came. The tackle was made and Sidinger, again in the lineup, elected a kicking duel. After an exchange Moss, right halfback for the opponents, broke through tackle for

20 yards and eluding several tacklers went over the goal. Koken kicked goal. The Salem eleven seemed dazed, but soon decided they could make that good.

The second quarter was a repetition of the first as to the kicking. South had just a shade better of the exchanges. A chance to score was lost by South when Talbot fell on a fumble about the 6-inch line.

Passing again came into play as it did last week. Still, too many passes went for nought. The South team had Salem passes in hand and so allowed no large gains. Both Sidinger and Seeds intercepted a pass but a South tackler was always present. Both teams seemed very well skilled at pass-defence.

Last Half Scoreless

The game went on. One of the hottest days of the season made all suits wet, but did not dampen the spirits of the players. On they fought, Salem slightly on the defense waiting for the break that

Continued on page 3

Let's Have a Real Quaker

As you read through this "Quaker" you can see that some one has been doing a little work. The staff has just become acquainted with the various tasks and is ready to make this a banner year as far as "The Quaker" is concerned. Now it is your turn to do your little bit. You know The Quaker cannot be run by a select few; it must have the hearty cooperation of all.

All that you can do is to help the staff. If you happen to have some society news that others do not know of, tell Phebe Ellen Parsons. If you are too backward to go in person, write her the item or hand it to your report-room teacher. Bertha Mae Hassey cannot get in touch with all the alumni; help her out. Give your stories, poems and essays to Louise Smith. If you don't know her, hand them to Miss Beardmore, in 206. Give them to somebody; that's what we want.

On "The Quaker" staff this year we have the following capable journalists: Keith Harsh, assistant editor; Phebe Ellen Parsons, society editor; Bertha Mae Hassey, alumni editor; Walter Deming, sports editor; Anna Ruth Miller, assembly reporter; Melvin Ormes, joke editor; Mina Greenisen, exchange editor; Ethel Bodo, Theda Justice, Mary O'Keefe and Martha Whinnery, typists.

Under Wayne Morron, business manager, we have: Virginia Callahan, assistant manager; Walter Coy, Deane Philips and Dick Harwood, senior associate managers and James Wingard and Joe McNicol, junior associate managers.

Let's help these folks put over a successful campaign this year. You do your part; we'll do ours.

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CALENDER First Semester

- Oct. 14. Senior Party.
- Oct. 21. Junior Party.
- Oct. 22. Football at Warren.
- Oct. 29. Football-Wellsville here.
- Nov. 4. N. E. O. T. A. Meeting in Cleveland.
- Nov. 5. Football at East Liverpool.
- Nov. 12. Football-Leetonia, here.
- Nov. 18. Sophomore Party.
- Nov. 19. Football at East Palestine.
- Nov. 24. Football-Alliance, here.
- Dec. 2. Association Dance.
- Dec. 8 and 9. Senior Play.
- Jan. 7. Basketball-Akron East, there.
- Jan. 13. Basketball-East Liverpool there.
- Jan. 14. Basketball-Lisbon, here.
- Jan. 20. Basketball-Akron Garfield, there.
- Jan. 21. Basketball Wellsville there.
- Jan. 28. Semester ends.

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1. Litty: Do you have much trouble with your Ford?
Chick: Trouble, say I couldn't have any more if I was married to the blame thing.

THE QUAKER

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EDITORIALS

Welcome Home

Well, folks, here we are back in the halls of knowledge. By this time the shine and novelty has worn off and we are all more or less settled down to the grind of school work. Most of the students will grumble because of the work, but most of them if they are honest, will admit that it feels more like home to be back in the fold once more. The seniors are back for their last year, and they mean to make the most of it. So pardon all discrepancies in their make up; they are not responsible for their actions now.

We have a lot ahead of us, a lot to look forward to. Another year with its work, fun and responsibility lies ahead. We have quite a bit to accomplish in order to uphold the ideals of Salem High; let's get an early start and begin right.

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Are You a Winning Booster

Our team is now in a state of development. We must build for next year and the next. That is the hardest job in football; to develop a green team into a perfect machine.

Let's help out a little. Give the boys a smile. It won't cost you a penny and it is worth dollars to them. Don't ask them why they lost; tell them you are looking for a victory next Saturday.

We can't win all the time, friends; it would get monotonous, others must have their share of honor too. Now is the time to show a little of that sportsmanship that was talked of so often when we were winning.

New Cheerleaders
Pep up Assembly

The assembly Friday, Sept. 30, was opened by cheers led by the new cheerleaders, Peg Atkinson, Bill Chalfant, and Bertha Mae Hassey. Then Emerson Eagleton and Lawrence Hanna stirred up quite a bit of noise. Let us wish them all success.

After this Mr. Simpson presented the speaker of the day, Rev. Clarke. He spoke of the football team and encouraged the boys to win a victory over Youngstown South. Over confidence is contagious and thus bad to all. It is determination that wins. He said that the true sportsman backs the team when losing as well as when winning.

The assembly was then dismissed.

What is World Seeking?

"What's the world a-seeking?" Such was the subject discussed by Mr. Alan, Tuesday morning. The speaker was presented to the student body by Mr. Simpson.

In his speech Mr. Alan gave five creeds, which if followed, would lead to "what's the world a-seeking"—happiness. They are: Take as many simple pleasures into your life as possible; keep all the worries out of one's mind; train the mind to think about the good, the true, and the beautiful; and lastly, do something for some one else as happiness comes through service.

Mr. Alan then spoke a few words in praise of the football team and with this the assembly was dismissed.

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Seven New Members
in Class

Seven additions to the class of '28 have been made in the way of new students from neighboring schools. They have slipped so quietly into Salem High life that we may be unaware of their presence. The class of '28, welcomes into its fold: Thornton DeJane of Washingtonville; Charles Grimm also of Washingtonville; Elwood Sanor, John King, Raymond Votaw, Hazel Baker and Lela Whinnery all of Hanover.

Cannot Harden Rubber

The bureau of standards says when rubber is melted it is changed both chemically and physically. It cannot be hardened. Contrary to what seems to be the quite common impression, rubber goods are not cast by pouring the melted material into molds. Instead the crude rubber is worked between steam-heated rolls and at the same time the sulphur and other ingredients are mixed up. The warm, plastic mixture is then molded and heated to vulcanize the rubber—that is, cause the sulphur to combine with it.

Oldtime Home Brewing

Brewing beer was a respectable household task among families along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers 9,000 years ago. Evidence of this high antiquity of the craft of brewing and its place in ancient social systems of Babylon and Egypt has been traced by German scientists of the Society of History and Bibliography of Brewing.

There were laws about drinking in those days, the report shows. Certain rations of beer were allowed to each class of workers. Beer was also used in mixing medicines, and as an offering to the gods. Brewing was an organized business as early as 5000 B. C., it is stated.

Extravagant

The casting agent blew himself to a radio and explained to his wife all about the dials and proudly pointed to the eight tubes, which were guaranteed to bring in the distance.

"You just take out seven of those tubes," cried his wife, "and use them one at a time, they're too expensive to use up all at once."

Plea for Tolerance

You can't get along with other people if you carry old grudges. Bright people must learn to be tolerant and patient with slower people, and you must learn to compare yourself frankly, honestly and fairly with other people.—Albert E. Wiggam.

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Friends

After all this, treat thy friend nobly, love to be with him, do to him all the worthinesses of love and fair endearment, according to thy capacity and his . . . Give him gifts and upbraid him not, and refuse not his kindnesses, and be sure never to despise the smallness or the Impropriety of them . . . So must the love of friends sometimes be refreshed with material and low caresses, lest by striving to be too divine it become less human; it must be allowed its share of both; it is human in giving pardon and fair construction, and openness and ingenuity, and keeping secrets; it hath something that is divine because it is beneficent; but much because it is eternal.—Jeremy Taylor.

Largest Lump of Silver

It is said that the largest lump of pure silver ever discovered was found by an Indian in Sonora, Mexico, when that province was still a possession of Spain. The lump of silver weighed 2,750 pounds. Because of a dispute over its ownership the entire mass was appropriated by the Spanish crown. Earl V. Shannon, assistant curator of geology in the National museum, states that this story is not impossible. He has authentic record of a lump of silver weighing 400 pounds. A lump of pure silver found in Peru weighed 800 pounds.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Early Tax Exemptions

Cows were exempt from taxation in Ohio under the act of February 3, 1825. That act was the first provision for general property taxation and there were many exemptions, certain kinds of property being regarded as important in a new settlement. However the cow exemption covered only one cow in the name of any one owner. The exemption was to encourage every householder to have a cow. Among other forms of property exempted were factories producing nails, leather, glass, salt, cotton or woolen goods, grist and sawmills, paper mills and distilleries. Whisky seems to have been looked upon then as an indispensable product. To encourage purchase of lands in the state by settlers, the act provided that such lands should be free from taxation for five years after the purchase.—Detroit News.

Excuse Not All Bad

When I make an excuse for myself—and goodness knows I have made many of them—I always feel somewhat guilty. Yet I am not sure that the excuse habit is entirely without its good side. It evidences at least a disposition to make matters appear better than they really are, and this, in turn, evidences a pride or self-respect of a sort, which qualities are commendable to some extent. The difficulty lies in one's inability to repair consequences in this way. As Lem Gidge said to the family cow, "Your eyes are wellsprings of innocence and your bearing is that of blamelessness, but the milk's spilled and your foot's in the bucket just the same, dodblast you!"—Portland Oregonian.

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32. Brownie: How old are you Loui?
L. Wisner: Well when I'm home I'm 10, when I'm in school I'm 13, when on the car I'm 4
33. G. C. I consider sheep the stupidest creatures living.

M. B. Yes, my lamb.

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Hi-Y Club Starts
Years Program

Comedy Farce Planned

The Hi-Y club started the season of (27-28) with seven members, six of whom are seniors. At the first meeting plans for the year were discussed with the result that the boys decided to put on a play some time after Christmas. This farce should provide plenty of entertainment. Two new members were added to the club—Fred Filler and George Ruggy.

The officers for the year are: Dick Harwood, president; Walter Deming, vice president; Lowell Allen, secretary; Walter Coy, treasurer. Under the capable leadership of Coach Springer the club expects to have a banner year.



OUR WORK PLEASES

If your hair is bobbed and you want it to receive expert care the thing to do is to come to us at regular intervals for scalp and hair treatment and waving. When you look into a glass after we have done our work you will be more than pleased with the result. We know how to keep your hair healthy and becomingly dressed.

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**Salem High Loses
Opener 9-6 Defeat
Mars Record**

Saturday's game of the 24th proved disastrous to the hope of another non-defeated team. The winning of this game would have marked the 15th in succession. Ten games were won last year and 4 in 1925 grid schedule, making the envious record of 14 games won. Louisville started with plenty of pep and determination. You may remember Louisville was beaten last year by two touchdowns in the last half. Eleven boys of a school of 75 won renown for themselves by beating the ever-winning Red and Black.

Still the teams must be looked at in a comparative view. Salem was green, too green, in fact as one writer expressed it. Five letter men of last year started. With these as a nucleus Coach Springer had been building a team. Even these five could not put the needed pep where it belonged. Sidinger was out with a hip injury. When this husky got in the lineup only the determination of 'Little Louisville' kept them from another score. On the other hand we have the much more experienced lads made up mostly of last year's regulars. Special mention must be given the hefty halfback. He was in every play and a marvel at backing up the line. Ranking with him we have Seeds of the home team. Here is represented the speed and ball carrying ability of Salem. Often he would swoop down the field for a ten yard gain and once for a 50. He was undoubtedly the best player on the field.

End Runs Upset Salem

Salem was beaten by one play, the end run. Time and time again the ends would be taken out or sucked in. Louisville's specialty, a cross-buck was stopped dead, leaving for them just the end and off tackle plays. Salem usually a good passing team completed but four of 16. The aerial attack was counted on and so was missed.

Salem looked good at the start, although missing several tackles. The team had plenty of pep and seemed to be a sure winner. The opening break was for Salem and was immediately materialized for our lone touchdown. Litty, left wing, got in and blocked a punt. The ball rolling back toward our goal, seemed to stop. Scullion, center, playing eyes up ball, hopped over the goal line when the ball was covered. After scoring the first tally of the season the team slumped or rather that score peped up the 'Blue' team.

Louisville Scores

Allen punting for Salem saved a touchdown from being made several minutes later when he recovered his own blocked punt behind the Salem goal. The second of Louisville's points came in that same period, the second. Taking advantage of a series of off tackle plays and end runs, Sluss again circled the end and scored the last points of the game. The half ended some time later.

The second half had the smaller team ever on the defense. Keeping its lead proved to be a hard factor but keep it the Blue did. Salem became desperate the last quarter throwing passes wildly. Victory seemed almost within our grasp once when Litty snatched down a pass but failed in his desperate romp toward the line. He was downed about the 30 yard line.

Of the many falts that stood out tackling and pass receiving showed forth. These can and will have to be remedied to the extent of making opponents look sick when the Red and Black runs on the field as was the case last year.

SALEM

Litty L. E. Dixenhoof
Herbert (c) ... L. T. Bixler
Judge L. G. Donnet
Scullion C. Craig
Talbot R. G. Kandel
Christen ... R. T. Kropf
Harwood ... R. E. Clopper (c)
Allen Q. Smith
Roessler ... L. H. Sluss
Seeds R. H. Minster
Day F. Shaffer

LOUISVILLE

Touchdowns—Scullion and Sluss.
Goal Point—Smith.
Safety—Allen.
Referee—Scnake.
Umpire—Boone.
Head Linesman—Elliott.

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South Again Whips Salem.

Continued from page 1

never came. The repetition did not grow monotonous as the chance for Salem scoring was ever present. Scullion at center broke up many plays and Earley, a new line back, spoiled several of South's chances. The victory of 19-0 did not seem fitting to South who expected a large score.

South had a great backfield but at the crucial moments they could not put over another score. Comparing the two teams, Youngstown seemed slightly better. If the game were to be played over, the name South might appear where Struthers now is, in "We're gonna beat Struthers." Just ask any of the boys.

LINEUP

SALEM Youngstown **SOUTH**
Herbert L. E. Franklin
Christian L. T. Young
Judge L. G. Molnar
Deming C. Reese
Sartick R. G. Ucello
Van Blaricom ... R. T. Gibbons
Litty R. E. MacFarland
Sidinger Q. Cartright
Day L. H. Koken
Seeds R. H. Moss
Earley F. Nasman

Referee—McPhee.
Umpire—Porter.
Headlinesman—Coppock.
Touchdown—Moss.
Goal Point—Koken.

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FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Oct. 15—Open
Oct. 22—Warren, there.
Oct. 29—Wellsville, here.
Nov. 5—East Liverpool, there.
Nov. 12—Leetonia, here.
Nov. 19—East Palestine, there.
Nov. 24—Alliance, here.

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27. V. McKee: (just from the telephone) He wanted to know if we should go to the theatre with him. I said we would.

E McKee: Who was speaking?
V. McKee: Oh, Gosh! I forgot to ask.

28. Morron: Madam I'm the piano-tuner.
Lady: I didn't send for a piano-tuner.
Morron: I know it lady; the neighbors did.

29. Gabler: "Who knocked out your front teeth?"
Fithian: Nobody knocked them out, I had t' fight to get them out.

30. Mr. Vickers: What is the difference between lightning and electricity?
Harry: Well you don't have to pay for lightning.

31. Prof.: Why did you come to college, anyway, you're not studying.
Frosh: I don't know exactly myself. Ma says it is to fit me for Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get someone for her to marry; and Pa, to bankrupt the family.

Poppy

There was a bright sunset across the bay. Water and sky were a blaze of gold. The richness of the amber rays had transformed the boats into fairy vessels and strewn the billow-washed sand with jewels of reflected light.

On the edge of the cliffs, where the stubby grass had separated and softened the hardness of the stones, a child stood watching. Wrapped in the golden glow of the sunset, with her deep, serious eyes resting upon the breaking billows, she could easily have been mistaken for some perfect statue, representing "departing day."

A lady enveloped in rugs and shawls, who was seated in the warmest corner of the cliff (one of the many invalids of the seaside whose inevitable nurses followed them around like dogs which are indispensable) watched the little figure in silence for some time. It was seldom she took an interest in anything out of doors, beyond the changing of the wind and weather and the dread of catching cold by a sudden dropping of the temperature. The glory of the sunset brought no joy to her. It only came as a reminder of the fact that night was approaching and it would soon be too chilly outside. The passion of the sobbing waves made her melancholy, and the glorious inwash of the tide was even more distressing. She had been interested in this child from the fact that she was not noisy like others, but played entirely alone, and as she watched her she had found herself wondering how anything could find life and energy enough to skip around so continually and appear to be so glad over nothing.

"I wonder if the beauty of that child's hair is real," she said at last to the nurse, "or is it the reflection of the light?" It is strange what pretty looking children are found among the poor—while those who have the greatest care—"She stopped. A sudden memory made her sigh.

Mrs. Pierce moved uneasily. Her eyes were resting on the child. There was something in that attitude and pretty pose which attracted her. The sun was dipping now and the long, last rays of light had wrapped the little form in flames of gold. She reached her arms out suddenly but dropped them to her side as the vanishing power sank slowly to rest amidst blankets and pillows of gold. Then as if drawn by the magnetism of the thoughts which had been surrounding her, she came slowly towards the watchers. There was no restraint, no shyness in her manner. She had all that ease and confidence of one certain of welcome.

"Were you saying good-night to the sunset, too?" she asked.

Mrs. Pierce smiled indulgently. Saying goodnight to the sunset! The idea was pretty but yet foolish.

"I am too big for any of that sort of thing now, dear," she answered kindly, "possibly when I was a girl like you—"

"Does growing big stop you from being grateful—" the child interrupted, "'cause if it does, I hope I'll not grow up. I say good-night to every thing that loves me and to things that don't love me, too—for I want them all to feel good—and loving them, just makes them feel good."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Pierce kindly.

"Poppy," she answered. "I haven't got another name. It's easier to remember one than two."

"I suppose you were called 'Poppy' on account of your hair," remarked the nurse, looking with admiration on the blaze of ruddy gold which fell in tangles around her face as if it loved it.

"No, I was born among the poppy fields," she answered, "Just when

the poppies looked as golden as that sand and sky."

The lady listened thoughtfully and watched the child. Then leaning forward she said gently—"I have a little girl about your age and she is called after a flower, too. Her name is 'Violet' and she is just as sweet and pretty as the name suggests. Only she is not well and strong like other children. She hurt her spine some years ago and has not been able to walk since. Then she so easily gets cold that we are afraid to take her out unless the days are very warm."

"Violet"—repeated the listening child, and her big eyes turned towards the waters now growing dark beneath the clouds of night, and up into the sky where the first stars were beginning to blink. "I like that name," she said slowly. "God loves the violets like he loves the poppies, and Violet can't walk"—she remained still for a moment in contemplation. Then suddenly as if a light had broken in the clear sky, she turned to Mrs. Pierce with her face aglow. "I'm coming to see Violet", she said, "and when I come she will be well."

The announcement was so positive that both ladies laughed. But as if the power of her conviction awoke a something dormant in their hearts, they began talking to each other in an undertone.

"You would like to see my little girl," said Mrs. Pierce speaking aloud at last, "You think she would be well if you saw her? I only wish I had your faith."

Mrs. Pierce rose and pulled her wraps around her. "You are a very intelligent child," she said, "and I would like you to meet my little girl, so you may come with us and I will take you to my home."

After Poppy had paid her first visit to Violet, the child became restless and dissatisfied. What passed between the two children no one knew. At Violet's order they had been left alone, but the merry laughter heard from the next room, was assuring that all was going well.

"Nurse", said Violet that night, "I am tired of lying here—tired of being wheeled around in my chair. I want to get up and run about like Poppy does. I want to go and see their wonderful home in the woods. I want to live among the birds and flowers."

The discontent that had been started in the heart of the little invalid, increased more and more with Poppy's short, but repeated visits. It was punishment for that little flower nature to be shut up even for an hour, in a warm, airless room, so when weeks had gone by she said with positiveness one day, "I am not going to come to see you any more. Next time you want to see me, you have got to come to my place."

During their short acquaintance, Violet had noticed that Poppy never said anything she did not mean, and it seemed as if her death warrant had been read when she heard these words.

"Why, Poppy, I can't come," she answered, "You know I can't!"

"You'll come tomorrow," answered Poppy with assurance as she turned away.

Poppy was up early the next morning, preparing for her visitor. She had brought a plentiful supply of water from the spring and laid a simple lunch outside of the wigwam, beneath the shade of the great trees. She never for a moment doubted but what Violet would be there, although the morning was unusually cool, and the woods was quite a mile from her home.

Violet was equally certain that she was going to be there. Her slumbering will was beginning to assert itself. For the first time she was finding life interesting.

The day was warm, and Poppy

Continued on page 6

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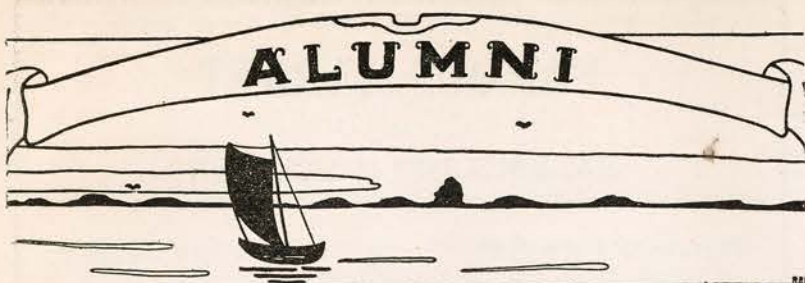
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Most of the graduates of Salem High school who left this autumn in pursuit of a higher education have chosen Ohio colleges, and Mt. Union college, Alliance, is the favored one, sixteen young people having enrolled in it

Twelve students enrolled at Ohio State university, Columbus, while Ohio university, Athens, takes third place with an enrollment of seven.

Wooster college, Wooster, and Western Reserve, Cleveland hold the fourth place with five Salem students enrolled in each.

Here are the names of the students and the schools which they have selected:

Mt. Union College, Alliance—Edna French, Frederick Cope, Paul Walton, Ruth Robb, Arthur Yengling, Henry Yaggi, Harold Shears, Mary Jane Strawn, Myron Sturgeon, Betty Jones, George Rogers, Fred Beardmore, Arlene Coffee, Richard Cope, Kenneth Fufts.

Ohio State University, Columbus—Helen and Donald Smith, Joe Schmid, Donald Mathews, Charles Coffee, Edward Heck, Martha Willaman, Alma Whinnery, Mildred Birch, Herbert and Glenn Arnold, Bob White

Wooster College, Wooster—Thurlo Thomas, Ralph Starbuck, Raymond Parshall, Dudley Ashead, Helen Reitzel.

Ohio University, Athens—Ralph Kircher, Martha Calkins, Rex Reich, Marion Van Syoc, Ruby Tinsman, Rose Mary Filler, Tom Schafer.

Western Reserve, Cleveland—Joe Marsilio, Harry Henderson, Lois O'Connell, Brooke Phillips, Betty Miller.

Wittenberg College, Springfield—Sarah Schropp, Martha Krauss, Lamoine Derr.

Capitol University, Columbus—George, William and Mary Konnert, Pauline Fernengle.

Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.—Malcolm Rush, Walter Harsh.

Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.—Frances and Alice Stratton, Ellis Satterthwaite and Bertha Hall.

Notre Dame College, Cleveland—Helen Judge, Florence Cosgrove, Caesarie Paumier.

Oberlin Kindergarten Training School, Oberlin—Sarah Wilson, Loeta Eakin, Wilda Mounts.

Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind.—John and James Cavanaugh, Michael O'Keefe, Regis Bittner. Mt. Marie college, Canton—Catherine Kaiser and Dorothy Hurray; Denison, Granville—Junnia Jones, Homer Eddy, Eugene Young; Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware—Mary H. Cornwall, Robert Davis, Lee Weingart.

Cleveland Bible Institute, Cleveland—Gordon Rich; Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh—Fred Bova; University of Pittsburgh—George Frank; Haverford college, Haverford, Pa.—Ralph Atkinson; Lafayette college, Easton, Pa.—Harry Houser; Lucy Webb, Hayes Training school; Washington—Margaret Stewart; Dana's Musical institute, Warren—Samuel Krauss; University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.—Robert Campbell; College of Pharmacy and Science, Philadelphia—James McCluggage.

Kent State College, Kent—Ver-netto Moores; Training School for Nurses, Englewood Hospital, Chicago—Dorothy Carnes; Training School for Nurses, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Youngstown—Hanna Hagan, Eleanor Votaw.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Hospital—Ruth Conser; Cedarville college—Fred Schuller; Miami university, Osvord—Gus Tolerton; St. Louis—Paul Corso; George Washington seminary, Washington—Ellsworth McKee; Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland—Chester Kridler; Villa Marie Academy, Bedford, Pa.—Carmen McNicol.

Pine Manor, Wellesley, Mass.—Betty Deming; Battle Creek, Mich.—Mary Ellen Smith; University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh—Lozier and Max Caplan; Cornell university, Ithaca, N. J.—George Emeny; Providence, R. I.—John Fisher; Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, Alice Heckert; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Paul Ingledue.

New York School of Applied Design for Women, New York—Margaret Woodruff.

Several of last year's graduates have already been pledged to Fraternities or Sororities. Some of these are, Gus Tolerton, Miami, Delta Tau Delta; Mal Rush and Pete Harsh, Bethany, W. Va., Phi Kappa Tau; Bob Campbell, Wisconsin, Delta Kappa Epsilon; Jane Strawn, Mt. Union, Delta Delta; Arlene Coffee, Mt. Union, Alpha Xi Delta.

Miss Eleanor Tolerton, '23, is teaching music in Troy, Ohio.

Mary Louise Astry, '22, is teaching in the high school at Randolph, Ohio.

The following have been married recently: Deborah Stratton, '24, to John Patterson; Albert Mullett, '24, to Lois Porter; Ralph Zimmerman, '24, to Leonora Astry, '25, and Esther Fredericks, '23, to Howard Smith. Miss Jane Campbell, '25, has also announced her engagement to Bill Tucker.

Several boys have been making good in football this year. Harry Houser, '25, is playing on the first team at LaFayette. Charles Coffee, '26, is said to be the most promising sophomore out for Ohio State. Arthur "Pud" Yengling, '25, so far has been the big man on Mount's team this year. We have big hopes for "Pud." "Mal" Rush, '27, and "Pifer" Harsh, '27, made the first team at Bethany. Both are freshman but there is no freshman rule concerning football so both are eligible to play.

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Oh! I'm so thirsty! I haven't had a drink for three days and I'm as dry as I can be. I'm so anxious for a taste of ink. My "tummy's" just collapsed.

I don't care. I don't think it is fair for him to treat me this way. He doesn't work without eating. I don't see why I should. If he doesn't give me some ink pretty soon, I'm going to quit working for him.

Ah! That's better! I was so thirsty I could hardly remember what ink—Glug! Glug! That's enough. Glug!

Phewie! That was a narrow escape! He almost drowned me. If I weren't afraid he'd throw me down, I'd blot to show that he can't treat me that way. Anyway I know how to make him give me a drink. I'll stop writing when I get thirsty.

Say! you know I got lost once. Were you ever lost? It's terrible. I was so lonely and dirty.

He left me in the study hall on his desk. If I could have yelled I should have called to him to come back and get me. But I couldn't make a sound and he left me there.

I got knocked off three times that day and twice the next. I got all dinged and dirty.

And then someone picked me up and put me in his pocket and then he gave me to someone else who put me in a box with some more pens. It wasn't so bad there because every one was telling about their owners.

And I heard some secrets, too. Bob P—'s pen told every single thing he writes to Jane, and Mary L's told about her notes to Jim. Say! It was better than some of these "True Story Magazines" that he talks about.

But I surely was glad when he came and got me because I was getting tired of staying there and doing nothing.

I hope he doesn't lose me again very soon.

FLORENCE DAVIS.
Subscribe
POPPY

Continued from page 4

begged that Violet might stay to see the sunset. The two children were left at the entrance to the wood, while Mrs. Pierce and her friends took a joy ride around the cliff.

All was very still—not a sound but the dropping of leaves and the voices of the birds.

"Poppy", said Violet, very gently; "Poppy, when shall I be able to walk like you?"

"Right now," said Poppy springing to her feet and taking hold of her by two hands.

"Right now," continued Poppy firmly.

The child's feet touched the ground and for a moment she grew faint and dizzy.

"Oh, Poppy", she said appealingly, "Poppy".

But Poppy was not looking at her. She was looking at the sunset in much the same way as when Mrs. Pierce first saw her.

Mrs. Pierce was away longer than she expected. They had had a was night by the time they return-break down by the road; so that it ed.

She heard the children's mirthful sough as they drew near the wood, but the strange sight, which met her gaze, made her gasp with horror. The covers with which Violet had been so carefully tucked in, were thrown aside and the child was standing, actually standing.

"Violet," she called in fear. "Oh, Violet."

The little girl rushed towards her with extended arms—"Mother, it's all right," she said. "See, I can skip now, too." And together the two children skipped away into the moonlit path of the woods.

EVA HUMPHREYS.

Underworld of Study Hall

Oh, the poor, innocent, unsuspecting faculty! How can they know of the criminal instincts of the occupants of their study halls? I, who for three years, have taken part in the criminal activities of the study hall, hereby reveal and confess the actual facts. Do I not know of the bootleg chewing gum oftentimes hidden in my own pet hollow tooth, and of the seventeen wads of firm stickiness of the under side of my desk—placed there by my own fingers? Oh, yes, and many a daily note—letter describes it better—have I seen delivered by blushing "pals." The rattle of peanut bags seems somehow to pass the ears of the ogre. It is queer that Latin and English papers can be so easily copied after having been slipped surreptitiously down the aisle.

Many of us know some of the old favorite methods in note passing, including which we find the exchange of books and eyebrow signaling—and those occasions when a paper wad hits you on the head and you gaze around and bide your time until all is safe, then casually open the wad and read the message.

But beads of perspiration stand forth upon my brow and my knees seem to perform a Charleston when I think with apprehension of the time when the faculty will invade our realm and the very joy of living is shattered and falls in pieces at our feet. Again I say, the poor, innocent, unsuspecting faculty—but how long will they remain so?

HELEN SHELTON.

[Editors note: Oh, that this were true!]

Subscribe

An Optimists Triumph

I tried a little experiment,
'Twas on a windy summer day.
Some people though me foolish
But I cared not what they'd say.

A little toy balloon I bought
And filled it with natural gas.
My plan was to send it sailing,
And see how long 'twould last.

On this balloon a note I put,
Telling how, and when, and where,
And for the finder to do the same;
Then the balloon rose in the air.

It wasn't very many days,
Till the postman came around;
He brought a little card to me
That said the balloon was found.

The pessimists were all surprised,
They said they didn't care.
But, as for the land it covered,
It went fifty miles by air.

I thought I'd give my craft a name,
For, like Lindbergh, it didn't stop.
As the ballon was made in China,
I named it, "One Long Hop."

DALE WILSON.

[Editors's note: This is a true story of the very interesting experience of one of the freshman of Salem High school.]

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Society

Walter Deming, senior president, together with Charles Griener and Jim Pidgeon, spent two months at Culver.

Margaret Atkinson, vice-president of the class of '28, enjoyed a circle tour through Denver, Rocky Mountains, National Park, Salt Lake City and Yellowstone Park.

Mina Greenisen journeyed to Columbus and neighboring cities this vacation.

Cecelia Shriver and Esther Kelly attended school during the three months of vacation. Miss Shriver went to Ann Arbor, and Miss Kelly

to Penn State.

Miss Hart had one of the most varied and perhaps enjoyable trips of any member of Salem High. She boarded an Italian Line Southern Route liner and landed at Naples.

She had the rare good fortune to be able to witness Mount Vesuvius in eruption for three days. That certainly would be a sight worth seeing as Miss Hart will testify. Leaving that region she went to Rome. While there she saw one of the most noted men of the day—Mussolini. King Victor Emanuel and the King of Egypt were the other notables who came under our dean's eye. While in Italy Miss Hart took in the beautiful cities of Florence and Venice. She then left Italy for Switzerland; then on to Paris where she spent two busy weeks. After a wonderful six weeks she boarded a French liner for the good old U S. A.

Wayne Morron spent a month's time in Bobcageon, Canada.

Ruth Moff took a week to visit Atlantic City and Washington.

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116. Miss Smith: When is the best time for gathering chestnuts?

Student: When the farmer's back is turned and no dogs are around.

17. Moser: (after being asleep in chair) What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?

Jim: Oh, it was such a distressing sound.

18. Manager (of hardware) What did the lady who just went out want?

Phillips: She inquired if we had a clothing department.

19. Bowers: Does Clayton remember when your birthday is?

H. K.: No I remind him of it in January and June and get two presents.

20. Hazel: Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Prof.: It might come in handy in case of a fire or a shipwreck.

21. Sign reading: Dickens' Works all this week for only \$4.00.

Cosgrove: The Cheap-scate.

22. Ruth: Do nuts grow on trees?

Father: Certainly daughter.

Ruth: Then what tree do doughnuts grow on?

Father: Why the pantry, my daughter.

23. Steve: How very few statues there are of real girls.

Sculptor: Yes it is hard to get them to look real.

Steve: How so?

Sculptor: Why a girl remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life.

24. Miss Woods: What is the difference between results and consequences?

B. M. H.: Results are what you expect and consequences are what you get.

25. Betty: So you don't know what ails you? Have you been to the doctor?

Alice: Yes, that's the trouble. I've been to see six.

26. Clerk: What is it please?

I would like Ibsen's "A Doll House."

Clerk: To cut out?

2. Miss Douglas: And have you proven this theorem?

Dutch: Well, proved is a rather strong word, but I can say that I have rendered it highly probable.

3. Bob: (during a quarrel) You talk like an idiot.

Jeanette: I've got to talk so you can understand me.

4. Bill: He calls himself a human.

Fogg: No wonder, everything he has on is charged.

5. Si: I dreamed I was married last night.

Coach: Were you happy?

Si: Yes, when I woke up.

6. Ed: "How do you stand on this boycott of storage eggs?"

Harold: Gee, I'd hate to boycott a chicken.

7. Rib: Wonder what time it is? I'm invited to dinner at 6:30 and my watch isn't going.

Mutt: Why wasn't your watch invited?

8. Custom Inspector: What have you to declare?

Frosh: The World war is over.

9. Phebe Ellen: Are you in favor of clubs for women?

Charles: Certainly, clubs, sandbags and anything else that might come in handy.

10. Miss Hollett: Have you lost yourself, little boy?

Frash: No, boo-hoo, I've found a room I don't know.

11. Jenks: Did you take a shower last night?

Barley: No, was there one missing?

12. Peg: Are you sure the century plant will bloom a hundred years from now?

Florist: Positively, if it doesn't bring it back.

13. Teacher: Jimmie, correct this sentence. Our teacher am in sight.

Jimmie: Our teacher am a sight.

15. Mariam: So your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious.

Dick: So do I. The doctor says he is suffering from overwork.

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