

The QUAKER.

COMMENCEMENT QUAKE.

Representing Salem High School.



LYLE PRINTING CO., SALEM, OHIO.

1903

Vacation Clothing.



NOW we do not propose to go into detail about our varied and immense stock of Summer Clothing for Men and Boys as it would take up the whole "Quaker".

We'll simply say come and we will save you a nice sum and show you everything in

Men's and Boy's

Outing Suits,

From \$5.00 to \$10.00. Fine Dress Suits at 12, 15, 18, and \$20. Or Suits to your measure at \$15. to \$30.

A magnificent stock of Beautiful White Soft Shirts. Everything in Straw, Mackinaw and Panama Hats. Come here and get the latest and at the same time save money.

**Triem and Murphy,
THE BIG STORE.**

Roller's Restaurant.

Water Melons, Cantaloupes and everything in season.
Business Lunch served at all hours.

IF YOU WANT

Your portrait to look like you, let me make it and you won't have to put your name on it for identification.

BURTT LEEPER.

Old Place

Ice Cream Soda Water,
Buckeye Root Beer,
Unfermented Grape Juice,
Coco Colo, Lime Juice Kola

—AT—

HAWKIN'S DRUG STORE.



UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CHALFANT & GAILEY,

76 E Main St.

Nothing.

et propose to go into detail
d immense stock of Summer
nd Boys as it would take up
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Boy's

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HALFANT & GALEY,

76 E Main St.



VOL. I.

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 1903.

No. 7

The Three C's.



I.
DEUCE take it, father, I can't go." The young man pushed his hat back from his hot face and looked at his father anxiously.

"And why not, Charles?" answered the quiet man at the desk.

Charles Antony stammered and blushed then blurted out, "I have asked to take Carrie to Commencement. You know she is graduated this year and—well I can't break a date with her now."

His father looked up with an expression of disappointment and regret, "Well, my son, do as you think best. I am very anxious that this printing press be set up properly and you are the only one I have perfect con-

fidence in. I would go myself but I cannot leave just now. It means a matter of several thousands to the firm besides your own personal advancement." The elder man rose with some papers in his hand and left the office.

Charles looked gloomy, swore a few times, then he remembered the look on his father's face and he gritted his teeth and said aloud, "I'll go for poor old dad's sake and if I can't get back by Thursday"—he groaned.

At the supper table that evening Charles said,

"How soon shall I go father?"

"To-day is Friday.—To-night if possible on the 8:30 train then you can begin work early tomorrow morning. It will probably take some time to get things to working nicely but you ought to be able to have the job

done in ten days at least." Then he proceed to explain in detail what he wished Charles to do. When he finished it was eight o'clock and he looked up at his tall, handsome son with a twinkle in his eye and said,

"It's too bad there isn't time to go around and explain to Carrie, but she is a good, sensible girl and if you write and tell her all and say that Mr. Antony, senior, would be very glad to accompany her, I think she will take it all right."

Charles thanked his father, went to his room, hastily but a few things in a dress suit case, wrote to Carrie and came down stairs. He gave the note to his father who promised to deliver it, then Charles ran over to the station and had just time enough to buy his ticket and board the train for St. Louis.

II.

Early Saturday morning a note was put into Carrie Ramsey's hands. She opened it and and read:

My dear Carrie,

Father is sending me to St. Louis to oversee the setting up of a printing press. It is very important and I could not disappoint the old man. I can't get back in time for Commencement, I fear, but shall do my best, however, the govern-

or says he will take my place so I hope all will be right.

Yours, in haste,
Charles

A look of dismay spread over the young girl's face. "Just like a boy. Go with Mr. Antony—why I hardly know him, what will people say, what will his wife think? How thoughtless of Charles, shows he doesn't care to hear my essay—Harry would never do a thing like that—he would not take an old machine in preference to me. I shall go down and telephone to Mr. Antony, tell him it isn't possible that I would not put him out so. Then I shall telephone to Harry and tell him I've changed my mind, it will be alright for he told me last night to do so if I felt so inclined. I'd rather go with Harry anyway. Charles is so slow and business like, he just won't act as though he likes a girl. Harry puts a girl on her metal, but Charles," she blushed furiously when she realized what she was saying, then began again. "Yes, confess it, Carrie Ramsey, Charles is the better boy, he has more respect for a girl, but I believe you like Harry more because he acts as though you're his whole existence,—but this isn't deciding It

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The Quaker.

was kind of Mr. Antony, then
Charles says in the note, 'I shall
do my best to get home, his best
usually succeeds. It wouldn't
be fair to go with Harry if
Charles were here for he asked
me first and it would not be fair
to go with Charles if he got
home, after I'd just as much as
asked Harry.'

At supper table Mr. Antony
said to his wife,

"Carrie Ramsey has as much
sense as I thought she had."

III.

New Hope was a busy little
manufacturing town about ten
miles from St. Louis. There
were no street cars connecting
the village with the city and the
only means the villagers had of
reaching the city was by taking
the train, and after a circuit of
thirty or forty miles and five or
six changing of cars they reach-
ed the large, bustling city.

Charles Antony arrived at St.
Louis late Friday night about
eleven o'clock, tired, cross, and
out of spirits. He went immedi-
ately to bed, for he knew he had
a hard week's work before him.
Saturday morning he was down
at the Cortelyou Printing Co's
office at 6:30 and had his men

at work in a few minutes.

He worked early and late, all
day Sunday, and often till nine
and ten in the evening. The
men could not understand why
a young man who worked like
that and the Cortelyou's super-
intendent told the board that
they would have a treasure if
they hired that young Antony.

Thursday morning found 'that
young Antony' standing before
his machine with a gloomy ex-
pression on his face.

"Search me if I know what is
the matter, it worked all right
yesterday. Ah! Ha! I see," and
stooping over he noticed one
of the cams had slipped on the
shaft. Then he examined the
machine in every detail, fixing
here, changing there until the
mighty thing began to throb and
puff and his work was done, and
so was the day. Yes, although
a man, he was so interested in
his work that lunch had been
forgotten and the morning had
changed to noon, the noon to
afternoon, and the afternoon
was changing to night.

Charles looked at his watch
in dismay, it was five o'clock,
and a mile from his boarding
house, his train went at five

thirty,—and Carrie was graduated that night.

“‘When there is a will there is a way,’ and I must hear Carrie’s essay, and take her home, for I can’t get back in time to take her now.”

He hurried over to the office, reported to the superintendent and was turning to when he was arrested by a heavy slap on his shoulder.

“See here, young fellow, we have been watching you up. We owe you a good bit for the quick accurate manner you’ve completed this job, and if you ever want a job remember us. We like fellows who display just such stuff as you’re made of.”

Charles thanked him and departed. When he got to his boarding house he hastily changed his clothes, grabbed up his dress suit case, caught a street car, fervently hoping he’d left nothing behind of more value than his watch. He arrived at the depot just in time to see his train pull out.

He rushed in to the ticket agent and said,

“Is that the last train for New Hope, to-night?”

The ticket agent gave him a

gruff, “Last passenger to the east to-night.

Charles dropped into a seat and if he had been a girl he would have cried. Then he thought, a carriage, why not? He asked permission to use the telephone. Then began a discouraging search for a horse. There were quite a number of livery stables in town but all reported, “Every horse out; big Industrial picnic to-day, you know.”

“Deuce take the Industrial picnic,” and Charles put the receiver up with a bang. He turned to the ticket agent and asked,

“Do you know whether they rent bicycles anywhere here?”

“They used to but so many of the machines were busted that they quit. You might find one around here though.”

“Well I guess I shall have to walk it.” He stopped at the Express office and sent his case which held his clothes and raincoat by express. Then he started thanking his only lucky star that the night was clear and that the road had no turns or side roads which might lead him astray.

He left St. Louis just as the

“Last passenger to the to-night.

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e left St. Louis just as the

town clock pointed to fifteen minutes of six.

Five miles gone seven fifteen.

“Even if I am a little late I may hear her and anyway I shall get to go home with her. I shall be there by nine o'clock if nothing happens. Heaven's its raining.”

It was raining, soon it rained harder, then it poured. Up hill and down, slipping and falling, through mud and water, the young man plodded. Nine o'clock found him before his house, wet, tired, muddy, but not clear done up yet. Every door was locked but finally he found one window through which he hastily crawled.

Never did any man dress with such haste, never were boots more stubborn, but at nine fifteen a neatly dressed, tired young man was ushered by a pretty junior to a seat. He looked around while the chorus finished its song.

The seniors were a pretty sight, the girls in dainty, fluffy white, the boys in neat, sober black. The hall was gorgeous in its purple and gold ornaments and 1903 faced the audience with a bold, happy stare. In

the back of the hall 1904 in yellow and black added to the beauty of the hall and showed that there was something more to come, that 1903 was not the only class though a very important one.

The chorus withdrew. The young man looked again at the stage. “Just in time,” he thought as the young speaker began.

She stood there, tall, graceful; her smooth, jet-black braids dressed low on her white neck. Her large, black eyes seemed almost like two burning coals in her face. Carrie was scared or didn't care; never were the sweet tones more monotonous, but she had hardly begun when she felt someone looking at her and the black eyes met the blue. Merely a glance but what a difference, her face flushed, her whole manner changed. The audience were surprised, magnetized. She sat down amid tremendous applause.

Why continue? Mr. Antony allowed Charles to take Carrie home.

What happened? I leave that for older folks to tell who have had experience, or for you, seniors, to find out on your

homeward journey after Commencement exercises.

All I know is that for Carrie it was a true Commencement, her Commencement as an unselfish, happy, loving woman.

As for Charles, he was happy, but not unselfish, for did he not take all and give nothing, just as the lords of Creation are accustomed to do?

T. T.

THE QUAKER.

Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the Salem High School at 25 cents the year.

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Business Manager..... Herman McCave.



EDITORIAL



☐ We intended to print this month, as we have in the past years, a half-tone of the graduating class, but the class this year could not get together for a photograph.

☐ To keep this Commencement number up to its predecessor, we have procured cuts of both the old and new high schools. We have the honor of presenting to the public the first authentic half-tones of these buildings

☐ Acknowledgement for the use of the two photographs is due to Mr J. M. Lyle, the photograph of the old high school being somewhat rare and valued.

GERMAN.

Reiterlied.

Die bange Nacht ist nun herum,
Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm
Und reiten ins Verderben.
Wie weht so scharf der Morgenwind!
Frau wirtin, noch ein Glas geschwind
Vorm Sterben, vorm Sterben.

Du junges Gras, was stehst so grün?
Mußt bald wie lauter Röslein blühn,
Mein Blut ja soll dich färben.

Den ersten Schluck, ans Schwert die
Hand,

Den trink' ich für das Vaterland
Zu sterben, zu sterben!

Und schnell den zweiten hinterdrein,
Und der soll für die Freiheit sein,
Der zweite Schluck vom Herben!

Dies Restchen—nun, wem bring' ich's
gleich?

Dies Restchen dir, o römisch Reich,
Zum Sterben, zum Sterben.

Dem Liebchen—doch das Glas ist leer,
Die Kugel faßt, es blizt der Speer;

Bringt meinem Kind die Scherben!

Auf! in den Feind wie Wetterschlag!

O Reiterlust, am frühen Tag

Zu sterben, zu sterben.

H e r w e g h.

Wohlthun

Wohlthaten, still und rein gegeben,

Sind Tote, die im Grabe leben,

Sind Blumen, die im Sturm bestehn.

Sind Sternlein, die nicht untergehn.

C l a u d i u s.

GERMAN.

Reiterlied.

Die bange Nacht ist nun herum,
Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm
Und reiten ins Verderben.
Der weht so scharf der Morgenwind!
Du wirtin, noch ein Glas geschwind
Zum Sterben, vorm Sterben.
Das junge Gras, was steht so grün?
Ist bald wie lauter Röslein blühn,
Ein Blut ja soll dich färben.
Im ersten Schluck, aus Schwert die
Hand,
Du trinf' ich für das Vaterland
Zu sterben, zu sterben!
Du schnell den zweiten hinterdrein,
Du der soll für die Freiheit sein,
Der zweite Schluck vom Herben!
Des Restchen—nun, wem bring' ich's
Gleich?
Des Restchen dir, o römisch Reich,
Du sterben, zum Sterben.
Im Liebchen—doch das Glas ist leer,
Die Kugel sauft, es blüht der Speer;
Nagt meinem Kind die Scherben!
Pf! in den Feind wie Wetterschlag!
Reiterlust, am frühen Tag
Zu sterben, zu sterben.

H e r w e g h.

Wohltun

Wohltun, still und rein gegeben,
Die Tote, die im Grabe leben,
Die Blumen, die im Sturm bestehn.
Die Sternlein, die nicht untergehn.
C l a u d i u s.

The Quaker.

Locals.

Locals to right of us,
Locals to left of us,
Locals in front of us,
Volley'd and thundered.
Yours not to make reply,
Yours but to grin or die.
Into the QUAKER of ours
Jokes by the hundred.

One of our Junior boys feels
blue.

If marriage is chemical affin-
ity, a person an atom, what is
the name for the molecule ED
HC?

Ask Rebecca whose heart pin
she wears.

Mr Stanton. If $x=1$ and $y=2$
why does x plus $y=3$?

Smart one. Because the book
says so.

Some of the pupils have com-
plained about the hits being too
personal. Is it because we have
hit you in the weakest spot?

Why does Addie keep a sprig
of "Heart's Ease," in her book?
She surely doesn't need it.

Some girls are like NH_4OH
If you don't keep the cork in
they evaporate. Some boys
are like H_2SO_4 . They absorb
all one tells them.

The Junior class have decid-
ed an important question.

"Shakespeare did not write
the dramas but another man by
the name of Shakespeare wrote
them." (Apologies to Miss R.)

The second year German
class are surprised (and may I
say shocked?) at Mark Twain's
theories about Zug, schlagen
and damit as told by Mr. Kolbe.

The High School teachers
and pupils who paid a dime to
see the "Albany Depot" and
"Flower Drill," May 29, wish
it understood they paid the
money for NEW music, not for the
piano. The money might be
used advantageously for haul-
ing the piano out of the building.

Edison has invented an ap-
paratus which will enable one
to think more quickly, and it is
said Miss Robb contemplates
purchasing a gross of them for
some of her bright students.

Ma. What time did Harry
leave last night.

Daughter. At 10 o'clock.

Ma. Well, when he left I heard
him say "just one."

**EXTRA COPIES OF
THE QUAKER
MAY BE HAD AT
MCMILLAN'S BOOK STORE.**

The Night Before.

One evening along about June 17th a father took his son by the hand and led him into the library, saying as he did so, «My son, I desire to say a few sayings to you.» With not a little trepidation, the son seated himself upon a stool, at the father's feet and opening his mouth, prepared himself to listen.

«First of all my son,» spoke the father, «I desire you to close your mouth and open your ears.»

«Father, I fear you chaff me with such light remarks, unbecoming to one of your natural dignity.»

«A little chaff, thrown off at first, my son, makes the kernels of wheat more easily gathered, but the two, unless separated, make a poor brand of breakfast food, for either brain or stomach.»

«Father, you are attempting to hand me a platter of scalding atmosphere.»

«No, my son, what I am about to say to you is neither chaff nor hot air, but on the contrary, is of vital importance to you, now, and in long years to come, when you have grown into my Tuxedo.»

«Now, as you have closed your mouth, and I perceive your right ear, standing out at right angles to your head, I will proceed with my conversation.»

«As you are no doubt well aware, tomorrow evening, you are going to step up on the stage before an assemblage of semi-intelligent people, and deliver a long line of talk, concerning the reformation of humanity, politically, morally, and financially. I suppose, too, you must know that just such a reformation was suggested long years ago, by a young fellow, whom you resemble in many ways. Since that time he has seen so many able men fail in the attempt, that he has come to believe that the world is pretty good after all. Now you will step upon the stage, just a common boy, in his first white vest, and when you come down off of it, you will be exactly the same, save for a few wrinkles in the vest, and a general tight-

ening of the cuticle about your ears, as when a crowd of dear old friends gather around you and call you 'old man' and say how proud of you, they are, and tell you that tale about your oration (piece I'd call it) being printed in the newspaper next day, you just conscientiously think to yourself what you ought to call them, but don't tell them about it, or they'll think you rude. Now about this ladder of Success, of which you speak of in your recitation. Of course I hope to see you someday, nearing the top. But the rounds upon it are slippery, and you will need plenty of sand about you, to keep from sliding off. In the start, you must not think that you can take a run and jump, and light on the round and stick there, because in the fall which always follows such a jump you are very apt to be injured and another thing you tire yourself out by jumping. I expect you to go to work at something, and furthermore I expect you to begin at the lower round and climb up. But when you step in the office, and ask the manager for a job, don't tell him that you are a graduate. I suppose he will have to find it out someday, but we will hope that it won't be until you have proven your worth.»

«Now, my son, I am almost through with my talk to you, and you must not think that your father has wished to be harsh to you. There will be no prouder person in the hall tomorrow night than myself, when I see my boy up there behind the palms, with his white vest on, and his piece in his hand, and if I don't rush up and congratulate you and yell 'bravo,' won't be because such thoughts are not in my mind. So come on out now as I expect your mother will want to hear you recite your piece. I know I was prouder that night before when I stood before my mother and spoke my piece, and she laid her hand on my shoulder and called me her 'little man,' than I was the next night when the fellows called me 'old man.'»

f the cuticle about your ears, as
crowd of dear old friends gather
you and call you 'old man' and
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'little man,' than I was the next
when the fellows called me 'old

The OLD and The NEW.



"Hayes' for Linens."

First—Last — and Anytime
we want you to know that
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"Waldorf"

Shirt Waists, and Shirt
Waists Suits. Satisfactory in
every way.

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Albert Hayes.

Dr. W. E. Linn,

Dental Surgeon.

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Exchange PHOTOS with your friends
NOW. You'll prize them more as the
years go by. We're making others—Let
us make YOURS.

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For your Candies and Box Goods.

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Get your
Fixin's for
Vacation
at

SMITH AND ECKSTEIN,

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ties—Belt Pins, Hat Pins, Brace-
lets, Spoons of all description.
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31 E. Main St.

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What adds to a person's looks more
than pretty teeth? To have them attrac-
tive use a good powder applying with a
first class tooth brush. We sell the kind
to do the work.

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Six months spent at the S. B. C. will fit you for a position and enables you to

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We give you a month's trial to show you just how easy stenography is to learn, no charge being made in case you do not continue the work.

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and well selected Menu.

Falkenberg's Restaurant.

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Quality in
Women's
Shoes.*

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& TOWNSEND.**

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Mens wear if you want
proper styles is at

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us do your work.

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