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VOL. II

SALEM, OHIO, JANUARY 1905.

No. 4

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.



N the quiet, and darkened room a mother lay sleeping with her new-born babe beside her. The

little princess slept by her mother's side, unconscious of the importance of her station, but outside in the busy, bustling world she was the topic of much comment.

"Too bad it wasn't a boy"—"But she can marry".—"How happy the king looks, he wanted a girl" -, so the gossip flew from lip to lip as is the case at such times.

Back in the quiet chamber three spirits hovered over the new, little creature and in softened voices discussed her.

"Sister, what will you give her?" the first Spirit asked.

"I? I shall give her the most beautiful face and form that any living creature ever had," answered the second Spirit in soft, musical tones. "What will you give her, sister?"

"I shall give her health, happiness, and a handsome husband," said the first spirit." And you, sister, why do you look so solemn on this happy day? What will you give her."

"I shall give her the power to see everyone and everything in the most beautiful light, excepting herself and her lover. When she sees her reflection in the mirror it shall appear hideous beyond imagination, and her lover, also, shall seem to her the ugliest man on earth," said the third Spirit slowly.

"Oh sister, retract, why do you put such a burden on the innocent, little babe. Look! See her smile!"

"You, sisters, have given her beauty and happiness,—I shall give her an opportunity to develope her character." Suddenly the baby cried and the mother awoke, and with a soft rustle the three Spirits disappeared.

From that day the baby grew and blossomed from baby-hood to childhood, from a child to a young girl.

As the queen sat, one day with her embroidery, the little princess ran in, tears streaming down her face.

"Mother, why are they always

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teasing me about my looks, the maids keep telling me all the time about my beauty and coax me to look in the mirror," with that the poor girl burst out crying as though her heart would break.

The queen looked puzzled, then taking her little girl on her lap asked, "What did you see in the glass, dearie?"

"Myself, (sob), all crooked and with that horrid brown spoton my cheek and — — oh mother why am I so ugly when story-books always have such beautiful princesses?"

The queen sat holding her daughter, thinking and wondering. When the sobs came less frequently she spoke softly, "My daughter, you must not think of beauty, it is by far the least important possession. You must forget about it, make yourself good and wise, keep your thoughts pure, and always be on the alert to see beauty of character and form in everything about you. I do not understand about the mirror, to me my little daughter is very pretty when she is good so try and forget external things, dear. I want my little girl to be good and wise rather than pretty, vain and foolish."

The little princess was quiet, then she laughed a mournful little laugh, kissed her mother and ran to her room.

The princess stood before her mirror and gazed steadily, "You ugly, hideous creature, what muddy, thin, straight, unruly hair, aren't you ashamed of that big, clumsy foot, what a horrid, brown, dirty complexion! Quit looking at me you awful crooked, green, squint eyes." Silence followed, then with a sob, "Poor little girl you can't help being so ugly," and then the large, ugly mouth of reflection bent forward to meet the beautiful lips of the girl.

So the little princess grew, every one wondered at her beauty, but marveled more at her character. Unlike most pretty girls she spent hours in the study and in helping her mother, Flattery never made any impression on her. Modest, kind, and unassuming the girl went from girl-hood to woman-hood. She had now arrived at the age when she must be presented to the world. She dreaded the big ball above all things for a princess should be beautiful and she — —

It was after time to dress, the lovely gown lay before her, the guests were arriving, the maids urged her to hurry, but the princess could not bear to spoil the beautiful gown by putting it on.

"His majesty is waiting, princess."

"I am a vain goose," and swallowing hard the princess allowed the maids to dress her, and without looking in the glass she hurried down.

The hall was filled with handsome men and women. It seemed to the princess that she was the only blot of ugliness on the scene. Suddenly she found herself being introduced to the queerest looking man she had msy foot, complexyou awful yes." Sih a sob, nelp being arge, ugly forward to the girl. ess grew, er beauty, character. she spent elping her nade any est, kind, went from She had when she vorld. She all things beautiful

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princess." I swallowowed the hout lookd down. handsome med to the e only blot Suddenntroduced an she had ever seen, the short hump-backed, weazened creature thrust out a big, wart-covered hand to her. At first the princess drew back, sick at heart, then her whole soul went out in pity to the stranger and she shook hands with him, although it was contrary to all custom for her to shake hands with a man.

The big hall buzzed with talking, then the dancing began. By some coincidence the princess found herself dancing with the stranger quite frequently, it seemed perfectly natural to her that the two ugliest should dance together. The evening passed and when she said goodbye to the prince,—for such she discovered him to be, – he did not seem repulsive to her at all for he was so good and wise.

"He loves me and father and mother have wished it all along. Mother was right, it is not external beauty but character that counts, oh I am so happy." It was on the wedding day that the princess thought these happy thoughts. The maids were dressing her. Now she did not think about the gorgeous dress, nor how it would appear on her, but allowed the maids to proceed as hastily as possible. She took one look at herself in the glass, ugly, misshapen, how the dress did look on her and the wish could not be suppressed, "If I were only not so ugly, for his sake.

Then they were married and as the last words of the marriage service died away they looked at each other, then wondering in the mirrors which were all around, they saw themselves as others had seen them in all the beauty and splendor of perfect man- and womanhood,

—T. T.

"VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE."

F you wish plenty of spice spend your time in a Public Library. Here you will find

a combination of several things, book store, kindergarden, school room, book-keeping, clerking, even the work of the dead letter office comes for its share, for at times much puzzling and deciphering is necessary. Often the title of a book as it is asked for must be turned, twisted, lengthened or diminished, until it comes out from this secular process something entirely different. For example, "Ten Nails" is inquired for. Here the sound is the only thing to be used in interpreting what these two words really stand for. From their sound comes a suggestion and it proves to be a right one, for the book that is really wanted is the "Prince of the Pin Elves." A vague inquiry for something about two old women, the person is not sure of the exact title but thinks it to be "The Two Adrift." This has to be sub-

mitted to the expanding process. Nothing in the sound here can suggest the title, but the thought gives a glimmer of light. Expanded, this title reads "Casting Away of Mrs. Secks and Mrs. Aleshire. " A small boy wishes to have his book reduced for his brother. Why, no one knows, as the book is not particularly large nor is there a price mark to run through with red ink, but before many minutes the small boy is sent back to get the book and bashfully says he wants it renewed. "I want this book discharged." Another small boy makes this request, and why should he not. If it is charged when taken out, why not discharged when returned? "The Chinese something. I can't remember what," equals "Japanese Nightingale." "To Get and to Hold" is easily interpreted, but not so easily "Wicked Witch of the West," which is "Wonderful Wizard of Oz." Richest of all is "Five little Cucumbers." This boy got his pickles mixed, that was all. A librarian is supposed to have a memory capable of recollecting the book so-and-so had; the books that I was looking at last week, or two or three weeks ago for that matter; the name of that book with the red cover; the green book that has old Mother Hubbard and her cupboard on the front. Some people want books in a certain kind of binding; these, they claim are always good. Others want books that have a girls name for a title. Someone wants "Mrs. Wiggs

of the Cabbage Plant," another "Mrs. Cabbage Patch," still another, "The Sight that is Failing." Did you ever know a barn door had a floor? It must have, because a small boy wants "Under the Barn Door Floor." A little girl wants a book of advention, another "Adventure of Uclyptus.' I think he was a giant; no, a Grecian God." These are some of the things that are happening from day to day, and will keep on happening.

A law in physics—The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk—Ex.

B. S.(Hist. IV.)—In this battle the British rooted the Americans.

Some definitions—Allopathy, from "all" and "pain." Pain for everybody.

Automobile, from "ought to" and "moveo,"to move. A vehicle which ought to move but frequently can't.

Billiousness—A liver complaint often mistaken for piety.

Cinder—One of the first things to catch your eye when travelling.

Earth—A solid substance much desired by the sea sick.

Explosion—A good chance to begin at the bottom and work up.

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affection.—Ex.

Student(heading Virgil)—"'Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and that's as far as I got."

Prof. —That was quite far enough.

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THE QUAKER is on sale at McMillan's.

& EDITORIAL

One of the most pressing needs of the High School is that of a reference library for German IV, to be used in connection with their "Deutsche Litteraturgeschichte."

Inasmuch as History IV. has been supplied with a library that would do justice to some higher institution of learning, we fail to see why the German Department has been slighted.

At present there are only about 4 books available, and two of these belong to the Public Library. This leaves practically only two volumes that are accessable to the average student.

THE QUAKER may now be had at the News Depot as well as at McMillan's.



Mit dem Pfeil, dem Bogen Durch Gebirg und Thal Kommt der Schütz gezogen Früh am Morgenftrahl.

Wie im Reich der Lüfte König ift der Weih— Durch Gebirg und Klüfte Herricht der Schütze frei.

Ihm gehört das Weite, Was jein Pfeil erreicht, Das ift jeine Beute. Was da freucht und fleugt.

Die Übersetzungen des Gedichts am Anfange von Aufzug 3. äus "Wilhelm Tell" von den Juniors und Seniors gemacht.

Through the mountain pass and lowland, At the break of day, With bow and arrow in his hand Strides the archer gay.

As in the land of air and light, The flying kite holds sway, So on the dizzy mountain's height, The archer rules the day.

The spacious field belongs to him, And all his skill attains, Both that which struts with sprightly limb And that which on wing reigns.

With the bow and arrow. At the break of day, Through the vale and mountain Comes the hunter gay.

As the swooping eagle Rules the realm of air So the hunter regal Rules the mountain fair.

His are all the spaces, Where his arrow flies; Ev'ry winged creature there Is for him a prize.



Mistress—Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frog's legs?

Nora—I dinnaw. He wore trousers.—Ex.

THE TRIPOD has a number of good short stories.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

THE FRAM has a good print of the foot-ball squad.

Why did the diamond dye? What did the Baltic Sea? Who made the butter fly? Where can the honey bee?

THE COMUS has gathered a good collection of "Limerichs."

Nora"—Sure ma'am, an' we're in a terrible fix! There's company to stay and not a bit of bread in the house."

Mrs. Newbride--"Well never mind Nora, just make some toast." Ex.

The BLUE and GOLD might get out a book called Alumni rather than fill such valuable space.

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam!"

"Well come along; I'll Fiji." Ex.

"I wish", said he, "you could make pies like mother used to make." "And I," said she, "wish you could make the dough like pa used to make."—Ex.

The illustrations in the Mocasin are very attractive.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Cats are harmless little things—

For the man is dead that slumbers When a cat at midnight sings. Ex.

THE RUSS has an unique cover.

The teacher said, "what is space?" The trembling Freshman said:

"I cannot think at present,

But I have in my head."

THE INTERLUDE is most interesting. It has a Critic's column. Good suggestion.

A few "local grinds" would add to the DRAGON.

Teacher—"Was the man tired? How did he breathe?"

Pupil—"Yes, his breath came in short pants."—Ex.

Tommy—Aw boohoo! Wat's the use of me going ter Sunday school w'en I mean to be a pirate when I grow up!—Ex.

Soph .- Do you like Latin?

Smart Freshie—"Oh, yes! I think it's easy." Picks up book and reads: "Passus sum jam-pass us some jam. Forte dux in aro—forty ducks in a row."—Ex.

Caesar sic dicat an de cur, egessi lictum.

Freshman—(translating)— Cæsar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he liked him.—Ex. h you could a used to

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The Debating Club met for the last time in 1904. At this meeting the new officers were installed, Wilber Stanley, President; Alice Clark, vice president; George Young, secretary. The question for debate on this date was, Resolved that coeducation in colleges is desirable. It was discussed on the affirmative by Tamer Thumm, Ralph Hawley, John Brereton; on the negative by Grace and Lola Richards, R. Anderson. The decision of judges was in favor of the negative. It might be well to say here that two of the speakers did not seem to understand that an assertion is NOT an argument, that a series of assertions, unless they are duly proved, carries no weight whatever.

At this meeting a motion was made that, since many of the members were not familiar with the constitution, it should be read aloud at some meeting. This motion was seconded, put to a vote and carried, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Debate of January 13th was on the question, Resolved that football is a better game than base-ball. It was discussed on the affirmative by David McConnell, Alice Clark, Marion Harris; on the negative by Alice Haviland, Emor Taylor, Anna Campbell. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. This was one of the best debates we have had for a long time. Perhaps this may have been because everyone, debaters and audience, was interested in the subject.

The club essay on this occasion, was read by Helen Montgomery. It was modelled after the Sir Roger de Coverly Papers more closely than were some of its predecessors. Schiller and Sturgeon after Mr. Stanton, had used his powers of persuasion upon them, at last consented to favor them with an exhibition of their powers in the line of essay writing. The results of their labors were two remarkable? essays on the subject of "Sleigh Rides." We hope that the next time they are called upon to take part in the club work, it will not be necessary for Mr. Stanton to take a hand in the matter.



Ask Mary W. about the Conway Cable.

M. G.: Thus has the old custom lasted here, unchanged, from eternity till the present time.

"Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up."

"I think," said the actor, as a cabbage grazed his nose, "that someone must have lost his head" Find a mate, make a date, Be there at eight, with your roller skate. As you rotate, and accelerate Just keep straight forget your state; Don't anticipate your awful fate, But appreciate your joyful gait. O what a weight is that battered pate! 'Till necessitate an amputate. Now don't debate, I have it straight. I annunciate, you've been on a skate.

Mr. Stanton: When did Burgoyne surrender?

V. H.: After the battle.

Miss W., discussing the course of a river, "This took place before the river flew in this direction."

Miss W.: In what sort of weather will erosion along the shore line be greatest?

W. A.: In wet weather.

Cer. II.: Er stand an das Fenster. L. T.: He stood on the fence.

Miss W.: What is peculiar about the spleen?

B. P.: The blood goes to it thru an artery and from it thru a vein.

Miss W.: Bruce, what is heat? Bruce: Something warm.

The law of gravitation does not respect individual opinions.

In the American History class while discussing the events of 1770, the instructor asked why March 5 was a memorial day and the thoughtful student answered, "It was the anniversary of Caesar's death."

Die Knie' versagten ihm. His knees forsook him.

"When the British evacuated Boston they went to Halifax." R.S.: Short sentences ought to be used in Exposition, especially when you haven't got much to say.

P.P.: The different kinds of grammatical sentences are Interrogative, Exclamatory, and "Indicative."

Ruth says that Wednesday falls on Sunday.

Percy: Is our "prediction" work in German very hard?

Kersey: You mean dictation work don't you?

Miss. W.: What is an example of a land tired island?

M. W.: The straits of Gibraltar.

Prof. Kolbe.: (Cicero) Don't read the Latin this morning. Read ahead!

R. P.: Then I wept not.

H. W.: And wherever I went my feet carried me.

Suddenly a sound of crashing in Ger. II. A. class was heard.

Prof. Kolbe: Augustine, were you responsible for that noise?

Boy Wonder: Yes sir. I had my watch out.

Some High School Celebrities and Curiosities: Augustine, the "Boy Wonder;" a real "Sport;" Marguerite, Snake Charmer; Geo. Koontz, the original Brainy Bowers; "Doc." Sturgeon, the originator of "Tulip Salve;" Walter "Starkey;' a "Silver" girl; a living "Moon;" we have our own tea garden, and cook. ought to especially th to say.

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