

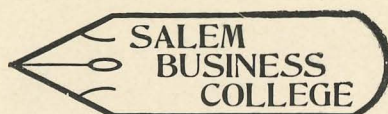
THE QUAKER

COMMENCEMENT



George S. Terry

Published by the Students of
THE SALEM HIGH SCHOOL.



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Should supplement their work with a business course. A business education will enable you to EARN DOLLARS. Our twelfth year begins August 21, 1905. Ask for circulars.

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Salem, Ohio.

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Try the famous

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used by all the noted Athletes

ALBERT HAYES.

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Milk and Cream fresh from the farm every morning.

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Prices, as we are cutting prices during
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A lot of Dark Brown Thibet 18.00, 15.00
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The Triem & Murphy Clothing Co



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**Libbey Cut Glass
and Fine China**

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THE ORIENTAL COMPANY

H. G. Camp, Grocer.

Try our pure CIDER VINE-
GAR made the old-fashioned
way, from pure apple juice.
It has the right flavor and
strength.

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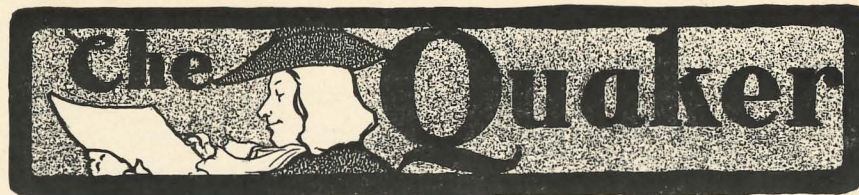
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WASH GOODS ETC.

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for Men.

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Profits.

COME AND SEE US.



VOL. II

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE, 1905.

No. 9

A Tramp Abroad.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1904.

DEAR BOB:

The rest of the fellows are out at the theater. Wish you could see me here at this old English Coffee House, seated at a table with a bunch of candles in front of me. The inn keepers furnish no light with the room, so I purchased a half dozen candles at a nearby shop, which are only about one third as good as an American electric light. This is our second day here. I wrote some cards yesterday; suppose you have received them, and also the cable message.

Our trip over was a grand experience. We left Portland, Maine, at 11:15 on the steamer Welshman of the Dominion Line, one of the best cattle boats that crosses. The foreman said the boat would not leave till two P. M., so three of us went up town to get a last square American meal. We finished the dinner all right, but when we were half way down to the dock, the farewell

whistle blew. You should have seen three suit cases making a sprint for the Welshman. Three scared fellows pulled up just as the gang-plank was being hauled in, and managed to go with it. The rest of the fellows thought we would have to make the trip ourselves on a later boat, which came very near being the case. You see the cattle had been loaded much more quickly than expected and the boat left her dock ahead of time.

The tug slowly towed us out of the break water and the fellows gathered on deck to watch Portland and the States fade from view. The men in our party were: Stonehouse and Phonix, two school teachers from Toronto; Shelter, a University of Toronto graduate; Lindsay, a theological student from Queen College; Lentz, a musician by profession who has been over most of the globe; Steward, a cattle dealer's son, and we three fellows from Reserve. These were the men with whom we had to work. The other foreman

on the boat had a more mixed crowd, there being three college fellows among them, who always joined us during leisure hours. Two of them, Preston and Summers are still with us.

The foreman soon informed us that this was no sight-seeing trip, so we went below to tie cattle. They had been driven on board and separated into sections with eight to twelve in each. The ropes to tie them with had been placed on their necks at the stock yards. They now had to be separated and tied to the rails which ran the length of the gangways. We had a hot afternoon of yelling, running, twisting tails, and getting them into place. The cattle would bunch up in one corner of the section; someone of us would have to crawl in on their backs, beat and twist their tails till they were in the right place. When about half were tied, the other half would mix up with those that had been fixed, so there was no end of trouble. You could learn enough swearing at one afternoon of this work to do an ordinary man a life time. There is nothing lacking in a cattle foreman's vocabulary along this line. Our friend, the minister, surely got enough material to write a good sermon on the evils of cursing.

We finished work in time for supper. If you ever intend going on a cattleboat and wish to eat the first meal my advice is to starve up a day

or two. To begin with you go to the steward and get a tin cup, plate, spoon, knife and fork. My first meal consisted only of anticipation and washing my utensils. The place where we were to eat was as far as I got. It had an odor like — well I will not attempt to describe it. You could not eat the best of meals there, and keep it down, but to tackle the stuff they handed us was out of the question. None of our crowd indulged in the evening meal; everyone decided to save up till the next day when there would be plenty of room to keep the whole of it inside.

After supper we again gathered on the deck to have a smoke and say bad things about the people who had said cattleboat food was good. About eight o'clock the steward passed out a blanket, mattress, and pillow to each cattleman. We had bunks up in the fo'castle, where we were supposed to eat and also sleep. After our supper acquaintance, however, we had decided that sea air was too bracing to miss, so we would take our blankets, break open a bale of hay and sleep on deck. We left the fo'castle to be enjoyed by a few Austrians who had shipped as cattlemen. Between the thick air and the bad tobacco they used they must have had had to cut the atmosphere and take it in slices.

At nine o'clock we turned in, excepting Carney who had to go on watch till twelve. Now and then we

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could hear Carney reporting to the man on the bridge, "Ten o'clock and all is well with the cattle, sir." I had a good sleep till 3:30 A. M., which was our rising hour. The first thing was to water the cattle. This is done by means of buckets and a hose running along the gangway. After the watering we rested till breakfast. As this was Sunday there was a special bill of fare; a poor kind of oatmeal, some dark fluid misnamed by the cook "coffee," and fresh bread. The cattlemen receive their food in bulk at the gallery and take it forward to their dining saloon. Preferring to eat on deck, we took our share on the way down and thus avoided entering the place the memory of which was still fresh in our minds.

After breakfast our foreman put Carney and me in charge of the three hundred sheep he had in his care. During the rest of the trip we had nothing to do with the cattle. The sheep were on the main deck, making it much better than having to work in the hot and stuffy hold. The sheep have to be watered and given hay and feed only once a day while the cattle require it twice. Our regular routine was as follows; rise at 3:30 A. M., and feed grain, which took about an hour; we were then free till 9:30 when the watering had to be done; this took an hour and a half. We were again free till 4, when an hour was used in haying. The foreman gave us instructions the

first day and after that he was seldom around, so we did as we pleased. Carney was the boss and I was the gang.

The first two days we had to water with buckets, which took about three hours; this was rather long and hard work. The third day I went on a search and fished up a long section of hose. This reached the length of watering troughs, so that all we had to do was turn the water on and let it run, cutting the time down one half. From this description you see that Carney and I did not overwork ourselves on the voyage.

Our Sunday dinner was somewhat of an improvement,—pea soup, scouse (a species of soup made of meat, potatoes, and water), bread, and plum duff (an imitation of plum pudding, having a consistency about like lead). Here is our bill-of-fare for each day. From this you will know what we had the entire trip. Breakfast, coffee, buns, scouse; Sunday and Wednesday, porridge. Dinner, salt horse, jacket potatoes, soup; Wednesday and Sunday, plum duff. Supper, corned beef, buns, tea.

On the third day out I could have eaten bread and water; when a man gets to this stage he begins to look about for something to sustain life. During my search I came upon the ship's baker. He seemed willing to make a little on the side, so for a couple of dollars we made an agreement by which I got enough the rest

of the trip to keep well filled. Each meal he would pass me out something substantial as steak, bread, rice, or pudding.

The weather was fine all the way. The only unpleasanties were two days of hunger and two days of fog. No one was very sea sick. Before we were out of the breakwater Alburn had a slight touch, brought on by the salt air, and on the second day he and Phoenix again fed the fishes. Aside from this no one was ill at all.

We had plenty of fun between work. Every evening the gang would gather on deck to sing, tell stories, or have some sort of amusement. Sometimes a school of porpoises would appear or a whale to vary the monotony. On two evenings the German brought out his violin. We then had Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Liszt, and others of the masters.

On the second Monday after we had started, the coast of Ireland came in sight. All that day and up till ten o'clock at night we sailed along the coast and as the day was clear we had a fine chance to see the country. Tuesday we were up at 3 A. M., taking in the scenery again. About 7 A. M. we came to the mouth of the Mersey River, where we took on the pilot. At this time a fog set in which spoiled our sight seeing, as making us reach the landing place several hours late. We saw some

of the Liverpool docks, which are the finest in the world and at ten o'clock came along side the cattle docks.

Here a crowd of drovers, all dressed in long linen dusters and straw hats, and each carrying a stick, came aboard to unload the cattle. As this was our first view of English life everyone was keenly interested. When the cattle were unloaded we had to assist in getting off a couple of hundred bales of hay. After this we were towed across the river to the regular docks, where we took leave of the Welshman; and having passed custom inspection we headed for a hotel. Some of us had our doubts about getting in a respectful place, as our appearance was not of the best, with old clothes and a three week's growth of beard. Our foreman took six of us to a private boarding house, where cattle foremen were accustomed to go. It was not much on style or sleeping accommodations, but the food was good. I was ashamed to meet the land lady face-to-face after our first meal. She probably thought we had not eaten for a week. I had four plates of fine tender English roast beef. Perhaps it did not taste good after the cattle-boat fare!

After dinner everyone got shaved, dressed, and cleaned up preparatory to seeing some of the city. We would get on top of one of the two-story street cars, pay our fare and

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Supplement

June 1905



HONORARY GRADUATES.



RELAY TEAM.



CLASS OF 1905.

ride as far as possible. It did not get dark till ten, so we saw quite a little of the city, including the parks, Gladstone's birthplace, the docks, etc. Liverpool is too much like some of our dirty American cities to be of much interest, except that we were all interested in noticing English customs.

On Wednesday morning we visited the docks to see the great mass of shipping that is continually coming and going from this busy city. We saw the "Baltic" starting on her maiden trip to New York. She is the largest steamer afloat. In the afternoon we went to the ship's office to receive our pay for the trip and get out return passes, as each cattleman gets a free ticket back. We received the munificent sum of five shillings for our nine and a half days work.

Thursday morning six of us started for London over the Midland railroad. We had our first view of the queer little English railroad trains, with their small engines and compartment coaches. The farmland between London and Liverpool is very beautiful, the fields being well cultivated and divided into much smaller fields than we are accustomed to see in America. In some places they were making hay, raking it up by hand and hauling it in, in small two wheeled carts.

At one o'clock we reached Waterbo Station. It seems odd that they

have no checking system here. When we arrived we had to get the baggage off the train ourselves. We also had to put it on the train ourselves at Liverpool. We have rooms at this queer old "coffee house" near the station. Preston stopped here when he was in England before, so he took us to it.

Will have to stop soon as my candles are getting near their end. The trip over was a grand experience and one that I would repeat any time, especially if it was as easy as ours. Of course there are the little unpleasant occurrences, but they are of minor importance. There is fun and enjoyment to be had even out of a cattleboat voyage, and for anyone wanting to cross the ocean cheaply this is a good way. Will write later and tell you how I like England when I have seen more of it.

As ever

BROOKE.

The most thoroughly disciplined, as well as bitterest school, is the school of Experience. There are no short cuts through the vast fields of knowledge, no short terms and long vacations, no high sounding diplomas conferring pretentious degrees and titles as rewards for a few years of superficial skimming. What Experience teaches, she teaches thoroughly, from the root up, with-

out the aid of crutches and text-books, but with many a sharp rap over the knuckles, during sessions that seem interminable, and that stretch through many sleepless nights and tear-dimmed days. When she prepares to teach, she does not stop at half measures. Like a well digger, bent on reaching an unfailing spring of water, she digs through mud and sand, drill through clay and stone, and digs and drills, again and again, through mud and clay and stone, until, finally, deep down, the crystal is reached, and the sparkling water bubbles up. When she graduates a pupil, she has every reason to be proud of him. He may be old, wrinkled, white—but he is wise. His head may be bowed low by the weight of years and the burden of sorrows, but his mind and heart are lifted high. He may know nothing of the science of laboratories, nothing of the philosophies of the schools, but he knows what the experiments of the text-books have never taught,—the practical science of right-doing, the sound philosophy of right-thinking, and right-feeling, even though he discovered these things too late,—but never too late in life to be of great value to him and to others.—Success.

As we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is

required. The flow of gay impetuous spirits begins to subside; life gradually assumes a graver cast; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest; that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent and measured by a larger scale. Formerly the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention; now no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, and now coveted more than any single pleasure; prudence and foresight lay their plan; industry carries on its patient efforts, activity pushes forward; here an enemy is to be overcome, there a rival to be displaced; competition warms, and the strife of the world thickens on every side.—Selected

If you were to ride a donkey what fruit would you resemble.

Answer.—A pair.

For Sale—House in good neighborhood, by an invalid lady three stories high and heated by a furnace.

What did the deacon say when you sent him those brandied peaches.

He said he did not care so much for the peaches as he did for the spirit in which they were sent.—Ex.



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VOL. II.

June, 1905.

No. 9.

 **EDITORIAL** 

This number closes the present volume of THE QUAKER. We believe the present staff have carried THE QUAKER through the hardships, which usually befall a school paper in its infancy, and with a sigh consign this paper over to our successors, who will be chosen this fall by the student body.

The lateness of this issue is due

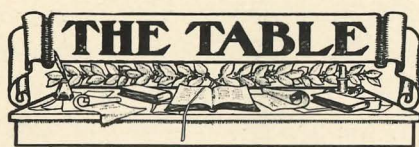
to not receiving our half-tones in time, the first photographs having been lost in the mail, and necessitating the sending of a second group of pictures.

For the first time THE QUAKER enjoys the privileges of second class mail matter, having our rates before going to press.

In closing we wish to thank our advertisers and students for the support which they have given us this year.

We are also greatly indebted to George Satterfield for this month's cover design and cut which he presented to us.

It has not been long since George left High School. Soon after leaving school he went west and located in Denver, where, after a few month's work on Progress, a monthly magazine, he entered the employ of the Williamson-Haffner Engraving Co. Here he remained until last winter when he removed to Cleveland and entered the employ of the Central Engraving Co. where is at present located. This month's cover is a fine specimen of his workmanship, and we are led to expect greater achievements from our former class mate along his chosen work.



"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," responded someone in the audience.

Teacher—Now, Johnnie, in how many states is water found?

Johnnie — Forty-five states and four territories.

Generally speaking women are—
Yes they are.

Are what?

Generally speaking.

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic,
He's been laid up for a week,
They say, with painter's colic.

If 32 degress above zero is freez-
ing point what is the squeezing tem-
perature?

Answer—Two in the shade.

Professor (shaking pupil by the
collar)—Sir, I believe Satan has got
hold of you.

Pupil(panting)—I believe he has.

Who is the father of corn?

Why, popcorn, of course.

Sop.—I thought you finished alge-
bra last year.

Junior—I did, but the faculty en-
cored me.

Teacher—What three words are
used most commonly by scholars?

Harry—I don't know.

Teacher—That's correct.

Teacher—Fighting again. Willie
Didn't I tell you to stop and count
100 whenever you were angry?

Willie—But it didn't do any good.
Look what the Jones boy did while
I counted!

Wimbleton—Hello, old man, have
you taught your dog any new tricks?

Quimbleton—Yes, I've been teach-
ing him to eat out of my hand. He
ate a big piece out of it yesterday.

Pat and Mike had gone to bed

Pat—Mike, are you awake?

Mike—Yes.

Pat will yis lend me a dollar?

Mike—Aw, O'im schlapin' now.

Early to bed and early to rise
does very well for sick folks and
guys, but it makes one miss all the
fun till he dies, and joins the stiff's
that have gone to the skies, go to
bed when you please, and lie at your
ease; you'll die just the same with
some Latin disease.

"Do I bore you?" asked the mos-
quito, politely, as he sunk a half inch
shaft into the man's leg.

"Not at all," replied the man,
squashing him with a book. "How
do I strike you."

**WE'LL SUIT
THE BOY**

and do it well for
\$5.00, 7.50 & 10.00
If you try to do it for
less you'll have to do
it twice and that's ex-
pensive. Boy's
clothing made our
way is bound to wear
longer than stuff just
tacked together to
sell

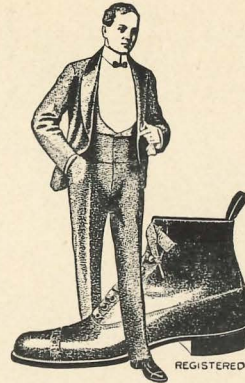
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