

# THE QUAKER.

VOL. III

JUNE, '06

No. 7.



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Salem High School  
Salem, Ohio.

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“Hayes” for Linens.”

## SHIRT WAIST DRESSES

“Waldorf” make. A gown ready for immediate use.  
Saves worrying about the Dressmaker.  
Built as good. Has as much style. Fit all right.

## Shirt Waists.

ALBERT HAYES,

Main and Lundy Sts.,

SALEM, OHIO.

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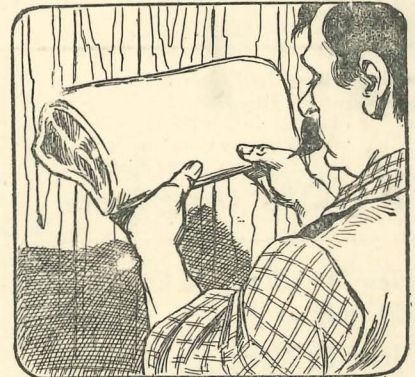
of Salem, 13 kinds, superior quality, 2 for 5c.

### *Souvenir Letters.*

Eight views of Salem, 10c,  
Souvenir History, 50c.  
Centennial Magazine, 25 & 50c  
Badges, 10 & 25c  
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### Headquarters for Meats



Meat-eaters, who are over-particular in their choice of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Pork and Poultry, are invited to come and examine our Meats. It is the critical that we cater to—those who always insist on cuts of the best qualities. We handle only the freshest Meats, city dressed, and we guarantee it to be tender and of fine eating quality. Our prices are by no means as high as the quality either.

MEAD & LEVAN.



# We're Always Ahead

This store always has the best. We aim to lead and let others do the following. There isn't a detail of a Young Man's dress that isn't provided for here.

Lots of stores can say that but who else can

## Provide as Well?

A young man owes it to himself to get the best Clothes obtainable. He pays his judgement a compliment when he gets a well made, well fitting Suit of Clothes.

He buys because he knows what he is buying. He exercises judgement, he practices economy. What he pays for good quality and good workmanship is more than doubled in the return of service and satisfaction. This all urges for the superiority of

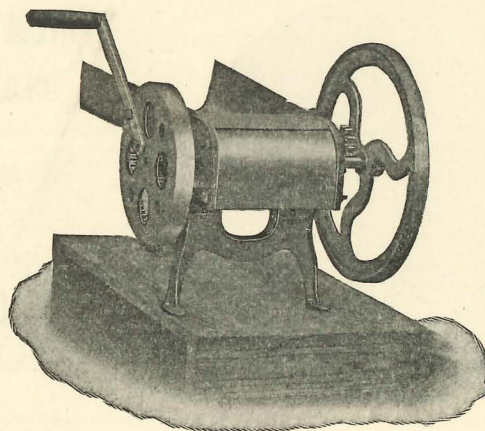
## Our Excellent Clothing.

It's the best cut, best made, best quality Ready to Wear Clothing that Americans are capable of producing. We are ready to serve you.

**SMITH & ECKSTEIN.**

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## SILVER'S CLOVER CUTTER.



PRICE \$5.50

## PRACTICAL. DURABLE. INEXPENSIVE.

Will cut a bushel of clover in 10 minutes, ample capacity for flocks of 500 or more birds. Send for circular and sample of cut alfalfa.

**The Silver Mfg. Co.**

**SALEM, OHIO.**



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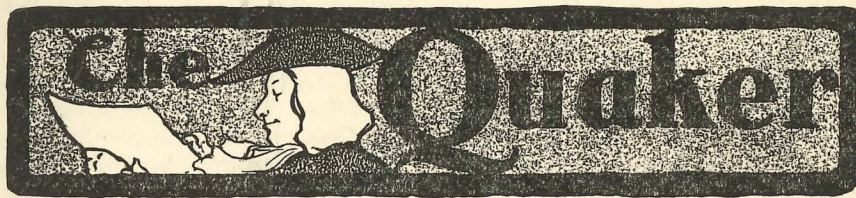
**CUTTER.**



**INEXPENSIVE.**

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## The Valedictorian.

The Valedictorian was drawing his oration to a close and the audience which had gathered to hear the commencement exercises of the Richland high school graduating class sat in almost breathless attention, so tense and earnest were the words of the speaker. Not alone was the theme of the Valedictorian a strong one, but his manner of address was such as held the audience while his words seemed to bore their way into the minds of his hearers.

The life of the Valedictorian, too, was closely interwoven with the people of Richland for he had been born and reared there and had struggled against adversity with such an indomitable courage that he had gained the friendship and admiration of all who knew him. While he was a mere lad, scarcely entering his teens, financial reverses had come to his once prosperous parents, the father had been unable to withstand the shock and then two years later the frail little mother, and the boy had

sat dry-eyed on the door step while the hearse bore away the wasted form of her who had tried in vain to battle against life's bitterness.

That evening friends had found him there on the doorstep, no tears upon his cheeks, too numb to realize that he was utterly alone in the world. But the friends had cared for him and his pluck and nerve had kept him from brooding over his sorrow and time served to heal the wounds and wipe the tears from his heart. Determined to never yield to this adversity which fate seemed to have set against him the lad worked and struggled and had gained his education in spite of all, and commencement night had marked his triumph as he stood there before his listeners carrying them with his words.

As he came a step nearer the front of the stage and lifted his arm, commanding a silence even more marked, the crowd was all obedience, a silence even greater than before settling upon it.



"Relentless in our fight for what we deem is right, let us in these trying moments be resigned to the will of God. Stern in our denouncement of what we deem is wrong, let us ever be ready to soften the tears of the less fortunate. Standing ever alert to raise our hands and might against the forces of evil, be willing and ready to reach down to meet the grasp of those of our humanity who may have weakened in the fight and have fallen. Strong and tender; stern, yet yielding when necessary and with a love for all humanity and all life."

With the closing words of his address the Valedictorian stepped back to his place with the other graduates and sat with bowed head while the good minister of the town pronounced the benediction and sent the young lives out into the world with his blessing and the invocation of God's.

Congratulations and hearty hand grasps followed the evening's program, the Valedictorian receiving the lion's share of attention both because of the position which he held among his classmates and because of his gallant victory in an uneven fight.

From his graduation from the high school the Valedictorian worked through college and then went out into the world, the good people of Richland losing all sight of him and gradually, as is ever the way of the world, all interest in the son of whom she had once been so proud. But if Richland was losing sight of her son, the son was doing the same by his mother town.

From college he entered the active world of work and with

the same pluck and nerve he had displayed when but a lad, the Valedictorian gradually began his ascent, rung after rung of the ladder of success being reached, surmounted and left behind in his determined fight for fame and fortune. Gradually, too, he began to forget the precepts of his maiden oration and his ideas of right and wrong became more elastic, stretching to suit the occasion. True, the church still held him, counting him one of her influential members and as the world prospered him, he gave larger and larger contributions, in this seeming to retain his early ideas. No need now to resign himself to the bitter things of life, because there was none. Wealth came to him and with it its nearest kin—power. And with the coming of the latter he forgot that there were ever the tears of the less fortunate to soften and he gazed with sightless eyes at those who had fallen in the mad chase for wealth, the riches of money. Strong, but never tender; stern but never yielding and with a forgetfulness of all humanity which was in direct contradiction of his words on that night when he stood as Valedictorian and held the audience with his words.

And so he lived. Grinding the poorer ones with his iron heel of oppression, demanding all that was due him, yet never overstepping the bounds of business honesty, he was enabled to keep his place in the ranks of the respectable.

But there came a day when the hair began to silver at the temples and the eyes to wrinkle at the corners, a weakening of this man of apparent iron who had ris-



the pluck and nerve he had had when but a lad, the Valedictorian gradually began his struggle after rung of the ladder—success being reached, he was left behind in his mad fight for fame and fortune. Gradually, too, he began to forget the precepts of his education and his ideas of right and wrong became more and more stretching to suit the occasion. True, the church still counted him one of its influential members and as he prospered, he gave larger contributions, seeming to retain his early vigor. No need now to resign to the bitter things of life, for there was none. Power came to him and with it the best kin—power. And the coming of the latter he thought that there were ever the less fortunate to whom he gazed with sightless eyes, those who had fallen in the chase for wealth, the money. Strong, but tender; stern but never harsh and with a forgetfulness of humanity which was in direct contradiction of his words the night when he stood as Valedictorian and held the audience with his words. So he lived. Grinding the stones with his iron heel of power, demanding all that he could of him, yet never overstepping the bounds of business honor—was enabled to keep his place in the ranks of the re-

There came a day when the man to silver at the temple, the eyes to wrinkle at the corners, a weakening of this apparent iron who had ris-

en from the ranks; a self made man, proud of his maker. Never having married, partially for the reason that he was always too busy with the world of industry and had no time to meddle with the mere sentiment of life, he lived alone in his splendid apartments far down in town, and here as the days went by and he began to realize more plainly with their going that he was losing his power in the world, he experienced for the first time in long years, probably in his whole life, the little pangs of remorse which would come to him in the evening hours of his lonesomeness.

Brooding over these remorseful feelings he became listless and began to lose interest in the goings on of the outside world. His business interests became entangled and one day the crash came and when the clouds cleared he found himself well nigh penniless. With this last blow came the full realization of his past life and real uselessness of it all, and the

man who had in his first fevered address urged his friends and all to forget pomp and pride, knew then how frail is man and how weak his determination, how vain his words.

So, broken in power and spirit, humbled in pride and position, the First Man or his Class went out from the city where he had gained his way, leaving behind no sorrowing friends and only the shattered shell of his fortune.

And on the doorstep of his early home, which he had later purchased with the last remaining portion of his once almost magnificent fortune, the Valedictorian sits through the days, his eyes turned towards the hills at the foot of which rests that quiet form stilled now and forever at rest. There is resignation now a plenty and there is none to whom he may reach down his hand in sympathy. Perhaps now he would extend that sympathy were there any to whom he might.

'07.

## His Desire.

The crimson glow of the setting sun fell softly on the surging crowd of spectators that packed the huge grandstand and filled every inch of available fence space along both sides of the track. In front of the judges stand, four youthful figures clad in running suits, were toeing the white line which stretched across the entire width of the dry, dusty track. Behind them stood the starter, his body bent forward as he gave his final directions to the four motionless figures before him. 'Twas a beautiful sight, this pic-

turesque scene, over which the shadows of the fast approaching night spread their darkening hues, the host of spectators bedecked with the colors of their respective schools; here and there a bare-headed figure in a bright colored bath robe; the hurrying attendants; the multitude of moving pennants, flashing back and forth in the bright light; the broad yellow track encircling the level athletic field; the shadowy cluster of college buildings in the distance; and lastly the picturesque pose of the five figures on the track in



front of the grand stand. The four runners, clad in their white running trunks and bright colored jerseys, standing motionless beside one another, and the starter, just behind them, holding a small shining revolver high above his head, added the finishing touch to the beautiful sunset scene.

Excitement ran high, for on the outcome of this last event, the half-mile run, hung victory or defeat for Hilton Academy in her annual field meet with Mercersburg Military School on the athletic field of Hilton. Hilton's last hope was centered on the two figures standing beside one another on the inside of the track, and who wore her small, black "H" on their crimson jerseys. One of these two young athletes was a tall, light haired youth of slender build and seemingly nervous temperament. The first glance gave one the impression that he possessed great speed and endurance, and that impression was perfectly correct, for Crafton held the Hilton half-mile record, and had held it, for three years past. The other Hilton man, a dark haired youth of medium height and build, showed himself to be strikingly handsome as the fading light of the dying day brought his clear cut features into a strong relief. His sinewy body, with its well developed muscles and broad shoulders, gave evidence of an extensive muscular ability and carried with it the fact that this youth belonged to that favorite type of the American college athlete. Bob Remington was a Junior at Hilton and had risen from the obscurity of an unpromising Freshman to the position of the best half-back that Hilton coaches

had ever developed from raw material. His almost perfect muscular development, his quickness of foot, and most prominent of all, his undying nerve, had been the fundamental causes of his gridiron success. Yet, so far, they had seemed of little use to him in his track career. For three years he had doggedly stuck to the dull, hard training of the distance men, in an endeavor to win for himself a name, in track work, equal to that of his foot-ball career. His choice had been the half-mile run, but had attained for him, thus far, no success better than a mere second in the event the previous year. This year he had determined, if possible, to win this fatiguing distance run in which muscle, nerve and endurance are the essential factors and thus bring his longing desire for a name in the school track heroes, to a final fulfillment.

In the preliminary meet, for the purpose of choosing the two men in each event who should represent Hilton in her meet with Mercersburg, Remington had finished a close second to the veteran Crafton, and, consequently, had well founded hopes that he could beat Crafton in the race with Mercersburg, and perhaps, even win the contest. But the fatal blow to his one hope and great desire, came on the very day of the meet, just as he was passing out from under the grandstand on his way to the track. Ridgeway, captain of the Hilton team, called him to one side and, as kindly as possible, told him that he had better set an exceptionally fast pace the first quarter and then let Crafton win over their tired and necessarily



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exhausted opponents. All Hil-  
ton, as Remington knew, based  
their chance for victory on Craf-  
ton, and as customary, had no  
doubt as to his ability to fulfill  
their expectations. Yet it was a  
well-known fact that he had a  
worthy antagonist in Hurley, the  
crack half miler of Mercersburg.  
Owing to this universal knowl-  
edge of Hurley's ability, the  
coach and captain of Hilton had  
arranged a little game of what  
horsemen call "Jockeying." It  
was their plan to have Remington  
set a killing pace from the start  
and keep it up for the first quar-  
ter mile, and in this manner, en-  
deavor to entice Hurley, the Mer-  
cersburg star, to follow him.  
Crafton was to trail behind until  
the quarter pole was reached, and  
was then to slowly increase his  
speed until he passed Hurley, who  
would necessarily be unable to  
keep up to him on the final sprint  
after running the first part of the  
race at so fast a pace. It was  
an old game, and, in most cases  
had proven a wise course to fol-  
low where the outcome was  
doubtful, and the result so im-  
portant, and this was certainly an  
important result.

Down on the track the four fig-  
ures suddenly bent forward; in-  
stantly, silence fell on the eager,  
surging crowd. At the word  
"Sit" four white arms went for-  
ward, bringing the four bodies to  
an attitude of extreme tension;  
there was a pause, then a sharp  
report; and the four lithe figures,  
toeing the narrow white tape, shot  
forward as if one, into an easy,  
even stride of perfect regularity.  
Remington took the lead as he  
had been instructed to do, while  
at his elbow, ran Brown, Mercers-

burg's secondary man. Several  
yards in the rear Hurley and Craf-  
ton ran abreast, each endeavoring  
to entice the other to take the  
lead. At the first turn Reming-  
ton glanced around. Brown was  
close on his heels, while Hurley  
had advanced ahead of Crafton,  
and was just back of his asso-  
ciate, Brown; Crafton was about  
eight yards to the rear, running  
easily in his customary stride, and  
it was evident that the game was  
working. Remington slowly be-  
gan to quicken his strides and in-  
crease the pace. At the quarter  
pole he glanced back again; the  
distance between him and Brown  
was now about ten yards while  
Hurley was still farther back. Had  
Brown and Hurley recognized the  
fact that he was going exceed-  
ingly fast and undoubtedly could not  
keep it up? What should he do?  
They did not seem to be following  
him as he had expected they  
would, but nevertheless his or-  
ders had been to run his fastest  
the first part of the race and  
decision was made on the thought  
that he would run his fastest, un-  
til they passed him, though in so  
doing he threw, supposedly, all  
chances of winning himself, to  
the winds. They were nearing  
the last turn around. The only  
thing that broke the deathlike  
silence was the quick, regular  
thud of the spiked shoes, and the  
labored breathing of the four run-  
ners. At the two-twenty pole,  
Remington again dared to glance  
over his shoulder. It was only  
for an instant, but in that quick  
glance, he beheld Hurley not  
five yards from him and owing  
to the bend of the track, ob-  
scuring the view of the other two  
runners, Brown of Mercersburg,



and Crafton. Where was Crafton? It was time he was closing up and taking the lead. Had some accident befallen him? Had he turned that ankle which had been troubling him all spring? A thousand and one disasters that might have happened flashed through Remington's mind. What could he do? His part of the race was over and had left him in no condition to run the remainder of the distance. His breath was coming in pants, his head ached terribly, while his feet seemed to have iron weights holding them down. But the nerve and quick decision which had characterized his football playing, came into play here. He determined at once to win that race. When Bob Remington made up his mind that he would and could do a thing, he generally accomplished his end.

They had turned onto the final stretch now and the runner behind was coming closer, he could feel his very presence without looking around. Yet there seemed to be two runners together from the sound of their feet which were plainly audible between the loud thumps of his own heart. He dared not look around now for he needed every atom of energy which he possessed, for the task before him. Was it Brown or Crafton? But no, it couldn't be Crafton for they were receding again and as the 100 yard mark flashed by and the last desperate struggle was on, only the thud, thud, of one close persuer, came to the straining ears of the well nigh exhausted Remington. They were coming closer and closer, they were at his side and he knew that his persuer was ahead of him.

Remington tried to sprint, but it seemed to him that his tired and aching muscles refused to respond. The track seemed to rise up to meet his pounding feet, and the yelling of the frenzied crowd seemed as if in the distance instead of directly before him.

The last red tip of the glowing sun, just visible above the darkening row of college buildings threw its fading light over the animated scene. The hugh crowd of spectators, who a few minutes before, had been extremely silent, were now yelling themselves hoarse; pennants and hats were being wildly thrown into the air by seemingly frantic owners; the whole scene was one of the wildest excitement with all attention centered on the dramatic happenings taking place on the track. Between the rows of spectators still filling the fence on both sides, four lithe figures clad in running suits were speeding on toward the narrow white tape which stretched across the track a yard and a half from the dry, yellow dust underneath. On, and on they came, with heads thrown back and faces set. A handsome dark haired youth wearing a crimson jersey, was slightly in advance of a tall, fair youth also wearing a bright red sleeveless. Close behind them labored two other figures in red and white jerseys. On, and on they came, seemingly at a slow pace, but from the agonized expression upon the faces of the two leaders it was evident that they were exerting their last strength, in the desperate effort for supremacy. The dark haired youth still led by a narrow margin and it seemed to overjoy the crowd for it was yelling itself hoarse in a



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fruitless endeavor to make him in- crease his speed. But on they came almost side by side, those two crimson clad runners, as if they were fixed in their positions. The coveted tape was but a few yards away when with a last final effort the leading runner lunged himself forward and struck the tape, but a foot in front of his ad- versary. Cheer upon cheer rent the air; over the barriers surged the frantic crowd; men embraced each other; dignified young ladies jumped up and down in their ex- citement; hats; pennants and canes were sent flying in the air; in fact the whole vast crowd seemed beside themselves for joy; but no, not all, for over in one cor- ner of the grandstand appeared sullen, downcast faces who seem- ed not in favor of the wild demon- strations of the rest of the spec- tators. Large red and white penants were being quietly fold- ed up by their disappointed own- ers, meaning that once more Hil- ton had defeated Mercersburg Military school in their annual field and track meet. From the judges stand a large muscular looking man was shouting some- thing through a huge megaphone. Instantly the tumult ceased. "Remington of Hilton wins the half mile run," rang out across the track and was greeted by a

prolonged cheer. "Crafton of Hilton second and Hurley of Mer- cersburg third." Again the speak- er from above was drowned in the uproarious approval of the crowd below, which now filled the track to its fartherest fences. Silence again reigned supreme when, through the megaphone, came the next announcement. "Rem- ington broke the Hilton half mile record by three seconds, his time being two minutes, seven and three-fifths seconds."

It was a full moment before the greatness of the feat just accom- plished was realized by the crowd present, but ere the last echoes had resounded in the still even- ing air, a wild cheer forming it- self into a distince school yell, was carried up and far away to the distant college buildings.

"Hooray! Hooray! Sis Boom Bah!

Hilton and Remington, Rah! Rah! Rah!" chanted the crowd in its appreciation of the deed.

Thus had Bob Remington's de- sire for a name in the track his- tory of his school been fulfilled though in a wholly unexpected manner, for he had not only won the race and broken the record, but the man who had forced him to it was none other than Hil- ton's star runner, Crafton.

'07.

#### PICNIC.

The annual High School picnic was held at Shelton's Grove, on Friday, June 1, where it has been held almost every time.

The day was rainy but the rain did not dampen the spirits of

the picnickers in the least, al- though nearly everyone received a good ducking. The trip was made in large picnic wagons, each class having its own wagons.

Boating was the principal at- traction as Shelton's is a fine place for boating and he has such a fine



assortment of wooden tubs which he rents. A few people who were out in the heavy rain storm had a swim and boat ride at the same time.

Shortly after dinner a baseball game was played between the Juniors and Freshmen on one side and the Seniors and Sophomores on the other. Only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  innings were played and the score stood 1 to 1. The tie should be played off at some future date.

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### OUR GRADUATES.

As the end of our present school year has been brought to a close, it means that twenty-one of our members necessarily must leave us on account of graduation to seek broader fields of knowledge. Certainly the time spent here has been very profitable to all as our High School ranks among the best in the state, and all are now well prepared to enter college and do credit to themselves as well as reflecting much credit on the Salem High School and its instructors.

It is true that there has been many trials and vexations since the class of 1906 were Freshmen, but every obstacle has been met and conquered with a real determination which has established itself as a characteristic of the class.

The one valuable accomplishment of the class is that they can see and recognize the fact that their education is not complete, as almost everyone has decided to enter college next fall.

The class has made an excellent record for itself, whose history will be hard to be equaled by

any class. It was a Senior that won honors at Lisbon in the oratorical contest and they have won the Preliminary field meet for three consecutive years.

The individual honors were won by Martha Grace Richards, with Alice Clark a close second. These two delivered the orations at the commencement exercises which were held on Thursday evening, June 14th. The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered to the class on Sunday evening, June 10, by Rev. C. L. Smith.

The following is a list of the graduates and their thesis:

Robert B. Anderson, Effect of Grecian Mythology; Anna Campbell, American Citizenship; Elizabeth Carey, Monasticism; Estelle E. Chamberlain, The American Girl; Alice Clark, In the Name of Liberty; E. Wadsworth Cooke, Birds and Agriculture; Helen E. Cope, Minorities: Their Power; Eleanor Courtney, Nature: The Source of Art; Wilde Edith Davis, Growth of Constitutional Power; Ralph W. Hawley, The Russo-Japanese War; Frederick L. Hole, Olympic Games: Ancient and Modern; Eva H. Marburger, America or Opportunity; Bernice Nathan Platt, Thomas Jefferson; Jessie Theodora Richards, Anglo-Saxon Supremacy; Lola Richards, Beneficial Bacteria; Royal L. Schi'ler, Civilizations of North and South; Rebecca J. Silver, Japanese Customs; Bessie M. Simpson, The Colored Girl; R. Kersey Thomas, Railroads and the West; Tamar B. Thumm, Development of the Drama.



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minorities: Their Power;  
Courtney, Nature: The  
of Art; Wilde Edith Da-  
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d the West; Tamar B.  
Development of the



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## EDITOR

John Mead.

## LOCAL EDITORS

Jessie Richards, '06,

Marguerite Barckhoff, '07,

Merlin Gressly, '08,

Wm. McConnell, '09,

## DEBATING CLUB EDITOR

Elsie Lister.

## EXCHANGE EDITOR

Alice Clark.

## ATHLETICS

Lindsey Teegarden.

## SOCIAL EDITOR

Rebecca Silver.

## ALUMNI EDITOR

Martha Holmes.

## BUSINESS MANAGERS

Frederick Hole,

Fritz Mullins.

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at the Post-office at Salem, Ohio, under the act  
of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. III. JUNE, 1906. No. 7.



The "Commencement" number  
is the last edition that will be  
published this school year. The  
"Quaker" has proved a success  
and has exceeded any of the pre-  
vious years in respect to the qual-

ity of the material published and  
the general appearance and make-  
up of it.

Its publication is an enterprise  
that is certainly a benefit to our  
"School." Our Alumni can find  
out how things are progressing  
and changing since they severed  
their connection with it. They  
can read of all the intellectual and  
athletic abilities of the "Old  
School" of which they are proud  
to refer. They are interested  
just as much now in all our suc-  
cesses as they were when they  
were members of the several  
teams. The "Quaker" is the  
transmitter by means of which  
they are enabled to learn of all  
these things.

Our exchanges tell us how other  
schools are advancing, but if we  
did not have a paper to exchange,  
they would soon grow tired of  
sending their own to us.

Without an exception everyone  
on the staff has done his part well  
and faithful. Our one hope is  
that the work will be continued  
next year with twice as much am-  
bition and interest. We enlarged  
the paper to twice its former size  
this year and put it on an equal  
basis with other High School  
papers. Keep up its reputation  
next year.

We wish to thank our advertis-  
ers for the hearty support which  
they have given us. Readers,  
kindly favor us by patronizing  
them. Always read the ads.

One of the things of interest that  
will be shown at the Centennial  
this month is the old flag that

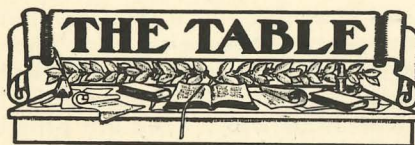


tries to wave above the school building. It has been in use or it looks as though it has, since 1806.

"Didn't I tell you that Bill was too slow to live?"

"Why, what's he bin an' done now?"

"He's gone and got run over by a hearse."



May the Exchange Editor of '07 at the end of his year's labor be spared such side comments as this:

"The Quaker (Salem, O.) is still deficient in the Exchange department, otherwise yours is a good paper."

"Did you succeed in raising anything on your promise to pay?"

"Oh, yes; I succeeded in raising a smile."

Ca'ler—"You appear to be very fond of your little playmate. It is pleasant to see such love among children."

The Bigger One—"Yes'm; he's got er pennny to spend."

#### Clippings From Exchanges.

Once a Freshman was washed on the African coast

Where a cannibal monarch held sway

And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast

On the eve of that very same day.

But a direful vegeance came swift on their act,

And before the next morning was seen,

By the cholera morbus that tribe was attacked

For the Freshman was terribly green.

Absent Minded—"Is your wife entertaining this evening?"

"No, not very."

Mrs. Talkative—"Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."

Henry—"Pardon me for interrupting you."

Carl S.—(Reciting English)—  
"The man lost his temper because the climate was too hot; such a man should —er—er—

Teacher—"Should go north."

Tommy—"Yessum; I gave him brother the best part of the apple, as I told you?"

"Tommy, did you give your .he seeds. He can plant 'em, and have a whole orchard."—Ex.

"May I see you home?" inquired the bore.

"Certainly," said the heartless young lady. "Here's a pair of field glasses."



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to live?"  
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y. "Here's a pair of  
es."

Small Boy—"Auntie, did God  
make both you and me?"  
Auntie—"Yes, dear."  
Small Boy—"He's doing better  
work than he used to, isn't he  
Auntie?"

Woman—"Now, if you don't  
leave at once I'll call my husband  
—and he's an old Harvard foot-  
ball player."

Tramp—"Lady, if yer love him  
don't call him out. I used to play  
wid Yale."

"What's in here?" asked the  
tourist.

"Remains to be seen," respon-  
ded the guide as he led the way  
into the morgue.

Willie—"Pa, are you still grow-  
ing?"

Pa—"Why, no, what makes  
you think so?"

Willie—"The top of your head  
is growing through your hair."

"Fishing through the ice, are  
you, sonny?"

"Naw! I'm fishin' troo dis hole  
in de ice. Can't yer see?"

Newsboy (Excitedly)—"Paper!  
Extra! Ali about the terrible fire.  
Two thousand kids burned up."

Old Gentleman—"Here's a  
nick, boy! Where was the fire?"

Newsboy—"In a glove factory."  
Collapse of gentleman.

"I love its gentle warble,  
And I love its gentle flow,

I love to wind my tongue up  
And I love to hear it go."

Butcher—"Come John, be live-  
ly; break the bones in Mr. Jones'  
chops and put Mrs Smith's ribs  
in the basket for her."

John (briskly)—"All right,  
Just as soon as I have sawed Mr.  
Murphy's leg off."

All things may come  
To those who wait,  
But when they do  
There're out of date.

## CLASS POEM.

Dear teachers, friends and school-  
mates too,  
We soon will bid you all adieu;  
We had no faults and much less  
tricks,  
The Senior class of nineteen six.

It's sad that we must bid adieu,  
To friends so faithful and so true;  
Yet in the future, we'll look back  
Upon the gorgeous red and black.  
Our history and our glorious past,  
By others could not be surpassed;  
Of course we know you think as  
we,  
In fact no other thoughts could  
be.

Indeed this class was very bright,  
And now appears a shining light;  
But for this honor we have work-  
ed,  
And never have a duty shirked.

All work we gladly undertook,  
It mattered not the kind of book  
Assigned by our instructors kind,  
To broaden a receptive mind.



With grateful hearts our thoughts  
will turn  
To those who tried to have us  
learn;  
They helped us on from arch to  
arch,  
To gain a place in life's grand  
march.

No more upon the cinder track  
We'll wear the colors, red and  
black;  
Yet in our hearts they'll still be  
dear,  
Because of pleasures had while  
here.

It's hard to think that we must  
part,

It almost breaks our every heart;  
But we will often hear the bell,  
And hope that everything is well.

We're starting on the voyage of  
life,

A voyage of trouble and of strife;  
Through clouds or sunshine, wind  
or rain,

Some noble thoughts we'll try to  
gain.

So now adieu our schoolmates  
dear,

In memory you will all be near;

We wish you all a happy life,  
Free from struggle and from  
strife.

E. W. A. C. '06.

## Locals.

### FRESHMEN.

Tommy Mead quit school to  
learn the meat business. We all  
hope that Tommy will make a  
successful business man.

One of our lot has been chosen  
president of the Athletic asso-  
ciation for next year, and that  
was Paul Mead.

Griz has found a new geome-  
trical proposition; it is "square-  
scribing" the school building.

What attracts Hopper on High-  
land avenue? He has been seen  
going up that way a great many  
times.

Ask McConnell why he went out  
Lincoln avenue, without any hat,  
Friday evening, May 11?

The class of '09 wish to thank  
the instructors for working so  
hard this year to teach them  
something and they all believe  
they have spent a very profitable  
year.

As a whole the Freshmen have  
made a very good showing in this  
year's work, as they have held  
their class up through thick and  
thin. They tied the Juniors for  
basket ball championship and al-  
so tied the Juniors for second hon-  
ors in the field-meet. They  
were in every "scrap" and "row"  
that happened. In fact there  
have been few Freshmen classes  
that have kept the standard as  
high as theirs.

Ed Pope is sore because he had  
to pay 25c for a boat at Shelton's.  
He thinks they were a'l made for  
him.



**JUNIOR.**

The class in History III seem to get their genders terribly mixed. The other day Will A. said that James II was a daughter of Mary Queen of Scot; and Ruth G. said that he wished to marry his son to a French prince.

Elizabeth L. says that anyone who possesses 40 pounds of land has a right to vote.

Teegarden and Stirling informed us the other morning during English recitation that they were simple. An honest confession is good for the soul.

They say that Joe Ford is going to spend his summer vacation in Canton. Why?

N. B. See these popcorn shells.

**Athletics.****TRACK.**

On May 19, the third annual Columbiana County Field Meet was held at Lisbon under the most favorable conditions possible. For the past two years Salem High has been victor in this meet and with very little doubt she would again have taken highest honors had not her jealous rivals from the lower end of the county succeeded in barring Cooke, Schiller and Hole, three of our best track men. It is useless to discuss this old subject at this date but it is this lamentable fact that without doubt caused the defeat of the red and black team.

The meet was participated in by Lisbon, Wellsville, East Liverpool, East Palestine, Salineville, and Salem High Schools and was most exciting.

The first event of the day was the 220 yard hurdle which was run in three heats. Cooke, Salem's star hurdler, was refused entry in this race through the efforts and influence of Prof Lam-

bert of Lisbon over the judges who had agreed to allow him to run under a protest. Chisholm, of Salem, took third place in the first heat but failed to gain a place in the finals. Ford, Salem's other man, fell at the second or third hurdle and consequently lost all chances of winning a place.

The high jump which was the following event was won by Kyle, Salem's star jumper who cleared the bar at 15 ft. 2 in. without an effort.

Kyle and French were Salem's entries in the 100 yd. dash, the next event, but were unable to get a place in the final heat though the former took third in the first heat. The time of this heat was phenomenal, being run in the record breaking time of 10 1-5 sec.

In the shot put, Schiller, Salem's weight man was barred, therefore Salem failed to get a place although Chisholm did good work but was unable to contend with the record distance of 37 ft., 6 in. which won the event. In the mile run a surprise was sprung by Wellsville when her distance

E. W. A. C. '06.



man, Wyle, sprinted past Davis, Salem's miler, in the last 100 yds. and won the race in the killing time of five minutes flat. Two starters in this race fell fainting from exhaustion on the second lap though soon recovered and suffered no bad effect.

In the pole vault Salem was again crippled by the absence of Cooke, though Ford surprised everyone by his phenomenal vault of 9 ft., 2 in. This event was won by Duty of Wellsville with a vault of 9 ft., 7 in.

The 220-yd. dash was also run in the record breaking time of 23 3-5 sec., being won by Goodwin of Liverpool. There was much dissatisfaction in evidence when the results of this race were announced, giving third place to Wallover, of Liverpool, when it had been generally conceded to Mullins of Salem, who plainly crossed the line in front of Wallover, but it was the old game, anything to beat Salem. In the half mile run Salem's two men, Smith and Teegarden were made the victims of a clever game of "boxing" which was participated in by members of the other team, and consequently were unable to compete fairly. The race was won by Garner of Liverpool by means of a brilliant sprint past Wyle of Wellsville who took second. Smith and Teegarden were third and fourth respectively. The time of this race was also in the fast class being 2 min., 14 1-5 sec.

In the running broad jump Kyle and Gressley took second and third respectively and thereby making the hearts of the Salem-ites glad.

Salem's men failed to get a place in the standing broad jump

which was won by Carlisle of Lisbon. Had Schiller of Salem been allowed to show the crowd how to throw the hammer he would have opened their eyes but the crowd will have to score his non-appearance against Lambert again. The best throw was made by Wilson of Lisbon, but J. Mead of Salem, was a close second and moreover showed the best form of any of the contestants. Wilson threw the weight 112 ft., 3 in., while Mead touched her off for 107 ft. 3-10 in. without an effort. Only preliminaries were held in this event owing to the scarcity of time remaining.

Now for the one and grand event in which the red and black trailed the blue, white, orange, and black of the other schools in the dust. It was a grand sight indeed to see those maroon colored jerseys flash around the track as if in a streak of the mile relay. It was a shame indeed to treat the boys so meanly but then it was the desire of Salem's supporters to make her jealous rivals bite the hard, cold, terra firma and the four men, Kyle, Smith, Anderson and Mullins, who ran the race in the phenomenal time of 3 min., 45 2-5 sec., did the stunt with a vengeance, that sent the Salem yells and cheers up in one mighty volume, completely drowning the victorious yells of the Lisbon people. 'Twas this way. Kyle, who ran the first quarter of the race, did a most noble deed, beating the field out by 25 yards; Smith, the second man, sped around the track and started, Capt. Anderson 30 or 40 yds. ahead of his nearest competitor; Anderson, when he touched Mullins had gained 10 or 20 yds.



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making an entire lead of 60 yards;  
 then the fun began for Mullins  
 simply flew around the last quar-  
 ter and when he dashed against  
 the waiting tape was easily 75  
 yards winner. Then it was Sal-  
 em's turn to yell and she did it  
 with a will, for it was the grand-  
 est event of the day. A rather  
 amusing feature of the finish and  
 one which sent Salem's rivals up,  
 up, was the comical act of Mullins  
 after he had finished. As the  
 s'ender quarter miler was cross-  
 ing the tape an easy winner, he  
 turned and gave the Liverpool  
 man coming wearily up the track  
 an expression of the facial mus-  
 cles combined with a finger move-  
 ment which would not look well  
 photographed—rather mean, was  
 it not? The events with their  
 record ran the first three men who  
 took places are given below:

1. 220-yd. hurdles, 28 4-5 sec.;  
 1, Musser, Wellsville; 2, Hawkins  
 Liverpool; 3, Moore, Lisbon
2. High jump 5 ft., 2 in., 1,  
 Kyle, Salem; 2, Duty, Wellsville;  
 3, Wisden, Lisbon.
3. 100-yd. dash, 10 1-5 sec.;  
 Goodwin, Liverpool; 2, Hanley,  
 Lisbon; 3, Skirball, Palestine.
4. Shot put 37 ft., 6 in., 1, Car-  
 lisle, Lisbon; 2, McClain, Wells-  
 ville; 3, Wilson, Lisbon.
5. Mile run, 5 min., 1, Wyle,  
 Wellsville; 2, Davis, Salem; 3,  
 Arter, Lisbon.
6. Pole vault, 9 ft., 7 in., 1,  
 Duty, Wellsville; 2, Davidson,  
 Lisbon; 3, Wisden, Lisbon.
7. 220-yd. dash, 23 3-5 sec., 1,  
 Goodwin, Liverpool; 2, Hanley,  
 Lisbon; 3, Wallover, Liverpool.
8. Standing broad jump, 9-  
 3-5 ft., 1, Carlisle, Lisbon; 2, Wil-  
 coxon Wellsville; 3, Wisden, Lis-  
 bon.

9. Half mile run, 2 min., 14 2-5  
 sec., 1, Garner, Liverpool; 2,  
 Wyle, Wellsville; 3, Smith, Sal-  
 em.

10. Running broad jump, 18 ft.  
 4 in., 1, Carlisle, Lisbon; 2, Kyle,  
 Salem; 3, Gressley, Salem.

11. Hammer throw, 112 ft.,  
 3½ in., 1, Wilson, Lisbon; 2,  
 Mead, Salem; 3, McClain, Wells-  
 ville.

12. Mile relay, 3 min., 45 2-5  
 sec., 1, Salem High School; 2,  
 East Liverpool High School; 3,  
 Wellsville High School

The points as won by the six  
 schools competing are as fol-  
 lows: Lisbon, 39; Wellsville, 27;  
 Salem, 21; East Liverpool, 20;  
 East Palestine, 1; Salineville fail-  
 ed to get a point.

#### THE NORTHERN OHIO IN- TERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

On May 26, the track team of  
 the Salem High School covered  
 their school with glory and re-  
 nown. The meet was held under  
 the auspices of Oberlin college  
 and was most successful in every  
 respect.

The meet was won by Central  
 High of Cleveland with 18½  
 points to her credit. East High,  
 Cleveland took second place with  
 17½ points and South High  
 Cleveland, took third with 16  
 points. Salem secured fourth  
 place with 15 points. That Sal-  
 em's work was sensational is ev-  
 idenced by the fact that Davis in  
 the mile run broke the record for  
 High schools in Ohio, reducing  
 Saxton, the Toledo Central High  
 school miler's mark from 5 min-  
 utes to 4:56 thereby cutting off  
 four seconds from the record.  
 Davis' work was the feature of the



afternoon and the cheering was almost deafening when it was announced that he had made the mile in the time stated thus breaking the record.

Davis took the lead at the start and set such a killing pace that he was never passed. His many friends and admirers who were watching him closely had fears that he might not be able to hold out for the entire mile, but he turned into the stretch well in the lead of the other nine entries and finished strong amid the cheers of the excited multitude. Apparently Davis could have continued his run indefinitely, as he gave no evidence of distress or exhaustion.

The second event in which Old Salem won glory was in the 440 yard dash, which was won by Mullins after a pretty sprint in 55 3-5 seconds. The deed was a noble one and the royal supporters did not fail to show their appreciation.

The third event was the mile relay which was won by Salem after one of the closest contests ever witnessed here. Kyle ran the first quarter and did nobly and gained about five yards on his competitor. Mullins ran the second quarter and finished strong giving Hole who ran the third quarter a good start. But in the third quarter Hole encountered a Tartar, for a Central High man, by a most excellent sprint, succeeded in passing him, but Captain Anderson got away for the final lap. The race seemed to be over and to Central's credit, but such was not the case. The plucky Salem captain started after his man but it seemed almost hopeless, for at the 220 yard line Anderson was fully 25 yards be-

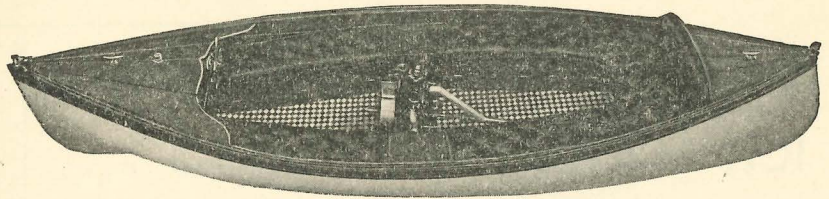
hind his man and it seemed almost impossible for him to overtake the Central man. Anderson however, was running strong and with that determined air that never acknowledges defeat and at the 100 yard mark passed his man and won with several yards to spare. The cheering was loud and long. The time of the race was 3:56 2-5.

The team representing the Lisbon High school, and which it has been claimed by some was the superior to the Salem team, fell woefully down, and it was demonstrated that when the meet was being conducted in a fair manner, that the county seat team would be no match for the Quaker City boys. True they won two firsts, Wilson taking the hammer throw and Carlisle tying in the broad jump, but in this event Salem did not have a man entered. Hanley took third in the 220 yard run, but he finished at least 25 yards behind the winners and Salem had no man entered in this contest, so no comparison could be made there. In the 220 yard hurdle, Davidson, Lisbon, took third, but again there was an unfortunate occurrence as Cook was disqualified, having jumped the wrong hurdle. He had taken second in the preliminary and stood a good chance of winning the event. Lisbon finished fifth, but only secured 11 points, four points to the bad of Salem while Salem came within 3½ of winning the contest.

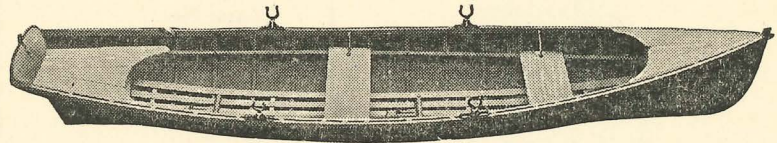
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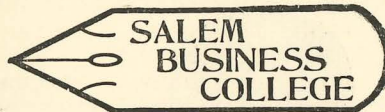


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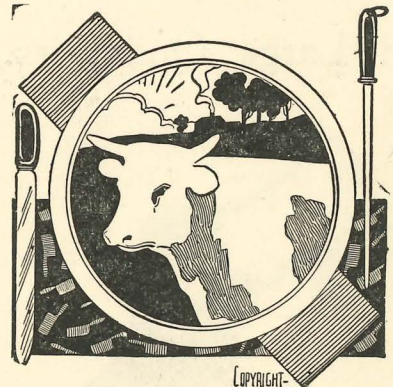
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C. M. WILSON.

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For the  
good old  
Sum mer  
days  
Straw  
Hats, Soft  
Shirts,  
Belts, Soft  
Collars,  
Knee  
Drawers  
at the  
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shop the  
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ATCHISON'S,

100 MAIN STREET.



# THINGS FOR SPRING.

Bracelets, Back Combs, the Newest Creations in Belt Pins and Shirt Waist Sets.

M. WILSON.



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Straw Hats, Soft Shirts, Belts, Soft Collars, Knee Drawers at the bright shop the right shop.

CHISON'S,  
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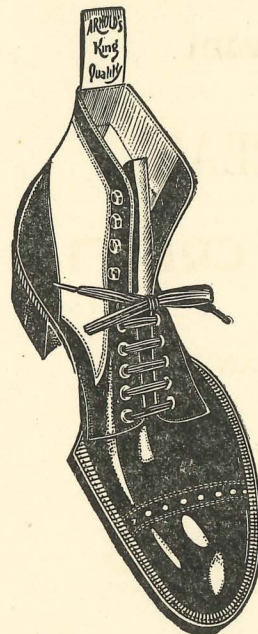
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**BRIAN COMPANY**  
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