

The Quaker

MARCH
1908

SALEM HIGH

VOL. IV

NUMBER TWO

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THE QUAKER

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"A LITTLE BETTER THAN
IS BARGAINED
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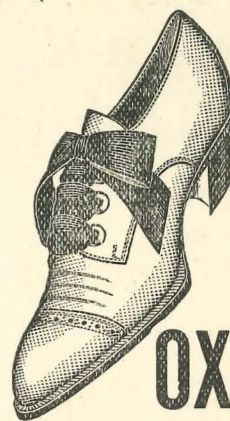
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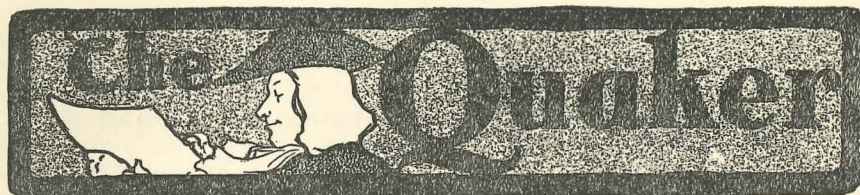
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W. LEASE



VOL IV.

MARCH.

NO. 2.

A LETTER.

[Written by Miss Richards from Berlin, Germany, in 1899]

MY DEAR SISTER:—

This has been a jubilant week. Monday there was a supper party at Prof. Brandl's and a very delightful party it turned out to be. Prof. Brandl himself is one of the most famous of Philologists you know; then there was Prof. Liebermann, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar; the Emanuel Schmidts, he is the author of the finest of German-English and English-German dictionaries, and she is just the quiet, sweet, comfortable sort of woman that a dictionary maker's wife should be. The others were just common people like myself who had good enough table manners to be invited places, and who made the right number of ladies and gentlemen.

Fortunately it was not a very late party, for Tuesday morning my friends, the B—s, went to Munich and I went with them as far as Wittenberg. It was delightfully warm and sunny and the trees and bushes were everywhere just bursting into leaf. Wittenberg seemed to be dozing in the spring sunshine; it is such a quiet, quaint little town. Of course we went to the Martin Luther house containing the class-rooms where he taught, and the two very plainly furnished rooms where "The Luthers" lived. The latter are preserved just as he left them, two hard chairs, a rude table, the tall, oft mentioned, tile store with its twelve disciples and little else. We saw Me-

janchton's house and Lucas Cranach's; we saw the two churches where Luther preached, the place where he burned the papal bull—in fact the town is so filled with memories of the great reformer. It was quite easy to translate myself into that stormy time sufficiently to feel a thrill as I read the famous theses that he placed upon the door of the "Schlosskirche."

We had dinner at a little restaurant where everything was decidedly "Deutsch." Here in Berlin everything is so cosmopolitan like Paris or London or even New York; but the little German towns, they are what I love! The landlord came up, shook hands, asked where we came from and where we were going—whether we were Americans, and whether we liked the town, and so forth and so on, until the waiter appeared with the dinner. Everything was served at once except the cake, which I noticed each guest fetched from the kitchen himself. When I went for mine the landlord looked a bit surprised but assured me I was very "liebenswundig" and supplied me plentifully—and what cakes they were! Great, round, light doughnuts with a lump of jelly inside. About forty women came in while we were there (it seems the women of Wittenberg always go out walking in the afternoon and drop in at a restaurant for coffee and cakes) and each one of those women ate three or four of those seven-inch in diameter cakes! I find however, to my relief, that these cakes are famous. "Wittenberg, O yes, Martin Luther and cakes," said Fraulein Katzken, when I

told her where I had been. It's a rather nice plan—don't you think?—the men of Wittenberg go to the tavern in the morning for gossip and beer, the women of Wittenberg go in the afternoon for gossip and coffee, with some industry thrown in, for each woman was knitting a gray stocking and her needles kept time with her tongue.

Well, the north bound train came and I had to leave Wittenberg just as it was hushing its little activities into stillness for the night. Natural enough that it should be a long time in making up the sleep it lost three or four centuries ago.

Lovingly Yours,
E. H. R.

TOO SUSPICIOUS.

Henry Crawford sat reading his paper one evening before dinner in a boarding house of a large New York town. He was a prosperous young merchant just embarking on the troublesome Sea of Matrimony.

"Mr. Clark, there was another robbery last night. The Johnson home was entered and the paper says about one thousand dollars worth of plate and jewels were taken," he said to a fellow boarder. "That makes the ninth robbery this week, doesn't it?" asked Mr. Clark. "I hope they will not come here. Although I am ready for them I would not like to tackle any of the gang that is working in this city now. The police are doing all they can to break it up but they have not succeeded as yet."

"They are not likely to come here, anyhow," said Mr. Crawford.

The subject was dropped then as they were called to dinner.

That night Mr. Crawford returned earlier than usual from seeing his fiancée and as he was very tired he immediately went to bed.

About one o'clock he was awakened by a sound in his room. It was raining

outside, and all he could hear was the rain beating against his windows. The talk about robbers had made a deep impression on him and he thought perhaps he was receiving a visit from some prowler. After listening for a while and hearing nothing, he was about to go to sleep again when he saw a flash of light on his dresser.

"I'm receiving a visitor after all, am I?" he said to himself. "Well, I will fix him," and was reaching for the pitcher which stood on a stand by his bed, to throw at the man, when he thought: "I am liable to miss him and break the looking glass and there is no use in that. I know what I will do! I'll jump out of bed, run into Mr. Clark's room, borrow one of his guns and be back here before the fellow gets away." So he jumped out of bed, threw open the door and dashed into Mr. Clark's room, grabbed the gun which he always kept loaded by his bed, and ran back to his own room; but it was empty. He ran out again and down the hall yelling "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice. At the end of the hall he found an open window and looking out he saw a ladder standing against the side of the house.

"That must be the way he escaped. I am sorry I did not get a crack at him with this gun. He wouldn't have robbed anybody else if I had."

The boarders had all been awakened by the noise and had collected in a white-robed crowd in the hallway, all asking questions as fast as they could talk. Mr. Crawford explained the situation to them, giving a graphic description of the robbery and his part in it.

"See how much you had taken," said the landlady. "I hope he didn't rob any one else."

Mr. Crawford went into his room expecting to find all valuables and money gone, but to his astonishment nothing had been disturbed. "He must not

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"I don't believe there was anybody
in your room but yourself," said the
landlady. "The ladder was left there
by the painters, and I left the window
open to let in more fresh air."

"But how do you account for the
light on my dresser?" asked Mr. Craw-
ford, who was positive there had been
a man in his room.

"That is easily explained," said the
landlady. "The roof leaks and I went
up into the garret to put a tub under
the hole to catch the water. As I
passed your door the light from my
lamp shone through the keyhole and
was reflected by your glass."

Testing this they found it to be so
and after a hearty laugh the boarders
returned to bed much relieved that the
robbery was no worse than a scare.

W. C. '11.

THE BLUE FLOWER.

The Blue Flower. What is it? All
mankind is searching for it, either
consciously or unconsciously. But we
borrow from the German of Novalis to
best illustrate our meaning. A young
boy fell asleep and dreamed that he was
wandering through lonely deserts, from
the dreary waste he finally came into
sunny fields. Here he suddenly saw a
strange, beautiful flower of celestial
blue. He gasped with ecstasy, and at-
tempted to pluck the flower. It drew
itself up, evaded him, and just as he
saw the full splendor of the center he
awoke and found himself in his own
little room. Thus we suffer, we strug-
gle, we reach to grasp, yet we never
obtain our flower—our ideal.

But what is this for which all man-
kind is struggling? To each human
being when quite young there comes a
desire to do something worth while,
and in that to find happiness. When
the young go to seek their fortune, to

do their work in the world, it is with
the certainty that they will attain their
Blue Flower, in other words, their ideal.

Ideals are real, definite things to
young persons, high above them, cer-
tainly, but real, a guiding hand to
fame and happiness, a flower to be
plucked by individual effort. But the
old person, worn out by long search-
sees his Blue Flower through dim eyes
and sighs—sought for, but never ob-
tained, disappointed, embittered, rarely
resigned and contented, does he see life
coming to an end. Unlike the clay is
the human race. The clay hoped and
prayed for years to be something grand
and beautiful. It was put through a
painful, disagreeable process, only to
find itself turned into a common, ugly
flower pot. The clay rejoiced, for in it
was planted a lily, more beautiful than
any in the greenhouse. The clay
wished to be something beautiful, in-
stead it *did* something noble, for it
helped something else.

Here is the secret of the Blue Flower.
Most men selfishly wish and struggle
for power and admiration. They pic-
ture the Blue Flower adorning them,
then when their life is ended, and the
Blue Flower is still out of reach, far-
ther away than ever, since they used
such base means to gain such a great
treasure, disappointment and unhappi-
ness comes. There are a few men, on
the other hand, who forget the search
for their ideal when they see another in
distress. They stop, give help, nor do
they pass on until happiness has taken
the place of distress. Still these un-
selfish men do not obtain their whole
flower, for it grows higher and fuller,
more beautiful. The thoughtful men
hope and help others, then die resigned
and happy; conscious that they could
have plucked their Blue Flower, if they
had wished it as they had pictured it
in their youth. But the peculiarity of
this flower is that it grows in height
and beauty as men's characters grow

and develop into all that is good and noble.

The Blue Flower is our aim, the possession of which is supreme happiness, it is merely a fancy conjured up in the imagination of an ambitious youth, a longing for upward striving.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

[Extract from a letter of Earl Wadsworth Cooke.]

On a snushiny day, Aldrich and I started for the Mountains to see the most famous battle field of the Civil War. It was a grand climb, with much of great interest on every side. As we could not begin to see it all in a day, we tried to see the most noted places. I walked over the place where was fought "The Battle above the Clouds" so famed in History. I picked up seven fine specimens of bullets, relics of forty-five years ago. These bullets are still quite numerous, but some people hunt for days and find nothing. This was not luck enough so I said to Aldrich, "let's go down into that wild rocky valley and see what we can find," never thinking we would run onto anything. But to my surprise we found an old rusty bayonet such as are sold in the curio store for five dollars. Before we left for the city we had found an old tin canteen and a mess plate, rusted and cracked, but nevertheless, very valuable.

The scenery from the top of Lookout Mountain is so beautiful, that words can never describe it. From the tower of Lookout Inn, I could see into seven different states, which were as follows, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and is a sight never to be forgotten. From this same point one can look down on the beautiful valley of the Tennessee River and watch its silvery waters wind in and out the hills for miles below.

Then again my point of view changes and I look down on the charming city of Chattanooga with its 85000 people, a city of grand industry and wealth. Now we slowly walk over to the incline Rail Road which carries people to and from the top of the Mountain, and watch the large cars full of spectators creep, as it were, slowly to the top. The incline is some 4700 feet long and at places near the top, the car is straight up and down, that is it looks that way, but in reality the steepest grade is just at the top being at an angle of 67°. The road bed for this incline was blasted out of the solid cliffs and thus affords a fine sight to anyone who has never seen the Mountains.

Now let us make a hasty tour of part of the mountain top. Here are found many palatial homes, chiefly of stone, owned by wealthy people of Chattanooga, going and coming from their business each morning and evening as the distance is comparatively small. A small street trolley line runs around the top and passes all the points of interest. This trip is made in about forty-five minutes and for the surprisingly small sum of ten cents, of course if one does not care for the trolley, he can find carriages of any description and guides at every turn. As one comes from the car at the top of the incline he is facing the famous Lookout Inn, a large stone Hotel, containing 350 guest rooms and a dining room seating 650 persons. This has become of late years quite a noted summer resort for the people of the South. A little further on you find a small Museum, containing all kinds of War relics including specimens of everything used in the famous Battle of Lookout Mt. and other adjoining places. It contains a table and chair used by Gen. Grant at his headquarters while at Orchard Knob. One can sit in the chair and write to his mother, friends and sweethearts for the small sum of ten cents.

I could go on and on and then would be loath to stop writing of the splendors of the mountain.

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WILLIAM McCONNELL '10	} Advertisements
RALPH LINN '11	

EDITORIAL

SPEECH ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

As February 22 was the birthday of George Washington, the "Father of his country," the High School students were called into the auditorium Friday, Feb. 21, for the purpose of recalling the memory of that famous man.

Prof. Stanton, after saying a few words regarding the life of Washington, introduced Rev. Mr. C. L. Smith, who gave a splendid address on "The Life of Washington." The following are a few of the many facts mentioned.

"As Washington's birthday came on Saturday this year it reminded the speaker of his boyhood days at school. How he wished that Washington's birthday would not come on Saturday, because then he would not have a holiday. Whether or not a holiday was given there should be a kind and good feeling toward the great man.

"Washington was born of a noble Norman family of England named the De Hertburn. These ancestors were

great warriors and came near being Crusaders. They held great power in the Church of England. As a result of the conquests of the Normans a change in the name was made. De Hertburn became Wessyngton at first but after a few years it was changed to Wassington, and still later it became Washington, as it is now used in the English language.

"The ancestors of Washington migrated to America in the early centuries and settled in Virginia. They lived near the Indians, and as Washington was born and raised in this locality, he lived much with the Indians and had great influence over them. George was the oldest child of the family. While he attended school he made many friends and he excelled the other students in athletics. The fact which might interest the students most is that Washington was always an admirer of the young ladies. He fell in love quickly and frequently, and wrote love-poems. Finally he fell deeply in love with a beautiful young widow named Martha Curtis, and married her in 1759.

Washington had many phases of

character with which we are not well acquainted. Although he was very tall, strongly built, honest and had great power to command, he had his faults. He was very skillful in deceiving the British, by writing false letters of his plans, and sending them so they should fall into the hands of the British officers.

The facts which make us better acquainted with Washington are those deeds which show his wonderful strength and fortitude. Although he was a very good and noble man, he did not consider himself better than the people with whom he associated.

Washington is known to the French nation as an assassin because while he was at Fort Pitt, they say he shot a young French general, who was bearing a treaty to him. He was hated and despised by some people during the Revolution. Although he at that time, had many bitter enemies, he is now loved and revered the world over."

When Reverend Mr. Smith finished speaking, Superintendent J. S. Johnson arose. After making a few announcements, he thanked Reverend Mr. Smith for his welcome address and dismissed the school.

Through the kindness of the Salem merchants in advertising in "The Quaker," we have been able to add four pages to the issue this month. We would like to enlarge it every month. To show that their favor is appreciated, patronize our advertizers and when you do so, mention "The Quaker" to them. If you have any interest in the High School you should be interested in its paper and to make the paper a success you should deal with those who advertise in it, since without the advertisements it would be a failure.

Of course stories are necessary for a paper to exist. The Freshmen and Sophomores have contributed all of the

stories so far. We wish that the Juniors and Seniors would either waken up or else acquire some school spirit or perhaps do both. Some of the material that we received was very satisfactory as to the form in which it was presented, but much of it was not. All of the stories should be handed in to the editor before the twentieth of each month in order to be printed in the issue for the following month. The remainder of the material should be in within a very few days after the twentieth. This issue is about a week late because the material was handed in late. Many of the students became anxious about it and asked a number of times when it would be out. If you wish "The Quaker" to be out on time next month, have your material in on time. Please remember to write clearly and with ink; to write on one side of the paper only, and to use paper of standard size. These requirements apply to all material. There were only a few students beside the editors who handed in any locals or jokes. We think that every member of the High School should contribute at least one article for each issue; a story, an essay, a society event, a note on athletics, a poem, an editorial, a joke, or a local. Do not be indifferent. Do your duty toward your school. Members of the Alumni Association have taken enough interest in "The Quaker" to contribute a story and a poem. We should be pleased to hear from other members. When the Alumni take enough interest in the High School paper to contribute to it, surely every present member should do the same. If you wish to contribute anything except a story, you should give it to the editor of your class or the editor of the department under which your contribution comes.

Beside writing articles for "The Quaker," the "artists" of the High School may help it by drawing designs for the cover page. There are a num-

far. We wish that the Juniors would either waken or acquire some school spirit or both. Some of the material received was very satisfactory in the form in which it was but much of it was not. Stories should be handed in before the twentieth of the following month. The material should be in a few days after the twenty-five issue is about a week late. The material was handed in by the students became about it and asked a number when it would be out. If you "The Quaker" to be out on time, have your material in on time. Remember to write clearly in ink; to write on one side only, and to use paper of good size. These requirements apply to all material. There were only a few articles beside the editorials who wrote any locals or jokes. We hope every member of the High School Association will contribute at least one article each issue; a story, an essay, a poem, a note on athletics, a editorial, a joke, or a local. Do your duty to the school. Members of the Association have taken enough of "The Quaker" to contribute a poem. We should be able to hear from other members. Alumni take enough interest in the High School paper to contribute every present member the same. If you wish to contribute anything except a story, you give it to the editor of your department or the editor of the department where your contribution comes. We are writing articles for "The Quaker" the "artists" of the High School help it by drawing designs on the cover page. There are a num-

ber of students who could draw some good designs, if they made the effort. We hope to receive several designs for the next issue and we will use the best one. Designs must be drawn on card board with black ink. Make them any multiple of the size of the cover page, for the larger it is, the fewer defects, if there are any, will be noticed on the cut.

The following is an article taken from the "Echo."

"High School Spirit!" Spirit can be defined in several ways: as ardor, patriotism, or enthusiasm; but applied to a high school it is best defined as warmth of affection and good will. The subject would be better understood if this last interpretation were used. "High School Spirit" applies to every teacher and pupil in the school; but it goes farther than mere warmth of good will. It enjoys the advance of all pupils, and without malice or ill-feeling, the progress of one particular pupil above his fellows.*****

"High School Spirit" rejoices when the boys win in athletics and sympathizes with them in defeat. It is loyal to all that is good and opposed to all that is bad. What Hawthorne said of Christianity may be said of High School Spirit: 'It is the golden chain that intertwines us with a brotherly kindred.'

We hate to criticize any member or members of our own school through the columns of "The Quaker," but feel that the actions of a few of the members of the Athletic Association in regard to having a base ball team, deserve criticism. Their attitude in other matters that did not just suit them, which at the same time was for the good of the Association, should call forth the censure of the entire student body. Let those at whom this is aimed, and that is every one of the "knockers," read the extract from the

"Echo" again, and see if they cannot emulate it.

GETTING READY FOR THE OPERA

BY X Y Z '10

A Farce Comedy in one act. Time thirty-five minutes.

Characters { Smith,
His wife,
The Baby,
Two Friends.

Stage Setting: A dining room at Smith's home; a sitting room opening off from one side; kitchen and bathroom off from the other.

(The curtain rises at 7:45 P. M.)

Smith is busily engaged getting the junior Smith ready for bed, while Mrs. Smith is quietly finishing her toilet. The air is tranquil, with no indication of an impending storm.

[Exit Smith with the baby.

A few muffled sounds as the baby is disposed of, then Smith reappears, divests himself of coat and vest and disappears into the bathroom. Sounds of sundry splashings, the creaking of a towel-roller, a pause, then a few muttered imprecations and Smith reappears in his shirt sleeves, one end of his collar fast, the other exploring the regions behind his left ear, a necktie dangling in his hand, and his face showing signs of irritation. "Confound that collar button" he yells, as he prances about the room, "It's too blamed short, I've got half a dozen and they're all too short. I'll bet I'll get one three miles long tomorrow. (Clock strikes eight.) Great Scott! Is it that late? Here, Ed, (to one of the friends) just call up the box office and tell them to save those tickets, I'm afraid they'll sell them when the curtain goes up. Say (to the second friend) got a knife? or a screw-driver? Well, get something and help me fasten this collar." The spectator seizes a putty knife, Smith elevates his chin, and his face

takes on the look of one suffering torture, while the friend struggles with the refractory button. (ten minutes after eight) "Say," yells Smith, "is your collar button any longer than mine? Well, let me have it," and one more button is added to his collection. The collar is fastened, and he darts to the glass to adjust his tie. There is an ominous snap as he gives it a vicious yank and the friend's services are again called into requisition to secure the rebellious collar, which has slipped its moorings. Smith rushes from the bathroom, jerks on his vest and coat, and as he prances about the room in his impatience, one of his friends follows him with the clothes brush, while the other brings his overcoat and hat.

He and his wife reach the front door, when he suddenly remembers his overshoes, and dives into the kitchen, and sundry mutterings and stampings issuing from there show that overshoes are not the least of man's ills. But they are conquered and the front door slams behind him at nineteen minutes after eight.

Just as his friends begin to breathe freely again, the back door bursts open with a bang. Smith has returned for his umbrella. Another bang—the sound of hurrying footsteps—then silence. They have gone to the opera.

(Curtain.)

THEIR COLLEGE BOYS.

First Mother (Reading a letter from son at college)—"Joe's letters always send me to the dictionary."

Second Mother—"That's nothing. Bob's letters always send me to the bank."

He—I think you have a very pretty face."

She—I believe you're sincere; at least you don't seem to have anything against it."—Ex.

CLASS WORK.

THE SECRET OF LINCOLN'S INFLUENCE.

The Secret of Lincoln's influence in the hearts of the American people is found in his three qualities of honesty, humility and his sense of humor.

He always did what he thought right, and was honest in all his affairs, no matter how insignificant they might be. His honesty may be shown in the mere fact that he was called "Honest Abe." This proves that he must have been honest to the highest degree, for many a man is honest and still people would not attach the word to his name. This is one of the causes of his influence upon the people, for a man who is honest can have a much greater influence than one who is not.

In the second place Lincoln was very humble. He could sympathize with the poor people, for he had once been extremely poor. His parents were very poor, and Abraham, when a young man, had to make a living by splitting rails. On account of his own experiences he always looked after the welfare of the poor people. He was able to have much influence over the common people, for they admired and loved him, because they knew that he had a fellow feeling for them.

Lastly, Lincoln's sense of humor was a great cause for his influence. Stoddard Brooke has said of Sir Gareth that, "He who rides for the right and laughs and loves has all the world at his feet." So it was with Lincoln. Because he was always helping people in trouble because he was cheerful and always had an anecdote at hand, and because he loved the people, he learned the secret of influence in the hearts of the American People.

Blanche Ream, '08.

Pessimism hinders; optimism helps.

ASS WORK.

SECRET OF LINCOLN'S INFLUENCE.

secret of Lincoln's influence in the hearts of the American people is his three qualities of honesty, and his sense of humor.

He always did what he thought right, and was honest in all his affairs, no matter how insignificant they might be. His honesty may be shown in the mere fact that he was called "Honest Abe." It is a fact that he must have been to the highest degree, for many people honest and still people would not use the word to his name. This is the cause of his influence on the people, for a man who is honest has a much greater influence than one who is not.

In the second place Lincoln was humble. He could sympathize with the poor people, for he had once been very poor. His parents were poor, and Abraham, when a boy, had to make a living by his wails. On account of his own poverty he always looked after the needs of the poor people. He was always of much influence over the poor people, for they admired and loved him because they knew that he was always feeling for them.

Lincoln's sense of humor was another cause for his influence. As George C. Roome has said of Sir Gareth, "who rides for the right and whose love has all the world at his feet." So it was with Lincoln. He was always helping people because he was cheerful and had an anecdote at hand, and because he loved the people, he learned to have influence in the hearts of the American People.

Blanche Ream, '08.

Humor hinders; optimism helps.

TRANSLATION FROM "WILHELMTELL."

[Translated from the German.]

Thru this deserted pathway must he come;

No other way to Kussnacht leads than this.

Here will I achieve my purpose, for the place

Its self doth favor me. The elders there Will hide me from his sight, while swift and true,

My arrow speeding forth will find his heart,

The narrow path delay his followers.

Thy peace with Heaven make, O Governor! For thou must die—Thy time has come!

Till now

I live! in peace with God and man

My arrow sought, alone, the prowling beast,

My thoughts were free from murder. Ah 'tis thou!

'Tis thou! who hast aroused me from my peace,

Who hast the milk of kindness in my breast,

To rankling poison changed. Who hast inured

My eyes and heart to deeds of cruelty.

And he who must the head of his own child

A target make, to prove his marksman's skill,

Can aim, aye not less truly at the heart

Of his most cruel enemy—and kill!

HELEN STONE, '09.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The Man in the Moon, who occupies so conspicuous a place before the eyes of the world, is the most ancient person of which we have any knowledge. He holds his age very well, for, although he is very gray, his eye is as bright and his strength as great as when he first took his exalted position.

He is very fond of travelling, and is easy and graceful in all his movements, as all will say who have watched him

sailing through the clouds on a pleasant evening. The moon is his inseparable companion; he carries it with him wherever he goes. Astronomers say he travels with it at the rate of 54,000 miles a day.

I suppose green cheese is his principal article of food, and it must be as never failing as the widow's cruise of oil, for it is never entirely exhausted.

His principal occupation at present seems to be taking a general oversight of the earth, and keeping our seas in a general state of agitation. Sometimes, we hear of a poor young couple being moonstruck while enjoying a walk together. This is not considered as fatal as sunstroke, but it sometimes causes the unfortunate victims to wish they were dead. How this moon strikes people I cannot understand, but I suppose it is a magical influence. So I advise young people to beware of "The Man in the Moon." K. S. '011.

"The world is old, yet likes to laugh;

New jokes are hard to find.

A whole new editorial staff

Can't tickle every mind.

So if you find an ancient Joke

Decked up in modern guise,

Don't frown and call the thing a fake—

Just laugh—don't be too wise."

—Ex.

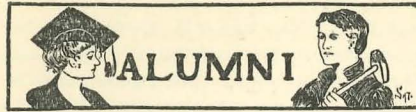
An Englishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs:

"I say," said the Frenchman, "that he was born in France, therefore he is a Frenchman."

"Not at all," said Pat, "begorra, if a cat should have kittens in an oven, would they call them biscuits?"—Ex.

The Blond —I wonder if I shall live to be a hundred.

The Brunette.—Not if you remain twenty-two much longer.—Ex.



Miss Rebecca Silver of the class of '06 was forced to leave her studies at the Baltimore Woman's College on account of sickness and has returned to her home in this city.

John Camp, '03, and W. R. U. Lex., '06, has started a law office in this city and is doing exceptionally well. He had been with a well-known law firm in Wellsville since his graduation until he opened an office for himself.

Out of the 22 members of the class of '07, only two are in school this year. Miss Marguerite Barckhoff is at the Baltimore Women's College and Joseph Ford is a student at Cornell University.

Misses Margaret Turner, Marguerite Wilson, and Zella Cowan of the class of '07 are attending the Salem Business College.

Carl French, '07, is with an engineering corps having its headquarters at Washington, Pa.

DO NOT DESPAIR.

To take the broadest view of life,
It seems to me essential
That all our ups and downs be deemed
In some way Providential.
I know 'tis hard through every trial,
In every time and place;
Behind a frowning Providence
To see a smiling face.

Our trials of body, mind, and purse,
Set obstinately toward it,
To do the thing we least expect
When we can best afford it.

Thus every grief its solace has
If we but try to find it,

Each worldly pleasure has its pain
Close following behind it.

And so it seems there's little choice
When everything is told,
'Twixt pleasures that are circumscribed
And grievances consoled.

E. W. C., '06.

1907

Where is the class once so brilliant and
so fine,
Whose mighty deeds in the records so
brightly shine?
Scattered afar; kindred hearts asunder
riven;
The school may well in sadness, pine
For Nineteen-seven.

Gone are the days that we all remem-
ber well,
When at the meets our class was used
to yell—
Yell for the boys of '07 every time,
And still in memory now, I hear
Their voices chime.

Why do I sigh for a class that's had its
day?
"Sometime, perhaps, there'll be one
as good," you say.
Never! But still if you want one up-
to-date,
The next best class to 1907
Is Nineteen-eight.

Then give three cheers for the High
School we adore,
And from our hearts we will praise her
evermore,
Classes unite, and in harmony confess:
The greatest High School in the land
Is S. H. S.
—E. M. L., '07.

"STROVE."

Pupil (Translating)—"Three times I
strove to cast my arms about her neck
—That's as far as I got."
Teacher—"Well, I think that was
far enough."—Ex.

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LOCALS.

CLASS OF '08.

Result of the Seniors' thought and
 example of "School Spirit."

CLASS OF '09.

Of all the winter sports we know,
 The most beloved one comes forth,
 When "Sol" begins to melt the snow
 And "Old Jack Frost" to drive back
 north.

But Trouble also takes a part
 When all the boys begin to throw,
 For some are sure to get too "smart"
 And hit the wrong person "don't you
 know."

Prof. Lease—"The Stoics met ev-
 erything that they had to.

The Cicero class has decided to ac-
 cept everything that Ethel says as cor-
 rect. One of the class corrected her
 recitation a few days ago, and she be-
 came angry and would not recite any
 more.

Miss Tate—"The last period tomor-
 row will exchange places with the third
 period." (After a moment's pause)
 "Did you get that?"

Query—Why are the prayers of old
 maids longer than those of other peo-
 ple?

Answer—Because they repeat "A-
 man" so often.

Miss R. (in ethics)—"By committing
 suicide is the only way of getting out
 of performing your duties, and then
 you don't know what you are getting
 into."

Miss R.—"Why is skilled labor de-
 manded now more than ten years ago?"

"Flub"—"I don't know anything
 about labor."

GERMAN.

Ethel Evans—"Der Junge ruckte
 seinen Hut auf die seite."

Translation—"The youth pulled his
 head on one side."

Chas. McConnor (translating, after
 a pause, as if dreaming)—"Where
 am I?"—"You are the one through
 whom the governor fell."

ENGLISH.

Miss Richards—"Express that in
 your own simple language, Karl."

It takes "Monty" too long to think
 in English III. The question is pass-
 ed on about the time he is ready to
 answer.

LATIN.

Professor Lease was mixed up in Lat-
 in the other day. He said—"His youth-
 ful son was married in prison (killed
 in prison). A few moments after he
 was surprised when a number of the
 class "flunked" on the construction of
 a word which was not in the sentence.

EDUCATION

SHOULD TAKE
YOU TO

H. E. Stiffler's GROCERY

CALL AT

Mon Younger's

For a

HAIRCUT and SHAVE

Pickett Block.

Professor L.—“No, that verb is in the second declension (conjugation), is it not?”

HISTORY.

Professor Lease—“Why did not the Celts and Anglo-Saxons mingle?”

“Zeke”—“Because the Celts differed from the Danes.”

Professor L.—Where were the forests of England?”

Helen D.—“They didn't have any forests.”

CLASS OF '10.

If any one hears of a vacancy in “Ringling Bros.” circus please let me know.

“Ted” Wirsching.

Why did “Crackers” go down after “mid years?”

Mabel in History I.—“The Greek boy was taught reading and 'riting and 'rithmetic.”

Why did you not finish the chorus?

We think it would be a good plan to

have a cat installed in the High School to add to our now large menagerie of mice and ponies.

Why does Pauline dislike to go through cloak room of room II?

Pearl S. translating “Der Halm schreit,”—“and the hen shrieked.”

Miss A in History—“Francis, where are the harbors of Greece?”

Francis—“On the coast.”

“Ralph” (Describing Lord Byron)—“He was pretty bad.”

Miss Tate—“What is a metaphor?”
M. L. B.—“A metaphor is a complied comparison.”

“Jim” Bullard (Describing the dying brother in the prison of Chillon)—“The bird flew away.”

A NEW DEFINITION.

M. L. B.—“A gulf is a deep crevice and contains no water.”

A COMPLIMENT TO THE SOPHS.

Miss R. said—“The seniors are older than the sophomores, but not wiser.”

Edith S.—“Sie wallte mich morgen in der suppe essen.

Translation—“Put me in the soup.”

ORDER FOR LUMBER.

Tim (Telephoning to the lumber mill)—“I'd like to have some 20-foot lath for siding on a roof.”

Theda N. has discovered a new numeral—“oneth.”

NOTICE.

Please have the slush cleaned from the street in front of the school build-

installed in the High School
our now large menagerie of
ponies.

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WALK-OVER
SHOES



Announcement

We wish to announce to the young men of Salem that by the time
"The Quaker" leaves the printer's hands we will be ready to show the
greatest aggregation of

SHOES AND OXFORDS

ever shown in this city.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

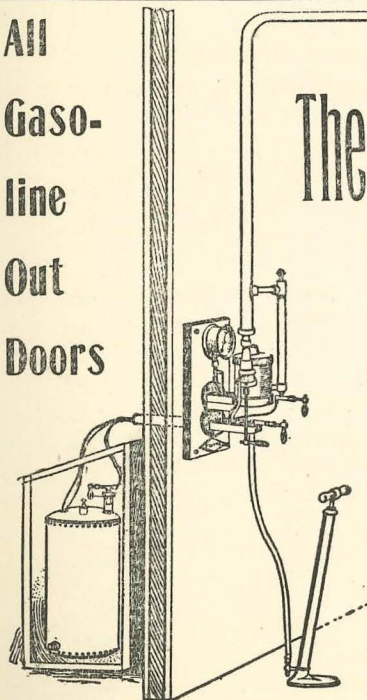
CLOTHING AND SHOE HOUSE



WALK-OVER
SHOES



All
Gasoline
Out
Doors



The Forde Light

DROP A CARD and we will mail you our Illustrated Descriptive Catalog.
—THE FORDE LIGHT & HEATING CO., Salem, Ohio

Economy

Doesn't always consist in NOT spending money.
Sometimes it is false economy to hold on to it. Suppose
a banker offered you some gilt-edged security
which would return you 100 per cent. within a very
short time?

Would you refuse to make this investment just because
it required an outlay of money?

Would it be economy to do so?

The Forde Light is a gilt-edged investment. Thousands
of merchants have written us that our plant
has paid for itself in less than a year.



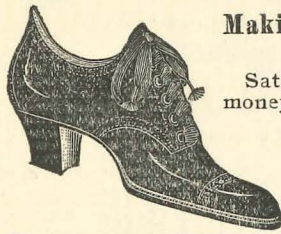
Over 100 students are now in attendance, many of them high school graduates and former public school teachers.

We solicit people who are qualified to become successful stenographers and bookkeepers. That is one reason why our graduates are in demand.

Ask for circulars.

W. H. Matthews, Prin.
Salem, Ohio

JOHN BONELL



Making and
Repairing
Satisfaction or
money refunded.

LUNDY
STREET

IF YOU
WOULD APPEAR
JUST WRIGHT

BE SURE
TO WEAR A
**JUST WRIGHT
\$4.00 SHOE**

EALY'S
WHERE THEY FIT

ing, so when I fall down again I will not have to have my coat cleaned and pressed.—Don Hise.

Teacher—"What was the age of 'Pericles?'"

Pupil—"The age of Pericles was how old he was."

Prof. L.—"That error don't affect anything but the answer."

Prof. L.—"The last term of your answer is not right."

R, C.—"It would be if it had the 'y' in it."

Society Notes.

Miss Lorene Turner entertained twenty of her friends Friday, January 3d, at her home on East Fourth Street. A very enjoyable evening was spent with music, dancing and games. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess. George and Wilbur Bricker of New York were the out of town guests.

The "barn dance" was one of the features of a dance given Saturday evening, February first, in the Calumet Hall by the boys of the Athletic Association. Six of these special dances were indulged in by the thirty couples present. Among the out of town guests, were Miss Maud McNab of Youngstown and Raymond Carr of Cleveland. This dance proved to be one of the most successful and enjoyable ever given by the Association.

On February sixth, a small but jolly crowd of High School students started for Georgetown. After a few little mishaps, such as getting on the wrong road and running into a gate which blocked the way, they arrived, safely, at Fryfogle's hotel where an excellent chicken supper was served. They

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reached home in good time much to the
delight of the mothers.

On the evening of February eleventh
a hastily arranged sleighing party
went to Leetonia. All were very pleas-
antly entertained at the home of Miss
Corinne Adam.

Valentine day was very appropriately
celebrated by a number of the High
School students at the home of Esther
Bonsall. The fortune telling by Miss
Esther Boone was the chief amuse-
ment. Every one was anxious to have
his fortune told; all wished to learn
how long they would live, how many
times they would be married, and, in
general, to find out everything that
would happen to them in the future.
Another feature was the drawing of
valentines, for the best of which, two
prizes were given. A fine lunch was
served, and the guests departed at a
late hour after spending one of the
most enjoyable evenings of the season.

Ten girls of the Penn Club very
pleasantly entertained ten of their gen-
tlemen friends, Friday evening, Febru-
ary the fourteenth, at the home of
Esther Maule, on East High street.
The girls took advantage of Leap Year
and did the honors handsomely.

On Saturday, February fifteenth, the
Boys’ Athletic Association gave an-
other of their Saturday night dances
in the Calumet Hall. A goodly number
reported a pleasant time, although
every one was disappointed because the
barn dance was forbidden. Mrs.
Whitton furnished the music.

First Boy (Contemptuously)—“Huh,
your mother takes in washing,”

Second Boy—Of course; you don’t
suppose she’d leave it hangin’ out over
night unless your father was in state’s
prison, do ye?”—Ex.

YOU WILL FIND A GOOD
ASSORTMENT OF

“EATON HURLBUT’S”

Writing Papers, Writing Tablets,
Inks, Pencils, Etc.

BOLGER & FRENCH
DRUGGISTS

C. E. WHINERY

DENTIST

Over Bolger & French’s Drug
Store.

FOR A

SHAVE or HAIRCUT

CALL AT

Seward Howard’s
Barber Shop

Howell Block

Chestnut Street

IF YOU USE

Barrington Hall Coffee

You will not be disappointed
in the flavor or the strength
of your next cup.

You can buy it at

TOMLINSON’S

PATTON & ARBAUGH

FURNITURE

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEEDS
LANDRETH'S LAWN SEED
M & K FLOWER SEEDS

—AT—

HAWKINS'
DRUG STORE

LEEPER

The man who makes photos as you
want them made

At the Old Stand

No 3. E. Main St.

BOB HALL

Invites your patronage if you need the
services of a first-class

BARBER SHOP
CHESTNUT STREET

Rear of Lapes' Restaurant.

HAYES FOR LINENS

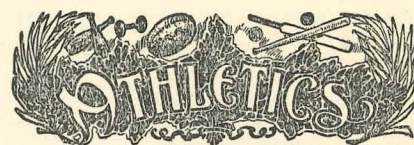
Shirtwaist Linens in White

"Plume Brand" Undermuslins

The different kind. Made so nicely
that you lose all desire to build your
own.

We want you to see
what we have.

Albert Hayes



The girls have organized a basket ball team. On account of the objections of some of the parents, no out-of-town teams will be played. We regret this exceedingly, as the girls could, no doubt, have a team that might easily compete with the best.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association February 10, the question as to whether a track team or a baseball team should be supported this spring, was brought up. No vote was taken on the matter, but it seems that the majority favor a baseball team. Such a team has never yet been supported by the school, and as the track team has always been a losing proposition, it might be well to play base ball. Of course, the Athletic Association can not be expected to buy the suits for the players, for in that case the expense would be even greater than would be incurred in supporting a track team. It was decided at the meeting to bring either the Oberlin or Reserve Glee Club to Salem during the April vacation.

The Athletic Association met March 4 and the question as to which Glee Club should be brought here during the April vacation, was decided. Oberlin and Reserve had bids in but Reserve was chosen. Reserve has a good club and it is the hope of the management that all the pupils will work and help make the entertainment a success. The question of having a baseball team was also brought up and settled. It was decided to support a track team.

When you are arguing with a fool, remember that he is doing the same.—
Ex.



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We are pleased to open an exchange column in this issue, for we recognize that by this means only may we see our elves as others see us. Owing to the fact that our publication of "The Quaker" has been but recently started, we have received but few exchanges. We hope to receive more for the next issue, and would be pleased to exchange with any High School publication.

* * *

"The Cauldron," of Warren High School is a good publication. We were pleased to see the account of our game for the large score certainly looks well.

"The Clarion," of Salem, Oregon, is excellent, for it is large and well arranged, and such stories as it contains are a credit to High School writers. "The Villain's Revenge" was very funny and delightfully original.

"The Russ," San Diego, California, is another good paper. But "Russ," don't you think it would be better if you should separate your jokes from your ads? One glancing through the paper scarcely notices them.

"The Chronicle," Putnam Hall, is a well-arranged paper, but rather dry. Girls, get some life into it, and you will have an excellent paper. We were pleased to see the name of one of our old school mates, Dorothy Deming on the staff there.

"The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the best-arranged, neatest-appearing papers we have received. Its Athletic column is very good, but we looked in vain for one of Exchanges.

"The Kero," Columbus, O., is one of the best exchanges received. The only fault we can find with the 'Kero' is that it is too large. Cut down the size a little and put in more pages.

"The Echo," Portsmouth, O., needs more stories. You should also place a few cuts would make the "Dictum Est" seem like a different paper.

We also acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the following exchanges:

The "Reserve Weekly," "The Occident," Rochester, N. Y., "The Ballad, an Echo from Foot Ball," "The Totem," and "Lyceum."

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You'll get both quality and style
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ARBUSCO is the name of a white Ladies' Waist we are selling. No better waist on the market today. 250 New Spring Arbuscos in selling at the remarkably low prices of

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Lemon Gling Peaches	- -	25c
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