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VOL IV.

APRIL.

NO. 3.

FRED COBOURN.

"Coming out for the track team?" The speaker was a tall, broadshouldered, athletic youth of probably seventeen summers. As after events proved, as far as athletic prowess was concerned, the students of Waynesburg High School had made no mistake when they had unanimously elected Frank Harding as captain of their track team. Fred Cobourn, the person whom he had addressed, was a new student at the school. Built somewhat the same as Harding, tall, straight as a sapling, he looked the very picture of health. But there seemed to be about him something that would make a stranger, even one who had been accustomed to passing him in classes for several days, hesitate before addressing him in a familiar manner. But Frank Harding, as track captain, felt it his duty at least to ask this quiet fellow if he were "coming out," and when he received an affirmative answer, he was somewhat surprised.

"What are you going to try for?" he asked.

"I don't know —I'll have to see what I can do," responded Cobourn. And so Harding had to be contented to wait until Monday night, the first practice, thankful that he had secured another addition to his already large squad of candidates.

Just six years before, John Brandigham, a wealthy citizen of Waynesburg, had offered a trophy cup, if an athletic union could be formed. Waynesburg, Hillton, Johnstown, and Newburgh High Schools had formed an association, and since a Waynesburg citizen had offered the cup, and the town was centrally located, the meets had been held at home. When the cup was offered, the school that should win the meet for three times, was to be allowed to retain the cup. Twice Waynesburg had triumphed, and Hillton, also, had won for two times, while Newburgh had succeeded in winning once.

The 'day had become a gala day for it was both prosperous for merchants and a pleasure to the citizens. The rivalry was keen. On this, the sixth contest, both Hillton and Waynesburgh were confident of victory, while both of the other schools were just as sure of winning.

On Monday afternoon, after school, all of the boys assembled at the track, some out of curiosity, but most intended to "try out" for some event. Harding as captain, was everywhere, taking the names and events they intended to enter.

"Cobourn," he asked, "decided yet what you are coming out for?"

"I think I'll try the half or quarter."

"All right" responded Harding.
"There are several out for both of

them, though," and a slight frown crossed his face as he put Cobourn's name opposite half mile and quarter mile. He walked up the track, and seeing one of his friends, he called, "Hey Bob, look here. I have something to tell you." Robert Wilson turned to meet his chum, for he and Harding were almost inseparable friends. Robert Wilson had a frank, open face, and laughing eyes that made friends with everybody at first sight. And, maybe it was on account of this, that, next to Harding, he was the most popular fellow in school.

"What do you want, Frank," he

sked.

"The new fellow is coming out for your half."

"Well, what of it! I don't want

to be the only one out."

"Well, he looks like an athlete to me, so you had better change right away if you want to win anything in the preliminaries."

Practice continued every night. When the weather was fit, cross country runs, led by Harding, who was almost sure of his place in the two hundred and twenty-yard dashr were indulged in; and on othe' nights everyone was put through a "stiff" course of training in the gymnasium. Always watching for the good of his young proteges, bluff old John Harlem, who in his younger days had been a well known athlete, was ever around, showing the new candidates the necessary points in their events, and perfecting the older ones concerning the finer points.

Cobourn, in his quiet manner, soon made friends with most of the students, and especially with John Harlem, who took an especial interest in him. Every night he reported for practice, and after a long run or some gymnasium work it was always John Harlem who

"kneaded" his muscles until the knots were no longer to be found. Upon the advice of Harlem, Cobourn had decided to enter only for the half mile, so he put all his time on this event. Gradually his muscles became more firm, his breathing regular and longer, and, although there were five other entries for his event, he began to feel that possibly he might win.

There was one however, with whom Cobourn was not on good terms, and that one was Frank Harding. Although he always spoke to him civilly there seemed to be a coldness between them for which Cobourn could not account. He was conscious of the fact that he, himself, was somewhat quiet and reserved, and therefore had tried, and had succeeded in making friends with all whom he met. And it happened in the cross-country runs, if Harding led, it was always Cobourn who was assigned the muddy places; if anybody complained because Harlem spent most of his time with Cobourn, it was Harding; and it seemed to Cobourn that he complained not as track captain, but because he had some private grievance which Cobourn did not know.

The time was fast approaching for the day of the preliminaries. Everybody seemed to be in prime condition, everybody seemed confident of winning. Finally the day, an ideal one, arrived; a half holiday was given in the afternoon, and promptly at one o'clock the whole school assembled at the track. As Harlem had predicted, Cobourn won the half-mile by a close margin, with Wilson second. Captain Harding had no difficulty in winning the two-twenty-yard dash, and he was first in the quarter-mile from which four were selected for the relay team.

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Training was kept up now, if possible, more faithfully than before. Each one now knew for what events he must train, and arranged his track and gymnasium work accordingly. The day drew nearer and nearer, and although reports kept coming that the other schools were this year represented by such athletes as had never been heard of in Pickett county, Waynesburgh was not discouraged. Finally, two days before the meet, training was stopped; everybody was in readiness for the meet and there was nothing left but to wait for the day to arrive.

The day dawned bright and clear, the track was hard and firm, and not a breath of air was stirring. Soon the morning trains began to arrive filled with contingents of supporters from the neighboring towns. Waynesburgh was decorated for the occasion and was ready to extend a royal welcome to its hundreds of visitors. At noon the crowd began to assemble, and promptly at one o'clock the caller announced the judges and ordered all out for the first event of the afternoon, the hundred-yard dash.

Promptly eight lithe figures, all clad in track suits, took their places at the start; the judges gave the preliminary words of caution and then the starter took his place.

"On your marks!" Èight figures crouched in places already prepared for their spikes. "Get set!" Eight figures whose muscles had been hardened by months of careful training, became rigid. Then was heard the crack of the pistol and they were off, and the meet had begun. In this event Hilton secured first place, which gave them five points; Waynesburgh second with three, points and Newburg third, with one. The meet progressed with each school gaining

some points. In the two-twentyyard dash Captain Harding easily won, and finally every event but the half-mile had been run. The score stood: Hilton, 28; Waynesburgh, 26; Newburg, 25; Johnstown, 20. Excitement was intense, since it was now possible for Hielton, Waynesburgh, or Newburg to win the meet.

Although during the meet Cobourn had been forced to remain in the quarters occupied by the Waynesburgh athletes, he could see all the events and knew the standing of each school. He also knew that Hillton had no more confidence in any of her athletes than in "Doc" Gibson, who ran the half and that it depended on Wilson or himself to uphold the honor of their school and tow in for "Old Waynes-burgh High." And a feeling of responsibility ran through his veins and there he vowed that through no lack of effort on his part should Waynesburgh lose.

The starter was calling for entries for the half, when Captain Harding approached Cobourn and Wilson who were standing together, and said to the former:

"Cobourn, I guess Wilson finishes stronger than you do, so you set the pace for the first quarter. You're a new man and they don't know what you can do, so draw Gibson out all you can; run the first quarter for all you are worth, and then just finish." Cobourn looked incredulous when he heard this. All his hopes of winning ruined! He ought to be the one to finish, but, at the sacrifice of himself, he was to try to weaken Gibson in the first quarter. But there was no time to think about it. The starter was calling, and half-dazed he took the place on the track allotted to him. They were started, and, following his instructions, Co-

bourn set a "stiff" pace, gradually faster until four of the eight starters were close behind him. He was nearing the quarter pole where he was to drop out of the race, and he confessed to himself that he was just about ready. Contrary to the admonitions of Harding, he looked around for Wilson, but Wilson was not to be seen. What was the matter? He was just about to slacken his pace when it occurred to him that if Waynesburgh lost this event Hillton would win, and along with it the meet and the trophy cup. Well, he argued, the loss would be through no fault of his. He had followed instructions. But he felt he could run farther, and then and there resolved to win. Could he keep up that awful pace? His feet seemed to be weighted with lead. His lips were parched and dry. In the distance, it seemed to him, he could hear the yelling and shouting. He heard the pit patting of Gibson's feet behind him, and thought he could feel his hot breath on his neck. His breath was coming in short quick jerks, and he felt he could go no farther. And yet he was ever spurred onward by a de-Was that termination to win. tape, so far away, the finish? On and on he plodded, it seemed to him moving Oh! so slowly! Then he fell into somebody's arms, whose, he knew not.

The first thing of which he was conscious when he was again himself, was a crowd of people gathered around him. He raised up and then fell back with a groan of pain caused by his aching muscles. And a feeling of contentment went over him; and he felt amply repaid for those hard weeks and months of tedious training, as he heard that ever-increasing, tumultuous roar—"He's all right! Who's all right? Cobourn! Who says so? Every-

body! Who's everybody? Waynesburgh High School Why? Because he won!

R. M. C., S. H. S., '08.

GIOVANNI'S RETURN.

The day had been dark and dreary. The rain had poured down steadily, and the streets of the little town, into which the train was just pulling, were veritable lakes. The train was deplorably late, for it had been delayed by the storm, and almost before the one passenger had alighted, it had started on again.

He was a little, bent old man. His hair was gray, his skin withered and wrinkled. He carried no baggage and his clothes were old and shabby. But as he gazed around him, his tired, faded eyes lighted, and a happy smile crossed

his face.

"Home," he murmered softly, "home at last. Just fifty years ago tonight I left, and now—Dear Home."

He turned down one of the muddy streets, and not noting the increasing darkness and cold rain, went on with his happy reflections.

"Yes, yes, I know the way," he said, chuckling softly to himself. "How could I forget it? The dear home light will soon shine out from among the trees, and I will go to the door—and then—and then Sister Annie will come and open it—and Oh! My dearest Sister, to be with thee again! 'I will wait for you, Giovanni,' you said, and you have waited, sister, I know you have. You will take me to your heart and chase away those long, weary years. Oh—'' he cried in sudden despair—'if she should not be there—if anything has happened to her after all these years!

Who's everybody? Waynes-High School Why? Bee won!

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Perhaps she will blame me for not writing, but O, I could not for I was a failure, and I had tried so hard. I would not write till I had made some money to keep her with, and then, when after all my failures success came, I come back to her and Italy. One hundred dollars! With that we shall live together in luxury. With that she shall have her warm, warm dress, and whole shoes, and a bonnet. And sometimes we might take a little trip together. Ah yes, yes, she is there for she promised. And I have come back to her at last!"

The rain poured on and the wind blew cold. The muddy roads were almost impassable, and now and then the old man fell heavily in the mud. But always he picked himself up, and with warmth and happiness in his heart, he pressed on and on, his poor eyes straining wistfully to catch a glance of the light in his sister's home. Fifty years had made little change in the tiny Italian village, and Giovanna knew his way perfectly. But he was old now, and O, so tired! He longed for the light and warmth of his home, and the kind face of his dearest-loved sister. He had heard indirectly of the death of his mother and father, and of Annie being left alone in the old house, and heknew that she would wait for him as she had promised—so he pressed on eagerly, and when he saw, afar, the light shining, his heart beat quickly, and with his eyes full of tears, he hurried on, trembling in every

At last, tired and breathless, he reached the house. From within came a delicious fragrance as of supper cooking. Lifting his shaking hand, he knocked timidly, and waited. No one came. He knocked again, more firmly. Still no one came. Again he knockedthis time loudly, commandingly. The door opened with a jerk.

"Get out of here. We have nothing for you," said a man's voice, hard and rasping.

Giovanni looked at him inquiringly, not understanding. His heart beat but one song, "Annie, Annie, Annie, '' and with a quaver in his voice, he said:

"Is Annie here? I want to see Annie."

"What do you want to see my wife for, scoundrel?" demanded the man angrily. "She wont give you anything, I tell you. We have no use for beggars here. Now—'' but he was interrupted by a woman's voice saying:

"Who's there?" and peering over his shoulder she saw the old

manstanding in the rain.

But at sight of her he straightened and pushing the man aside, called tenderly:

"Annie, dear sister, it is I, Giovanni--your brother--come back to you. Oh Annie-don't you know me?" he said pleadingly. "I've come home dear, don't you

"Yes," said the woman, "but I don't see any use making such a fuss about it. I'm sure for my part I don't see why you didn't stay away. To think, after all these years of you coming back to bother me. We can't keep you here. I don't see why you think We have not enough for that. ourselves. No, really, I see no use in making a fuss about a ragged old man who comes back to be a burden on my hands, do you?" turning to her husband.

Giovanni stared, look of dumb

agony in his eyes.

"Annie," he faltered, "I-Icame back, dear. I wanted to see you again. I thought maybe you would be glad to see me. Oh Annie, and I brought money back for us to live on, and we would have been so happy '' He looked at her his lip trembling piteously.

"Have you no love for me any more, Annie?" he asked sadly.

The woman's husband laughed rougly.

"Love!" he cried, "for you, old man? When did you get that hat? Looks like the one you left the village in fifty years ago.

"It is," said Giovanni, gently. "I saved my money for Annie's warm dress, and whole shoes, and new bonnet. O—O—I thought—" Here he broke down and turning towards Annie, he held out his arms in their ragged coat sleeves, and murmered:

"Annie, sister, answer me. Do you not want me? Shall I go out again? Oh it is so cold, and the streets are muddy, and it rains—and I am very tired. Tell me, sister, do you wish me to go?"

And roughly she answered: "You are old and silly, Giovanni. We want none of you here. Go and

beg elsewhere."

With a gesture of infinite pathos the old man turned, his bent figure shaken with sobs, and with slow, painful steps, made his way out of the house.

The door slammed behind him. He heard a harsh laugh; then with bent head, unseeing, unfeeling, unthinking, he made his way down the road, his sad, weary, unending way, down the long, muddy path, which led him from his anticipation of happiness and peace, to everlasting sorrow and pain.

Histories of good papers all remind us
We can make our "Quaker" pay:
Let us then be up and doing
And help it along in every way.

THE TREES ON OUR STREET.

The trees on our street are altogether a sorry-looking lot. From the corner they seem to grow more sorry-looking the farther you go up the street.

First, there is an apology for what was once a rather good looking maple. But the linemen have cut half of it away, and the children bore holes in it at all seasons of the year in the vain hope of getting some sugar water. Then there is a street light just beside it, which burns all night except while there is a moon, and who could look fresh and thrive when he can get no sleep?

Next, you see the bird's Christmas tree. It is a scragg y, stunted and scratchy lit'le pine, but it always has an amazing number of cones on it; and the birds will generally be found somewhere near.

Then there is a row of poplar samples. It was expected they would grow but they never did, They have a few straggling branches on the side toward the road in order to tempt passing horses, and when one unfortunate horse does reach for a bite and very probably gets a chastisement from its driver, the little poplars all shake their tiny yellow leaves sorrowfully. The children next door think these to be chestnut trees. Doesn't their father shake chestnuts from them every fall? They know.

Near the poplars stand two apple trees. Brother and sister, you might think them. One is short, round, and green. Each spring it is covered with blossoms and in the autumn is much loved by the chil-

dren.

The other tree is much older and wiser. It has one great limb that

[Concluded on Page 18]

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& EDITORIAL &

The Athletic Association has arranged for the Reserve Glee Club to give an entertainment in the High School auditorium on Wednesday, April 22. The club has been here before and has proved very satisfactory. It is improved this year by the addition of a second part. We hope every one will help to make the entertainment a success, especially every member of the athletic association.

Again we wish to emphasize the necessity of having the material in on time. Every one leaves the writing of their material until the last moment. This is very inconvenient and laborious for the Faculty Advisor. Can you not give

us your material promptly? By so doing your material will be better written and we shall appreciate your promptness.

The cover design for this issue was drawn by Charles Burchfield, 'II. Pauline Wells also drew a very good design. We should be pleased to have several designs for the next issue.

Patronize our advertisers.

We wish the classes would take more interest in their locals. The local editor cannot get all the locals unless the rest of his class assist him. A good local column is enjoyed by all. See if you cannot surpass the others the next time in quality, quantity and humor.

This type is almost worn out but

evidently all contributors to the "Quaker" have not read it. "Write very plainly with ink, on one side only, on paper of standard size." Be especially careful in writing Latin and German quotations. Be sure to give credit where due.

Two of our advertisers did not pay for their March ads. It's a good business for them but not for the "Quaker."

We received no contributions from members of the Alumni this month. We hope they will not be too busy to contribute something for the next issue.

A NOCTURNAL EPISODE OF THE SMITHS.

BY XYZ'10.

One evening, the Smiths decided to retire a little earlier than usual; and, accordingly, took the junior member of the firm and went upstairs, leaving downstairs a friend, who did not care to retire so soon. Now Smith is a man of some consequence, on the scales at least, and as he got up on the bed to lower the shade a defective slat gave way, lowering him and the shade at the same time. The shade flew up with a vicious snay and flapped wildly around the roller, while Smith righted himself and went downstairs in search of repairs. Mrs. Smith removed the mattress and made things ready, while Smith inquired of his friend if he knew of any slats in the barn, as he did not, Smith put on his slippers and went out to see. The night was

dark and as a result he missed his way and encountered the clothesprop with some force; but, luckily, it was just the thing he needed for the bed. Now this particular pole was some ten feet long and required some careful steering to propel it through the various doors; so it was not without considerable effort and sundry collisions with walls and furniture that Smith reached the stairs; and then went back for hammer and saw. When he returned, Mrs. Smith, who had come down and had seen the result of his search, exclaimed in a tone of despair, "There, you've got my clothes prop. Can't I ever have a clothes prop?" Apparently this was merely a rhetorical question, or, at least, Smith did not seem to think it required an answer, for he proceeded grimly up the stairs, where he used several of those commonly called "two-by-twice" words in making the turn at the landing. The friend in the room below chuckled to himself and wondered why Smith had not cut it to the required length downstairs, but vouchsafed no suggestions. However, Smith got into the room, and taking one of the slats as a pattern, cut a piece from it. Now it is a fact, though one not very well known, that very seldom are there two bed slats of the same length. This particular set was very irregular and he happened to select the longest as a pattern, so that it required a vigorous use of the hammer to drive it into place, and the consequent spreading of the frame let the others drop to the floor, one by one. This was provoking but easily remedied. So he jerked it out and cut off a generous portion, too generous, in fact, for this time it required no urging to put it in position; it dropped clear through to the floor of its own accord. Fornd as a result he missed his and encountered the clotheswith some force; but, luckily, just the thing he needed for d. Now this particular pole me ten feet long and required careful steering to propel it h the various doors; so it t without considerable effort andry collisions with walls rniture that Smith reached irs; and then went back for er and saw. When he re-, Mrs. Smith, who had come and had seen the result of rch, exclaimed in a tone of , "There, you've got my prop. Can't I ever have a prop?'' Apparently this erely a rhetorical question, east, Smith did not seem to t required an answer, for he led grimly up the stairs, he used several of those nly called "two-by-twice" n making the turn at the The friend in the room chuckled to himself and wonwhy Smith had not cut it to uired length downstairs, but afed no suggestions. Howmith got into the room, and one of the slats as a pattern, iece from it. Now it is a hough one not very well that very seldom are there l slats of the same length. rticular set was very irreghe happened to select the as a pattern, so that it rea vigorous use of the hamdrive it into place, and the ent spreading of the frame others drop to the floor, one This was provoking but emedied. So he jerked it cut off a generous portion,

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tunately the remaining piece was long enough to make another, and it was soon in place. The clutter was cleared up, the bed made and the light finally put out, thirty-seven minutes after their usual bed-

—Copyrighted.

CLASS WORK.

ADDISON'S MISSION.

(Sir Roger DeCoverly Papers.)

It was Addison's aim to elevate his fellow men, and to do this he chose the rather novel way of ridiculing their foibles and fashions, their manners and customs, and thus by a feeling of shame arouse them to lead better lives.

With this object in view he formed his club and under the similitudes of its members, expressed those sentiments most dear to him. He was especially opposed to the gross and immoral character of the stage at that time and there is no doubt that his comments did much Through towards its betterment. Sir Andrew he depicted the aggressive progress of English commerce and advocates rather, advancement by arts and industry. Will Wimble shows Addison's opinion of a man who spends his days in idleness, just because he is of noble birth, while Captain Sentry deprecates the system which allows impudent men to advance while more modest, worthy men are left behind. But his crowning stroke is in his characterization of Sir Roger. In him he embodies his ideal and shows to the world the lasting value of real kindness and virtue.

Thus does Addison strive to improve the moral character of his fellow men.

D. S. K., '10.

WON BY THE LAST HIT.

On a Saturday afternoon, two or three years ago, the Ellwood City ball team came to Salem to play a game of baseball.

It had rained in the morning and the ball diamond was muddy. When the game was called at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Senior, a member of the East Palestine ball team, was playing first base for Salem. Each team had a good pitcher; but the ball was so wet that neither pitcher could throw any curves. Each team hit the ball pretty well because the pitchers threw straight balls all the time. In the fifth inning it started to rain. The visitors, who had the most runs, asked the umpire to call the game; but they kept on playing.

At the beginning of the ninth inning the score was five to three in favor of Ellwood City. It did not look very favorable for Salem. The visitors did not get any runs in their half of the ninth inning. Then Salem came to bat. The audience was not cheering very much, but when the first batter got a safe hit the people started to shout. The next batter was put out, but the man who had been on first base went to second on the play. When the pitcher gave the next batter a base on balls the people were getting very much excited. Now there were two men on bases and three runs needed to win the game. Then Senior came to bat and while the people were shouting at him to get a hit, he got two strikes. The next ball thrown to him was a high one, but he struck at it and it was last seen going over the right field fence.

The game was won. Some of the men carried Senior off of the field on their shoulders. He was rewarded with a new bat which a Pittsburgh man had offered to anyone who should hit the ball over the fence.

SALEM'S NEED OF AN IMPROVED STREET CAR SYSTEM.

Salem is certainly a progressive town and is constantly improving some part. Many of the streets have been paved, the city hall has been remodeled, the fire department has been improved and many other improvements have been made. But there is one thing lacking yet. She needs an improved street car

system.

The tracks of the present system are so rough that the motions of the car remind one of the rising and falling of a boat rocked by the waves, or of a rabbit jumping through a thick clover patch. The cars are too small to accommodate the workmen who ride back and forth to the shops. The Garfield avenue car is so small and old-fashioned that it puts one in mind of the cars drawn by horses some years ago. Another feature of the present system is the irregularity of the cars. A man does not feel safe to wait for a car for fear he will be late to his work or for his train. Besides if a car is down by the shops when the whistles blow, it is usually in such a hurry that it will not wait a few minutes for the men to get to it. It will go up the street with scarcely a man on it, and then, of course, the men will walk home as a general thing, for they can get home while waiting for another car.

Ought not, therefore, the street car system to be improved for the sake of those who now live in Salem? And since the street cars are about the first object that visitors see when they come to our town, would it not be a good idea to improve the system so that they will get a good impression from the first?



Phebe Sturgeon translating "Wir Krahten wie Hahne." "We crowed like hens."

Mr. Stanton (history IV), "When was the battle of Gettysburg?"

Constance C. "July 1, 2, 3."
"What did Lee do after the bate?"

"Went into winter quarters."

Ruth Galagher translating "Remetior astra." "I saw stars."

Ward Allen (translating Latin), "He struck his ears with great blows."

We might suggest to Miss Tate not to be in such a hurry to put down zero for "More hurry, less speed."

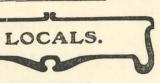
Mr. Stanton. "Locate San Domingo."

Roselle. "It is an island in the Atlantic ocean."

CLASS OF '09.

LATIN.

Professor Lease has procured text editions of Cicero for the Junthey come to our town, not be a good idea to imsystem so that they will ood impression from the



SENIOR LOCALS.

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CLASS OF '09.

LATIN.

sor Lease has procured ions of Cicero for the Jun-

iors, but they do not appreciate the kindness very much.

ENGLISH.

Miss Richards—"Macaulay and Carlyle are often contracted" (compared.)

Ask Fred how he pronounces "tumultuous."

GERMAN.

Edna W. (translating "Wer von seinen Schulern der Radelsfuhrer war.")—"Who from the scholars the villian was."

Mark McC.—"The man was thick." (fat)

Russell C.—"He often although rarely, had little banquets in his bedroom."

Miss Richards asked Ray what "mussig" (idle) meant. He didn't know. (You are not very well acquainted with yourself, are you, "Mike"?)

CLASS OF '10.

GERMAN II.—"Ich kann euch nicht aufnehmen meine Kammern liegen vall Krauter und Samen."

R. G. (translating)—"I can not accommodate you my rooms are full of seeds and sauerkraut."

"Was ich sehe?" antwortete der Esel.

R. G. (translating)—"What do I see?" answered the easel.

HIS ANCESTORS.

"Smitie"—"Why don't he look up his family tree?"

"Skeet" Merrit — "Afraid he might find some monkeys hanging from the branches."

Miss Tate—"If you do not know that, you will find it in the appendix at the beginning."

LATIN II.

Miss A. told "Shine" Whinnery, that he would not find his Latin floating around in the air.

Carl says, "the nuns live in monasteries."

DeErla (translating)—"Es freute uns Sie zu Hause."—"It has been raining the whole day."

My first, my second and my whole Are every one the same, On point of meaning, each and al!, An oft—repeated name.

WANTS.

Wanted—A Pony for the German reader. "Skiet" Merrit.

Wanted—A job, easy work and lots of money. Bell Boy.
Wells

Wanted—to know the quickest way to get to Iowa. Pearl Stitt.

Wanted two good positions for critics, M. L. B. and Deane K.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Bell Boy—Resolved that I will not lend any more money.

NOTICE

The millionaires' club will hereafter bar all intruders and loafers who refuse to pay their dues.

For Sale—One good fountain pen. Irvil Price.

S=Nifty Hats

FOR

S=Nifty Girls

AT

THE HARRIS SHOP

JOB PRINTING

"A LITTLE BETTER THAN

IS BARGAINED

FOR" IS OUR MOTTO

THE SALEM PUBLISHING CO.

JOB DEPARTMENT



"The Oriole," Campbell, Cal., is a very good paper, but the "joshes" are not sufficiently separated. One can scarcely tell where one joke stops and another begins.

"The Totem," Winamac, Ind., is sadly in need of a new cover. Get your artists to work and have some design drawn for your cover, for it would greatly improve the appearance of your paper.

One of the best exchanges that we have received this month is "The Index," from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Its stories are far above the average found in High School papers, and its arrangement is also exceptionally good.

"The Kenyon Collegian," contains some very good athletic notes and is an excellent paper of its kind.

The March issue of the "Russ," San Diego, Cal., contains some very good stories. It shows that it has the support of the entire school.

"The Clarion," Salem, Oregon, still continues with its excellent stories. It gives a good example of how a high school paper is helped by good stories.

"The Reserve Weekly," is very well edited, and contains some articles that are very interesting.

"The Cauldron," Warren, Ohio, is one of the best exchanges that we receive. Warren High is not a large school, and to turn out a paper as good as this, shows that the pupils must have a great deal of school spirit, which many high schools lack.



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OUR STORE IS BRIMFULL OF



NEW SPRING GOODS



WALK-OVER SHDES In every department you are sure to find the article you are looking for.

We can dress any man or boy from head to foot and DO IT RIGHT.

WALK-OVER



Our Prices are Acknowledged to be the lowest.

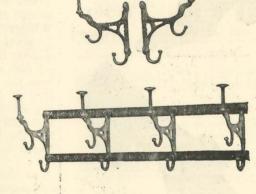


THE GOLDEN EAGLE

Hat and Goat Rack with 4 large Hat Hooks and 8 small Goat hooks 2 ft. 1 in. in length. Hooks 8 inches apart. Hooks extend from the wall 8 inches, and are 10 inches in height. Hooks are attached to 1-inch metral band. Finely oxidized copper finish.

Price each \$1.50 Hooks per dozen as they are shown above:

Price \$3.00



We would be pleased to quote you prices on special length Hat Racks with two hoeks, 9 inches in length, up to 16 hooks, 10 feet 1 in. in length.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell our line of Hall Trees, Hall Racks, also agents wanted to sell our Lighting System in unoccupied territory. Write for catalog, terms and territory.

The Forde Light Co.,



WATCH SALEM GROW

The new factories to be built in Salem will employ a large number of stenographers and bookkeepers. Will it not pay you to prepare for a position? Don't delay, but begin now. Ask us, for we are in touch with the situation.

THE SALEM BUSINESS COLLEGE

W. H. Matthews, Prin.

JOHN BONELL





One of our popular styles in Tan.

EALY'S SHOE STORE

WHERE THEY FITU



Since the warm weather has arrived we are pleased to note that the track team candidates are turning out so well. This shows the true school spirit. Although at first the chances for a good showing looked slim, yet the determination and perseverence shown by the fellows makes failure almost impossible. We cannot help but have a successful team if everyone works. Do not think you are too little to take a place, for you are not. Come out and try and even if you don't take a first you help the others, for you tend to create a rivalry, and rivalry makes the men strain every nerve to win. You never know your value until you make a test.

The work has been progressing nicely the last week. Captain Whinery has taken the candidates for several cross-country runs. A quarter mile stretch has been laid off and several lively sprints have been the result. Although at first lack of weight men seemed to be the cause of much worry to Captain Whinery, yet a valuable man for the hammer throw has been found in Shelton.

Some time ago the County Athletic Association met in Wellsville and made arrangements for holding this year's meet at Lisbon. The delegates seemed very eager to have Salem represented this year and reinstated her. We are glad to know that Salem High spurned this offer as it can easily be seen that the association needs new life. This can



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In all probability Salem High will go to Akron this year to compete with that school in a dual meet. The date has not yet been set but will likely come along toward the end of May. A considerable number of rooters are preparing to accompany the team. We defeated Akron High here last year and there is no reason why we cannot do the trick again this year.

Society Notes.

The dance given by the boys of the Junior class on March the fifth, in return for the one given by the girls on February twenty-ninth was largely attended. It was one of the most pleasant dances the boys have given this year, and was much appreciated by the girls. The out-of-town guests were the Misses Ethel Adams and Mary Cunningham, of Lisbon, Corinne Adams and Earle Cooke of Leetonia. The Gilson & Brickner orchestra furnished the music.

The solitaire party given by Miss Bertha Wire, and attened by herself was a great success. Solitaire was the feature of the evening.

THE TAILOR'S CREST

The tailor's sign in a little inland town was an apple, simply an apple. The people were amazed at it They came in crowds to the tailor, asking him what on earth the meaning of the sign was.

The tailor with a complacent smile replied.

"If it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?

-Ladies' Home Journal.

YOU WILL FIND A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

"EATON HURLBUT'S"

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

BOLGER & FRENCH
DRUGGISTS

C. E. WHINNERY

DENTIST

Over Bolger & French's Drug Store.

> We UUS URight

H. E. Stiffler

GROCER.

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

will finish your amateur work to suit you and it will be satisfactory.

BOB HALL

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

BARBER SHOP

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 TREES ON OUR STREET.

[Continued from Page 8,]

waves wildly at its owner's window. Regularly in the autumn the man looks vainly for an apple, and vows he will cut the tree down next spring. But next spring the tree grows beautiful green leaves and seems to waken up at last. The man is delighted. He rubs his hands together and says: "Why, the old tree is going to do some good after all. I'm glad I didn't cut it down. Perhaps it was n't old enough last year.'' The knowing old tree hears this, and immediately the leaves stop growing and become brown around the edges and remain so till early fall, when they can no longer hold on.

But the birds are its friends. By turns a bluebird, a robin, and a sparrow builds its nest on the one limb. A red headed woodpecker is the only permanent tenant. Several years ago he discovered that the apple tree had a soft spot in his heart for feathered people. He early took advantage of this spot, considering it an easy place to dig out for a home, and had his nest all made before the other birds had

begun

So each year, though the tree's life is threatened, a new family of woodpeckers flies away.

R. G., '11.

A Tramp, appealing to a kind old farmer for help, whined: "Wunst I wuz in a fair way ter become a millionaire, but one of these here labor-saving devices knocked me out."

"How so, poor fellow?" the farmer asked.

"I wuz doin' fine," the tramp explained, "holding down a bartender's job in a saloon, when the boss went and put in a cash register."—Ex.

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GOOD FRIENDS

Gretchen (to best friend)—"You were wrong, you see, when you said Mr. Smith did not care for me. Yesterday he asked me to mary him and declared he could eat me up!"

Louisa—"I congratulate you. I had always heard that his favorite dish was goose!"—Ex.

THE LATEST

"Remorse never gives so keen a pang as after we have made fools of ourselves." Who said this?

When you buy anything advertised here, say "Quaker". It shows the advertiser that he is in the right company.

Is this your "Quaker"? If not, get one from one of the editors. Don't be a dead head.

Clever is he that sayeth new things truly;

But cleverer he that putteth old things newly.

"Graft!" Where have I heard that word before?

—The Ex. Committee.

Unapplauded Heroes.

It is a strange thing that the applause of men greets only those who fight with men. They who battle with the enemies of man, with disease, with accident, with unknown forces and unknown seas and lands, these men must fight and, if necessary, die almost unnoticed by their fellows.—London Lancet.

Plans and Estimates.

Inquiring Son—Pop, is an architect an artist? Pop (who has just had a new house built)—I guess so. They say artists are perfect children about money matters.

You cannot dream yourself into a character: you must hammer and forge yourself into one.—Home Notes.

THIS STORE IS FOR MEN

We cater to the wishes of young men, middle aged men and old men. We build clothes for men in all walks of life.

HATS AND FURNISHINGS OF THE LATEST VOGUE

J. ATCHISON & SON, 100 MAIN STREET

GET OUR A. G. SPALDING LINE

OF

BASEBALL GOODS

AND

TENNIS SUPPLIES

We Will Carry a Complete Line in Stock

Carr's Hardware

CALL AT

Mon Younger's

For a

HAIRCUT and SHAVE

Pickett Block.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

The clerk was most obliging, but the young woman customer was hard to please. Roll after roll of blankets did he patiently take down and show to her; nothing suited.

For some 15 minutes this mock sale went on, then the young woman said condescendingly, "Well, I don't intend to buy, I was just looking for a friend"

"Wait a moment, madam," cried the clerk. "There is one more blanket left on the shelf. Maybe you will find your friend in it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Girl, asked to say grace.—"Oh, Lord give me strength to eat this meat."

"That," said the loaf pointing to the oven, "is where I was bred."—Ex.

NEW SPRING CARPETS

and Rugs, largest assortment of Lace Cuartains we have ever shown. New Jacket Suits, Waists and Skirts. See the skirts we are selling at \$4.75.

Moore & Reeves.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Lawn Seed

Call and talk it over with us.

The Smith Co.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

TROTTER'S DOLLARS

Why waste your hard earned cash for a small consideration of a little credit.

C. E. TROTTER

Salem, Ohio

Spring Jewelry

New Spring Styles in Bracelets, Belt Pins, and Hat Pins.

When you get your new spring hat, don't use an old hat pin, you will spoil the effect.

C. M. Wilson

FOR COMFORT

ECOMOMY AND THE

BEST RESULTS. USE

NATURE'S OWN FUEL NATURAL GAS

THE NATURAL GAS COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA

ring Jewelry

v Spring Styles in lets, Belt Pins, and Pins.

en you get your new hat, don't use an old in, you will spoil the

M. Wilson

COMFORT

MOMY AND THE

T RESULTS USE

URE'S OWN FUEL TURAL GAS

ITURAL GAS COMPANY
WEST VIRGINIA

CALL AT

Frank Godward's

Grocery

ONION SETS

and

GARDEN SEEDS

No. 35 East Main Street

2222

Easter Suits

Easter Hats

Easter Neckwear

Easter Shirts

Easter Gloves

Easter Half Hose

Easter Collars

etc., for man or boy in the latest 1908 New York styles at

The Triem & Murphy Co.

LADIES'

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Shoe Shining Parlor

BY WEEK, 25 CENTS

Real Younger

146 MAIN STREET

BICYCLES

and Sundries

AT

W. B. THOMAS'

23 Main Street

HARSH & GRISEZ

Tonsorial Parlors

36 E. Main St.

We Want Your Trade

If good, reliable goods, lowest possible prices, fair and square dealing, and polite attention will get it, we can count on you for a customer.

W. J. Gamble

SALEM, OHIO



THIS LABEL



on the inside coat pocket of a suit stands for honesty, quality and fit. The makers stand behind every garment. Superior to tailor made and striking in every respect. Our full spring line is now ready to show you. May we?

THE SMITH-ECKSTEIN CO.

J. C. DILDINE S Everything Musical

SPORTING GOODS

Local Representative of Leading Factories
LOWEST PRICES AND BEST TERMS

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