



MAY '08

VOL. IV

Nº 4

# THE QUAKER

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL

# NICKELODEUM THEATRE

Stands for good, refined  
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## Moving Pictures

AND

## Illustrated Song

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NUTS OF ALL  
KINDS



If you want your writing paper,  
your invitation notes, your visiting  
cards to be strictly proper form,  
buy always of McMillan's.

AND IF INTERESTED IN  
furthering "greater Salem" keep  
sending post cards of the town.  
18 kinds, all good-looking, 2 for  
5c. One extra, special to the  
High School.

### M'MILLAN'S



**TRANAHAN'S**

**CARRY A FULL  
LINE OF COUN-  
TER GOODS**

**FRESH SALTED  
CUTS OF ALL  
KINDS**



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**U**nder good treatment  
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**C**LOTHING, HATS and  
HABERDASHERY  
**E**ffected with low prices,  
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Is a success. Let us show you how to  
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## CHI NAMEL

**The Salem Hardware Company**

## KODAKS

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**CLOTHES CUT AND  
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WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

**Fine TEAS &  
COFFEES**

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**J. W. LEASE**



## CLEVELAND CAFE

Corner Main and Lincoln Avenue,  
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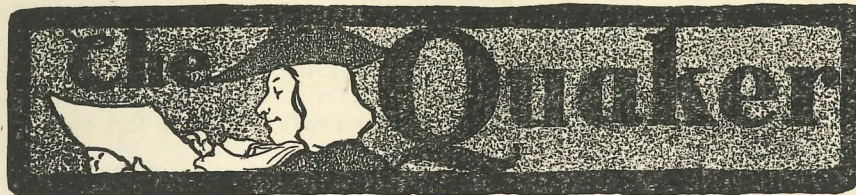
Main Street

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W. LEASE



VOL IV.

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## THE CONVICT'S RETURN

BY X. Y. Z. '10

"We'll wait for 'oo, Daddy! We'll wait for 'oo!" A flood of tender memories swept over him as the childish treble rang again in his ears. How often during those long years of anguish had that voice, ringing clear in his mind, cheered him and kept him from losing all hope for the future in the misery of the present.

Yes, he was a prisoner, justly, too, he knew. Many times had he gone over that hour of madness, when the blow had been struck which came near losing him his life, and at last had condemned him to seven years of penal servitude. To be sure there had been provocation—more than human nature could stand, yet he cursed himself that he had not fled from the temptation, instead of blindly awaiting the moment when passion should triumph over mind.

But why regret? It had been done, he was tried and sentenced, and then had come the parting. Even after those long years that scene returned to him—the heart-rending grief of his loyal wife, whose heart was too full of sorrow for words, the tear-stained, troubled face of his little daughter, too young to understand it all, but feeling a part of its sorrow; then the order to start, and that childish voice, full of tears, yet struggling

to be cheerful, calling out a last farewell, "We'll wait for 'oo, Daddy! We'll wait for 'oo!" Too young to understand the meaning of crime, her sorrow came from a more immediate grief—the separation from her father—and as a last farewell she had lisped those words, to sustain him through the long, dark years.

But all that was past now. Six of those seven years were gone, and the seventh was long past its noon. What a glorious sunset it would have! for the sky was clear now; the hope which he had striven to retain in his moments of despair, was growing. His mind was filled with plans for the time when he should again be with his loved ones and no dark cloud of despair obscured the glorious afternoon.

From that time on he eagerly counted the weeks, the days, and even the hours, for each one brought him a little nearer the freedom his soul was longing for. And if ever his mind relapsed to its habitual despair, there would come in tender accents that little voice, like a helping hand, to lift him from the depths of despair to the pinnacle of hope.

Thus the days passed by, each one brighter than its predecessor, each one a step towards freedom and his loved ones. He no longer disliked the rough toil and daily routine. They were but obstacles



in his way toward happiness, and as such the chance to remove them was doubly welcome.

Then had come the last month, the last week, and now it was the eve of the last day. On the morrow he would step out into the world a free man. To be sure, the ban of a prison sentence would hang over him, but could not that be dispelled by industry and right living? That night his slumber was filled with pleasant dreams. He was walking in beautiful fields and green meadows, along shady streams and through breezy woods, and ever there rang in his ears that silvery voice, "We'll wait for 'oo, Daddy!" enticing him on and on. At times it would grow more and more distinct till he hoped to catch a glimpse of its elfin owner; then, as he quickened his pace, growing fainter and fainter, till he could hardly distinguish it from a wandering zephyr, or the distant murmuring of a brook. At last, exhausted from the vain pursuit, he threw himself on the mossy ground and dreamed—a dream within a dream. He was a boy again, out in the old cornfield toiling in the summer heat. The sun was nearing its zenith, and ever and again he cast an anxious glance toward the old farm house nestling among the pines. There were all the old familiar scenes of his boyhood, and his heart was filled with the buoyancy of youth. At last he saw his sister come from the house, cross the yard to the old bell on the smokehouse roof, seize the rope and—the sharp, insistent clang of the prison gong sounded harshly in his ears. Oh, the horror of that moment! Recalled from fields of tenderest recollection to the bare, black prison walls, he shuddered, and then as his senses came back to their wonted track, he remem-

bered that it was the morning of the last day. Such a sudden transition from black despair to infinite joy overwhelmed him and he wept like a child. \* \* \* \* \*

It was noon. As the bells were chiming the hour, he stepped out into the world a free man, and when the doors clanged behind him, he stopped, bewildered and dazzled by the realization of it all. Seven years before those same cruel doors had closed after him, cutting him off from friends, society, his wife and child, yes, almost from life itself. And now the world was before him again, the arena of his future life, the scene of the realization of all his plans. Ah, yes, and far away across the hills were his wife, his child, his home. Home! How long that word had been meaningless to him, but now how filled with brightest promise! They would be waiting for him there, and there at least he would find things the same. With an effort he collected himself and started down the long street and out over the grassy hills. The birds sang to him, the rustling of the breeze through the trees lulled his excited senses, even the drowsy hum of the locusts was music to his ears. It seemed to him that he was walking in a dream, and he half expected the prison gong to call him back to the old life.

But the dream endured. Hill and dale, wood and meadow, were passed, and as the shades of evening were drawing closer, he reached the summit and looked down into the peaceful valley, where, almost hidden by the pines, lay the home of his youth, the scene of his dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

The windows were tinted with the blood red of the afterglow when he swung open the old yard gate and heard the answering bark of



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his dog. The door burst open and  
 a little girl—his girl—ran to meet  
 him. In the door stood his wife, a  
 smile on her lips and a welcome  
 shining in her eyes.

No words, but just a long, lin-  
 gering embrace, and they led him  
 across to the fireplace, where the  
 huge logs were crackling merrily.  
 He was so happy and so tired. He  
 leaned back contentedly in the old  
 arm chair and let his eyes wander  
 about the familiar room. There  
 was the table set for three, a com-  
 fortable chair at his accustomed  
 place, those of his wife and child  
 on either side. From the kitchen  
 came the fragrance of a meal in  
 preparation, mingled with the  
 aroma of the coffee. The pictures,  
 the quaint articles on the mantel-  
 piece—all were familiar. He took  
 his child on his knee—his little  
 girl no longer. For she, at least, had  
 changed during those seven years.  
 She was a big girl now, plump and  
 rosy, her silvery voice full and  
 sweet. And as he stroked her head  
 lying against his breast, he told  
 them, in a voice thrilling with emo-  
 tion, of the hours of suffering, of  
 the moments of despair, and how  
 each time the memory of her words  
 had kept him up; told of the weary  
 waiting, the hours of toil and the  
 sleepless nights. Then of his count-  
 ing the last glad days, the dreams  
 of the night before, his release and  
 the homecoming; and when, at  
 last, he was choked with emotion,  
 his wife and child were sobbing in  
 sympathy. \* \* \* \* \*

Surely he had never eaten such a  
 repast as that upon which he soon  
 asked a fervent, heartfelt blessing.  
 After the coarse prison fare, the  
 coffee was nectar to his lips, the  
 fruit as though plucked from the  
 Garden of Eden. But his greatest  
 joy was in being with his loved ones  
 again; to see them, and hear them

speak. When the supper was over  
 and the room lighted only by the  
 flickering tongues of flame, now  
 burning brightly, and now dying  
 down to glowing coals, they drew  
 up to the fire, and as he sat there,  
 his child in his arms, and his wife  
 by his side, his cup of happiness  
 was full, and in his heart he breath-  
 ed a prayer of thanksgiving to the  
 Giver of all good things.

(Copyrighted.)

#### A LETTER FROM SEATTLE.

Most people think of Alaska as  
 being nothing more than a barren  
 waste with an occasional gold mine  
 but one need not go any farther than  
 Seattle to see why Uncle Sam paid  
 seven million dollars for this tract  
 of land ice-bound for the greater  
 part of the year.

But Alaska is a wonderful coun-  
 try and richer in many ways than  
 the average reader imagines. Se-  
 attle's trade with this territory is  
 enormous. Both her exports and  
 imports are marvelous in quantity.  
 We are accustomed to think that  
 the Columbia River salmon fisheries  
 are the great ones but they are small  
 compared with those of Alaska.  
 Vessel after vessel comes down from  
 Alaska with tons of salmon almost  
 every day. Warehouses are piled  
 full. The work is mostly done by  
 Indian labor. In addition to her  
 fisheries and gold mines great quan-  
 tities of coal are mined. Alaska  
 also yields a fine grade of marble.  
 The "Alaska" building in Seattle  
 which is entirely constructed of  
 Alaska products and materials, is  
 the finest building in that city.  
 This marble is used both for exter-  
 ior and interior finish. The finest  
 grades of timber for interior work  
 are obtained from this supposed land  
 of exclusive ice and snow.



If anyone wants to see the finest scenery we Americans can boast of, let him take a summer trip to Urangel Land, Alaska. The steamship route keeps the coast in view almost all the way and is a four days' trip from Seattle. When once within the winding, sinuous waters, bays and estuaries of that country, you will see more grand scenery of all kinds than the world can show elsewhere.

As the cold weather sets in up in Alaska the hegira from that country commences. Fairbanks, Nome and other places are almost depopulated, and most of the people come to Seattle for the winter. It is a sight to watch one of these Alaska boats unload her cargo of human freight. All nations and classes of people are here represented—rich miners, bankers, capitalists, and all grades, down to the commonest laborer; and a large majority come in with their outfits strapped around them. Blankets and camp equipment, hunting and prospecting outfits they carry with them.

Occasionally you get to see a lot of Alaska sledge dogs—the fierce wild malamoots—the greatest scappers in the world—and they would tear any civilized dog, however large, to pieces in a minute. They are valuable and often sent to the dog hospital in Seattle. The keeper said he had to keep each one in a separate stall or they would be in a deadly fight all the time, and yet the men who understand them, handle them easily. The malamoot is not a large dog, has a wolfish look, short neck, and long bushy tail. Jack London in his book, "The Call of the Wild," describes these fierce brutes admirably and accurately.

The Japanese, Chinese, Hindu, and nearly every race on earth, is represented in Seattle, and a major-

ity may be seen coming in on the boats from Alaska.

The only disagreeable thing about the Puget Sound country is the continuous rains. From September until May you can expect some rain every day. It is a healthful region tho and the summers are pleasant.

The only grains raised in this country are barley and a certain kind of oats—no other grains will mature. This is because of the heavy rains. Excellent vegetables and berries are raised.

A very interesting and beautiful trip from Seattle is to Tacoma by water. Puget Sound is a great inland sea, connected with the Pacific by the straits of Juan de Fuca, which form part of the boundary line between Washington and British Columbia, and altogether has twenty-three hundred miles of shore line. The waters of the Sound are broad and deep, vessels of the greatest draft entering the principal Puget Sound harbors with the greatest ease.

In going from Seattle to Tacoma one gets a magnificent view of Mt. Rainier, 14,541 feet high, and about 40 miles equi-distant from either city. As it stands alone and is perpetually covered with snow, it looks like a great cone of white sugar and seems hardly ten miles away.

#### WHEN THE MAID PROPOSED.

The leap-year girl had just proposed.

"This is—er—so sudden," stammered the young man in the case. "I am dreadfully—er—embarrassed and—"

"Embarrassed!" exclaimed the fair maid. "Then I take it all back. I thought you had oodles of money."



## A BURGLARY AT THE SMITH'S

About five months ago the Smiths, in company with a friend of theirs about eight years old, spent a quiet evening and at a seasonable hour the guest was sent to bed and soon after, the Smiths retired. The house was quiet and the hours crept by till the clock in the hall chimed one. Then suddenly a deafening crash roused the young visitor and sent his heart to his throat, where it stuck for a moment, and then settled back to its normal position and speed, when a second crash caused it to miss two or three beats, and roused the Smiths from their slumbers.

Surely there were burglars in the house. Smith slipped out into the frosty air and went to the head of the stairs, where he listened to the muffled sounds below. No, he wasn't afraid, but being roused at such an hour by such sounds is apt to set one's hair on end and his teeth chattering. And a chill November air blew on his scantily clad limbs with uncomfortable directness. Mrs. Smith had joined him now, and together they shivered and conversed, just low enough to be unintelligible to the guest, who lay there quaking with terror, straining to catch every sound and yet dreading to hear them.

But surely there was someone trying to enter the front door. "Wait a minute," whispered Smith, and securing a bed slat and half a brick, he slipped to the open window directly above the front door, and poising the brick in his left hand, leaned out till he commanded a view of the door below. There, in the full glare of the moon, which brought out objects in sharp relief, was—absolutely nothing.

To describe Smith's feelings would be impossible. He had never

before been so disappointed. He had counted on wielding that peaceable lump of clay with effect and had even pictured the glaring headlines in the Penny Press concerning his successful thwarting of a bold robbery—and now not a single living thing could be seen. There was not even a stray cat at which to hurl that brick and vent his wrath. But though he was chilled with the cold he did not dare to go back to bed, for an occasional thump gave evidence of depredations still going on.

Now, Smith is not timid, but he did not quite like the idea of going down those winding stairs, and encountering unknown terrors with no more effectual weapon than a bed slat, so he mounted guard on the stair case. He had a sort of hazy notion that the robber would attempt to come up, when Smith intended to smother him in an avalanche of bed ticks and mattresses.

An hour dragged by, and as the mysterious sounds had ceased and his blood had begun to congeal in his veins, he threw down the slat in disgust and went to bed, expressing at the same time with a few well-chosen words his opinion of a man who could have the audacity to disturb a man from peaceful slumber on a chilly night and allow him to stand guard two hours without giving him a chance for retaliation. With these few remarks Smith went to sleep. But not so the guest. Night sounds had awful terrors for him and his mind was filled with wild fancies. The bed creaked and he shivered. Smith's first long-drawn snore fairly curdled his blood, and when his palpitating heart finally settled down and he slept, it was to dream of robbery and murder until he screamed in

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terror, and threw off the nightmare.

The next morning Smith arose and went down stairs to ascertain the extent of his loss, but he could find nothing wrong in the kitchen. On opening the cellar door, however, the family cat sprang out, and seemed glad of release. She had been shut in by accident, and in her attempts to find an avenue of escape, had dislodged some cans of fruit from the steps, knocked sundry articles from the swing shelf, and in various other ways contributed to the disturbance which had caused Smith so much vexation. Smith had a strong temptation to do things to that cat, but he contented himself with a resolve to eject her thereafter before retiring. (Copyrighted) D. S. K., '10.

#### ADVICE TO AMATUERS, or HOW TO KILL A CAT.

"There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with hot butter." Some wise old sage has spoken these words. I do not know who he was, but he probably had had experience. If any one wishes to try this method when butter is forty cents a pound, it might be well to use axle grease instead.

Another and cheaper way is to hand the cat to some boy with a nickel, and tell him to lose it. In this way you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done a good deed; the boy and his friends get an amount of joy in proportion to the size of the cat; the cat forgets all its sorrows and thus all concerned are happy.

If you wish to make sure of the cat's absence for a long time you may shoot it. However, as a live cat is a very uncertain mark this is only recommended for very dry

and open sections of the country.

Often you may wish to drown a cat. This is accomplished in the following way. Procure a stout sack, put the cat in it, and carry it to a deep pond. Open the sack and put a large rock in (this serves to keep down his indignation). If the cat does not escape during this operation you may tie the mouth tightly shut and drop the sack into the water. Stand by for a quarter of an hour or until you are sure that there are no lives left and then depart. If it is your first attempt it might be well to request the help of one of the spectators. You will get it. Then if you do not do the job in an artistic and soul-satisfying manner you can shift the blame to the shoulders of your helper and escape the jeers of the disappointed multitude.

A few hints which should be considered by the young and unskilful are as follows: Never hang a cat, that is a live cat. You can do many things with a dead one. If it has a tail and no other weapon is handy you can use it with a sledge hammer motion on the bodies of your enemies. Thus we see that many things are useful when taken in the right way. However, this is digressing.

Never throw a cat out of an upstairs window—they don't appreciate the novelty of the sensation and are liable to object strenuously.

Always remember when handling pets that they have five double action claws on each paw and you will have but little trouble with them.

If an increase of interest in our animal friends may result from these few remarks, the writer will feel amply repaid for any trouble he may have had in collecting and compiling them. R. C. '11.



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WILBUR SMITH '09 . . . . .	Business
ROLLIN M. SCHWARTZ '10 . . . . .	Advertising Manager

The material for the Quaker is very difficult to secure and the students can show their school spirit by handing in articles for the June issue. The June number should be the masterpiece of the year and success can only be had by every one doing his part. If you have a joke or an item that you consider appropriate for the magazine you will confer a favor on the school as well as on the staff by giving it to one of the editors. So let the whole school unite in making the June issue the best of the year.

The cover design for this issue was drawn by Pauline Wells, '10. Another very good design was handed in by Charles Burchfield. The Salem High School certainly ought to have more than two artists in it. It is the wish of the staff that several designs be submitted for the June issue.

At the last ethics lesson, the Reverend Mr. Lang of the First Baptist church, addressed the Juniors and Seniors on the subject, "Industry," which he very plainly and terestingly explained, by illustrations from different experiences of life. The only criticism to be made is that it did not last longer.

On Arbor day Mrs. Cooper gave an entertaining and instructive talk to the students of rooms 3 and 4 on the subject of "Birds."

The merchants who place advertisements in this magazine do so to stimulate business and attract customers. The High School students should show proper appreciation of the merchants' good will by patronizing them.

Patronize our advertisers.



## CLASS WORK

### THE RELIGION OF RAVELOE

The religion of Raveloe was that simple, unpretending faith that might be expected from a prosperous but isolated village such as this.

Their belief seems to have been founded more on form than on theory. For example, they thought they received some good by attentively listening to the church music and hearing the "prayers and the singing to the praise and glory o' God," as Mr. Macey gives out, although they could not tell you what it was. They believed that such ceremonies as christening and inoculation ought to be rigidly attended to, lest the child "ever went anyways wrong."

Yet they were not of that class of people who require the performance of every religious duty. This belief did not teach that the parson should be one those sober, long-faced personages, with a clergyman's collar, attending only to the affairs of the church, indeed, they were not surprised when he joined in their festivities as gay as anyone. One need not go to church every Sunday, according to their way of thinking, in fact, such conduct would have been considered as very selfish since the offender would get an advantage over his neighbor.

Furthermore these people were very superstitious, regarding with suspicious glances anyone who seemed to know more than the "common run." Things and places they did not understand and know about, they considered evil.

Yet notwithstanding these traits, their code of belief possessed some very remarkable virtues. The awe and reverence they held of God

might be an example to many more enlightened people of today. Throughout the story of Silas Marner, we find no profane language while the many "God knows" and "God bless them" show the veneration of these people. One of the characters even used a plural pronoun in reference to God that she might not seem too familiar.

This religion also taught that one should do his share and trust that God would help and reward him accordingly. "Heaven helps those who help themselves" was almost the basis of their belief. That their divine father would not do his part by anyone seems not have occurred to them.

And so we may say that despite the peculiar traits in it, this religion was really worthy to be set up as a model for many to follow. The foundation was good and firm, the peculiarities being as the wings of the house, only small additions which circumstances had created.

(From Silas Marner) V. B. '09.

### A DEFENSE OF JESSICA.

If Jessica, the Jewess in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," had lived in our time she would, no doubt, be looked upon with much contempt because of the manner in which she forsook her father's house; and she would be censured for taking with her money which belonged to her father. However, we must not look upon her in that light.

At the time in which she lived it was not an uncommon thing for girls to disguise themselves as pages, nor was it considered an immodest thing. Therefore we should



# ORK

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not judge her by our present stand-  
ards of propriety.

Another thing that we must con-  
sider is that when she was but a  
girl, her mother died. Jessica had  
no sisters and her father's visitors  
and associates were men, so that  
she was deprived of refined femin-  
ine influences. Moreover, she did  
not have a mother's care and advice.  
Her father was too busily engaged  
in other things to counsel with her.  
Thus she grew up, having little  
thought about many serious ques-  
tions.

Shylock, doubtless, was largely  
to blame for Jessica's course. He  
was a rich, miserly Jew. He had  
an enormous sum of money and was  
continually gaining more. He  
hoarded all that he had and used  
only enough to supply the necessi-  
ties of life. Jessica was young and  
full of life. She had a natural de-  
sire for amusement and association  
with others of her own age. How-  
ever, her father was a strict Jew.  
He hated the Christians and con-  
sidered association with them as  
defiling. Therefore he forbade Jes-  
sica to have any more intercourse  
with them than was absolutely nec-  
essary. Even though he forbade  
this intercourse, had he made her  
home life pleasant and attractive,  
she would have felt greater rever-  
ence for him. But he paid abso-  
lutely no attention to her desires  
and even ordered her to close all  
doors and windows when the masque  
went by the house, so as to shut  
out as much of the sound as possi-  
ble. Jessica saw the young ladies  
of Venice enjoying themselves and  
it made her life bitter. She failed  
to see any virtue or pleasure in her  
father's religion and if to be a Chris-  
tian meant release from her prison  
of unhappiness, she was more than  
glad to welcome any means of es-  
cape. Thus hampered by the un-

reasonable demands of her father,  
deprived of all pleasure, untaught,  
full of life, and with an unquench-  
able longing for communion with  
kindred spirits, we cannot censure  
her for breaking away from parent-  
al authority, for taking money  
from her own father, for breaking  
away from the religion of her fath-  
ers and entering with all her soul  
into the beauties of the new-found  
world.

## THE DYING OF AN AMBITIOUS SOUL.

BY DELLA JONES

The wind howled dismally around  
the corners of the turret. At times  
it would rise to a mournful shriek,  
then sink to a dismal wail. The  
broken shutters swung to and fro  
upon their creaking hinges; the rag-  
ged clouds chased each other past  
the light of the pale moon.

The moon was silent, cold and  
dark. Here, Death kept watch  
o'er the still figure on the rough,  
hard pallet. The corners mock-  
ingly gave back his rattling breath;  
the fire burned low.

He raised himself upon his wast-  
ed arm to stir the yet remaining  
coals, and from his fast-fading  
eyes gazed about the bare walls,  
despairingly. "And to think that  
I should die,—should die before I  
finished! My one aim was to solve  
this mystery—to find the secret,  
But now!—now it is too late! Oh!  
God! must it be so? is this my last,  
—this the death dew on my brow?  
Oh it cannot be! it cannot be!—  
and yet it must be so. How my  
brain burns! my heart grows sick!  
—my eyes grow dim! I faint! my  
flask! —Ha! how it thrills me! If  
I had but one year more. I might  
solve this, and satisfy the craving  
of my brain. I must not die! no, I  
must not!—and yet, was not I born  
to die? Fifty years did I toil—toil



—toil—unceasingly! Little by little did I pierce the secret through, until I saw success within my grasp!—This life is but a flimsy dream; and death—Aha! I reel!—darkness comes o'er me! save me! Oh, God! I die!"

□ The morning slowly dawned, and the man of three-score-and-ten lay all alone. His body was thin and wasted as if from want; His hair was long, thin, and wildly hung about his wasted temples; his glassy eyes stared at the bare ceiling; his lips still wore the expression of the death struggle. Lying around the room were the vessels and instruments with which he had hoped to solve the mystery, useless as the hand that once had fashioned them.

The fire was out. Outside the storm still raged; the shutters still creaked and the wind still howled. Thus upon a fateful night, did the ambitious soul take flight.

"We get everything here that is worth seeing," said the villager. "Why last week we had the champion brass band here, the week before the greatest cornet player in the country, and this week we are going to have a great production of 'Louis the Cross-Eye.' I tell you that is going to be tip-top."

"What did you say was the name of the play?" asked the visitor.

"Here, have a look for yourself," said the proud villager, as he pulled out a grubby, much-folded programme announcing a "grand production of 'Louis XI.'"

#### WHAT HE DREW.

"I notice that you nearly always smoke when you are writing," said the caller. "Do you draw inspiration from you pipe?"

"No," replied the horse reporter, "I draw smoke."

#### THE TIN-HORN SPORT.

To me the most sublime of all ideals, save only true love, infinite wisdom and a comic opera, is a noiseless Tin-Horn Sport. The Tin-Horn Sport, I must complain, is the gent in the little dinky skull cap, violet shirt and red tie—the perfect image of a real college man. As a small boy he used to wave a tin sword, pretend he was Napoleon, and make lots of noise about it. Now he tells us what a terrible bounder he is, pretends that he is out for "wine women and song, hurrah!"—with the song as a mere side dish, and makes lots of noise about it. Every third day he is going to reform, and, solemnly wagging his head, like a wise old owl, he tells us the story of his life and makes lots of noise about it. Be careful, go slowly, when a boy of twenty starts out to travel the route, he wants to be mighty sure his return trip ticket is tucked safely away in his pocket. Sometimes Mr. Tin-Horn Sport, you are just young, the little kid with the toy drum yet, and I hope that when you grow older you will wake some morning with a good old-fashioned, New England headache—the kind that father used to have—and quiet down and stop talking. But to be frank, Mr. Tin-Horn Sport, I honestly believe that you are the rubbish of college, all tinsel and no gold, all tin-horn and no sport, and like a mule that brays, a fool proud of his fool-hardiness. Away with you, you brazen little kid, you naughty child, you are sentenced to an eternal job as a steam caliope advertising the excursion line that ferries the crowds to that ever popular summer resort of Hades, an animated steam caliope with ears that must forever listen to its own music.—From "Tee Maroon."



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 —From "Tee Maroon."

## LOCALS.

## SENIOR LOCAL.

The three honor graduates of the class of 1908 have been announced as follows: Phebe Sturgeon, first; Blanche Ream, second; Walter French, third.

Bertha (translating Latin). "Her hair and her complexion disappeared."

Phebe (translating). "Nor will the home yawn it great mouth."

Miss Tate. "Why does the 'Merchant of Venice' end with a night scene?"

Inez. "Because it makes it more romantic, for everyone is soft."

Miss Richards (German III.) "Herr Constance."

## JUNIOR LOCALS.

When "Silas Marner" was completed in English III. Tim asked: "What do we study next." Miss Richards informed him—"As You Like It." "Then let us take up 'Eavesdroppers,'" said Tim.

## GERMAN.

C. Mc.—It is indeed an unexpected surprise.

## CLASS OF '10.

Teacher "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Schwartzie. "Yes, but there are other watch lifters."

Isa D. (Eng. II). This is the one with the summary at the end."

Professor S. (Arbor day proclamation) "No person shall catch, pursue, possess, or ship any birds, such as bluebird, robin, redwing, etc."

Bertha P. (Eng. II) "They have a very healthy climate in the country."

## GERMAN II. CLASS.

Das Buch wird gedruckt.

Ada T. "The book was painted."

Miss R. What is the German word for 'five-fold.'"  
 Square Head. "Quintipled."

Lena would like to give the German teacher a few instructions in the pronunciation of words.

Miss A. "It is said that Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier."

Inquisitive Roscoe, "And did the poor soldier get nothing?"

## HEADING HIM OFF.

Blox. "I want to give you a piece of good advice, old man."

Knox. "All right: but before you do, let me give you a piece."

Blox. "What is it?"

Knox. "Follow the advice you are going to give me."

## ALL FOR LOVE.

Jimmy. "Why don't you never wash yer face?"

Tommy. "I want me goil ter t'ink I'm a chauffeur."



# 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

**JOB PRINTING**

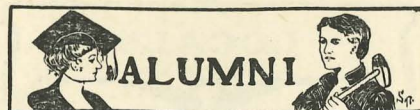
"A LITTLE BETTER THAN

IS BARGAINED

FOR" IS OUR MOTTO

**THE SALEM PUBLISHING CO.**

JOB DEPARTMENT



R. L. Schiller, '06, came to Salem with his classmates of Reserve when the Glee club gave its concert under the auspices of the High School on April 22. Marion Harris, '05, Wilbur Stanley, '05, R. W. Erwin, '03, and F. L. Hole, '06, all students at Western Reserve, attended the concert.

It is but a short time until commencement, when the present Senior class will join the Alumni. It is one of the proudest moments of a young person's life when he is presented with his High School diploma. Yet after a short time there are sure to come moments when he again wishes for the school days—the parties, pleasures and work, or to a part in his school's athletics. Those are days always to be remembered.

The Alumni department would like to hear from more of its members in the way of stories, news, or suggestion of interest. So far two stories have been furnished.

Let each class be represented at the Alumni banquet in June, and give the new class a hearty welcome. Last year the appeal was "More interest," and this slogan should not hang over us.

Alumni, lend your support to the high school in its athletic ventures.

Patronize our advertisers.





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## THE SOCIAL WHIRL

On Wednesday April twenty-  
third, one of the most enjoyable  
dances that has been given for a  
long time was held in the Calumet.

About thirty-five couples respond-  
ed to the invitations of the Athletic  
Association to its Annual Spring  
Vacation Dance. Gilson and Brick-  
ner's orchestra furnished the music  
which was excellent. Dancing was  
continued from eight to twelve.  
Miss Elizabeth Shaffer of Alliance  
was an out of town guest.

The boys of the Athletic Associ-  
ation were very fortunate in secur-  
ing the Western Reserve Glee Club  
for the twenty-second of April. The  
concert was given in the Auditorium  
and was pleasing to all present,  
although a great many of the songs  
had been given by the Glee Club

on former visits to the city.

The burlesque given by R. C.  
and R. E. Hyre was one of the  
amusing features. It represented  
the quarrel scene between Cassio  
and Brutus and was especially  
amusing to those who have studied  
Julius Caesar. The grief and quar-  
rel of the two Romans was made  
less evident by the original and  
ridiculous costumes. The third  
part of the program was a serenade  
composed of college songs and mu-  
sic by the tanjo and mandolin clubs  
and closed with the Reserve Song  
and the College Yell.

The dance which was to have  
been given after the concert in  
honor of the Reserve boys was not  
held because of the death of Mrs.  
F. J. Mullins.

## We Don't Advertise



In "The Quaker" simply to fill this space. We do it  
because it brings us business. The young men know  
that they get full value for their money dealing with  
us; that's the reason we have their trade and confidence.

**Twenty-two years of square dealing did it.**

Watch our window display if you want to be posted on  
the newest fashions in

### CLOTHING AND FOOTWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS



## THE GOLDEN EAGLE

CLOTHING AND SHOE HOUSE





## Greater Salem

Our city will grow greatly in the next year and many more office people will be required.

**Why not study Bookkeeping and Stenography**

and get your share of prosperity? Ask for circulars.

**W. H. Matthews, Prin.**  
SALEM, OHIO.

### JOHN BONELL



**Making and Repairing**  
Satisfaction or money refunded.

**LUNDY STREET**

### Salem's Growing

SO IS OUR TRADE ON

### Wheelock's Blue Ribbon Bread

Every day more people are finding out how good it is. You can find out too if you'll ask us so send you some.

**L. TOMLINSON**

## PATTON & ARBAUGH FURNITURE



We were very much pleased with the number of exchanges received during the past month and hope they may continue to arrive during the next.

\* \* \*

"The College Folio," published by the Women's College of Western Reserve, contains some excellent stories.

\* \* \*

"The Northwestern Magazine," a new exchange is one of the best we have received.

\* \* \*

"The Feltonian," is another excellent exchange. But, "Feltonian," we had no way of knowing where you are from except through the advertisements. You should place the name of your city and school with the list of your editors.

\* \* \*

"The Evening School Voice" is the first exchange we have received from a night high school. It has an excellent cover and contains some very good information in the line of science. It would be a good thing if more papers would adopt a scientific column.

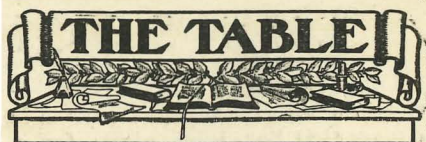
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\* \* \*

"The Normal Record" ranks among our very best exchanges. It is large, well-arranged, inclosed in an excellent cover. The only suggestion we could offer for its improvement is that there should be some cuts for the heads of its different departments.

\* \* \*

"The Spectator," Coffeyville, Kansas, is a very neat little paper, the cover being especially attractive.

\* \* \*

"The Dragon" gives us a new idea in story writing for high school papers. This plan should be tried by more schools. The "Extracts from a Freshman's Diary" are excellent, but we are sorry to see no exchange column.

\* \* \*

"The Spectator," Louisville, Ky., is another good exchange. It contains some excellent cuts.

\* \* \*

We also acknowledge the following exchanges with pleasure:

"Kero," Columbus, O.; "Kenyon Collegian;" "Dictum Est," Red Bluff, Cal.; "Totem," Winamac, Ind.; "Lyceum," Chillicothe, O.; "Occident," Rochester, N. Y.; "Echo," Portsmouth, O., and the "Rayon Record," Youngstown, O.

#### TWO KINDS.

Aunty. "Well, Tommy, what did you learn at school today?"

Tommy. "About ants. There are two kinds—the kind that gets in the sugar bowl and the kind that lives with their married sisters."—Ex.

So many folks  
Telephone to us  
Instead of others  
For staple or  
Fancy groceries at  
Lowest prices.  
Endeavoring and  
Ready yet to  
Serve as your

Grocer, we will gladly  
Receive your  
Orders, and will  
Call regularly at  
Every home, if your  
Rural free delivery or  
Your phone is not working.

#### This for Amateur PHOTOGRAPHERS

*Bring your films for  
Proper Treatment*

**BURT LEEPER**

**BOB HALL**

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

**BARBER SHOP**  
CHESTNUT STREET

Rear of Lapes' Restaurant.



**SPALDING'S**  
**Baseball and**  
**Tennis Goods**

—AT—

**HAWKINS'**  
**Drug Store**

**Rambler**  
**Crescent**  
**Yale**  
**BICYCLES**

**CARR'S HARDWARE**

**HAYES FOR LINENS**

**"WALDORF"**

Shirt Waists and Suits. An assortment unequalled. The newest style.

**PERSIAN LAWNS**

**LACES**

**EMBROIDERIES**

**"PLUME BRAND" MUSLIN**

**UNDERWEAR**

**Albert Hayes**

**THE PIECE THAT ROBERT SPOKE.**

**O**NCE there was a little boy,  
 whose name was Robert Reece;  
 And every Friday afternoon  
 he had to speak a piece.  
 So many poems thus he learned,  
 that soon he had a store  
 Of recitations in his head, and still  
 kept learning more.

And now this is what happened:  
 He was called upon one week,  
 And totally forgot the piece he was  
 about to speak!  
 And so he spoke at random and  
 this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who  
 standest proudly by,  
 It was the schooner 'Hesperus'—  
 the breaking waves dashed  
 high!

Why is the Forum crowded? What  
 means this stir in Rome?  
 Under a spreading chesnut tree  
 there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her moun-  
 tain height cried, Twinkle, lit-  
 tle star,

Shoot if you must this old gray  
 head, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue  
 castled crag of Drachenfels,  
 My name is Norval, on the Gram-  
 pian hills, ring out bells!

"If you're waking, call me early,  
 to be or not to be,  
 The curfew must not ring tonight!  
 Oh, woodman, spare that tree!  
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stan-  
 ley, on! And let who will be  
 clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
 but I go on forever!"

—Caroline Wells in "Saint Nicho-  
 olas."

Patronize our advertisers.



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 ever!

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 I go on forever!"

ine Wells in "Saint Nicho-

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## THE RESULT OF COLLEGE AND HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING

A high school training will in-  
 crease the chances of a common-  
 school boy twenty-three times, giv-  
 ing him eighty-seven times the  
 chance of the uneducated.

A college education increases the  
 chances of a high school boy nine  
 times, giving him 219 times the  
 chance of the common-school boy,  
 and more than 800 times the chance  
 of the untrained.

No better demonstration could be  
 desired of the benefits of a college  
 education than the fact that an ac-  
 tual majority of men and women  
 of "more than local note" in the  
 United States are college graduates.

The young English tourist had  
 arrived at the tiny country station,  
 and the porter had fetched from  
 out of the guard's van a store of  
 luggage, which included many port-  
 manteaux, a camera, golf and fish-  
 ing tackle, and a particularly fero-  
 cious-looking bulldog.

"Aw, portah," commanded the  
 tourist, "just put my portman-  
 teaux, cameraw, etceteraw, in the  
 waiting room for a few minutes,  
 will yaw?"

The porter surveyed the bulldog  
 dubiously.

"Yes, sir," he said slowly.  
 "Et-etceteraw won't bite, will he,  
 sir?"—Ex.

"You look worried, old man!"

"Yes. Had three proposals last  
 night and don't know which one I  
 ought to accept."

## PA'S GROUCH.

Willie (aged 8). "Say, pop,  
 what's medicine?"

Pop. The science of killing peo-  
 ple without falling into the hands  
 of the police."

## NEXT!

## COMES A FANCY VEST

Here are piles of the newest  
 waistcoats in wash materials  
 and soft, cleanable flannels, in  
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 up" beautifully, being careful-  
 ly shrunk and skilfully tailored  
 throughout.

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 Curtains we have ever shown. New  
 Jacket Suits, Waists and Skirts. See  
 the skirts we are selling at \$4.75.

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For a

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Pickett Block.

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Plans are being made by two of the literary societies of Kenyon College for holding a Republican National Convention in Rosse Hall within the next few weeks. All the states are to be represented by properly accredited delegates, and several nominating speeches are to be made, placing the names of possible candidates before the convention. The whole machinery of this convention will be an exact reproduction of the actual conventions held in the past. The thing should prove a huge success, as many such conventions have been held in the past.

A library has been started at the University of Pennsylvania which is to contain all the books written by Penn's graduates.

There is a small matter which some of our subscribers and advertisers have seemingly forgot. To us it is necessary in our business. We are very modest and do not wish to speak of it.—Ex.

Cadet. "Do you know that new fellow, Jones?"

Keydet. "Sure, we sleep in the same Virgil class.—Vedette.

Here's to our faculty,  
Long may they live.  
Even as long as—  
The lessons they give.  
—Rayen Record.

"Uncle Jack, what is an affinity?"  
"Oh, 'most anybody that you're not married to, Willie."

Telegram to father: "Am sick; have no money."

Father in reply: "Am well; have plenty."

Cosmopolitan Club, composed of foreign students, was recently organized at O. S. U. Its charter was granted by Michigan and Cornell, the only other two clubs of this order in the country. The following nationalities are represented: Argentine, Paraguay, Chili, Mexico, Honduras, Barbadoes, Cuba, Porto Rica, India, Roumania, Armenia, Australia, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, and San Domingo. Esperanto was talked of at first for the language of the club, but the constitution requires that it shall be English.

At Dartmouth football emblems of gold will be given to the members of the team which defeated Harvard. They will have the score of the game inscribed on the back.

The University of Paris has two thousand American students enrolled.

In all colleges of Ohio State University, except the College of Law, there can be as many final tests on the work of the term as there are hours of recitation.

Vassar college has an enrollment of 690 girls.

The Yale treasurer says that it costs on the average about \$300 to instruct one student for one year, whereas the average return per student per year is \$150.

Amherst College has just received more than 1000 volumes of Chinese literature, the gift of Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, former Chinese Minister to the United States. Sir Cheng is a graduate of Phillips Andover.

Where there's a will there's won't.



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