

THE QUAKER.



JUNE 1908.

VOL. IV.

NO. 6.

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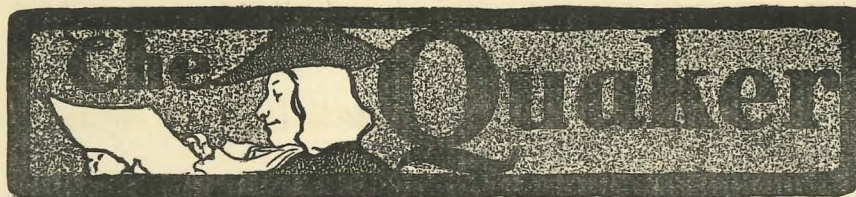
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VOL IV.

JUNE.

NO. 5.

A RELIGIOUS(?) CONTROVERSY

The coming of the Hendersons was first announced to the village of Westville at large on the afternoon of the "Cemetery Meeting" with Mrs. Thayer. The Ladies' Cemetery Association, it should be explained, was an organization to raise funds for the beautifying of the burial grounds. Every public-spirited woman in the town was supposed to belong; and the leveling influence of death was perhaps foreshadowed in the fact that here all social distinctions were put aside; whether Congregationalist, or Methodist, or Presbyterian; member of the Star club or the Rebekahs; of the Thursday club, or the Literary Coterie, they, one and all, forgot their mutual jealousies, and came together in the Cemetery Association on a footing of equality. Nor were their monthly gatherings so solemn and cheerless as the name of the organization implied, for while the members tied comforts and braided rugs in preparation for the annual bazaar, they had also excellent opportunities for gossip and conversation.

"Mercy," said Mrs. Garret as she rose to go with a swish of petticoats—opinion differed as to whether or not they were silk petticoats, but it was generally conceded that Eva Garret was foolish enough to spend her husband's money for such extravagances—"Mercy, but this

was an interesting meeting. I've learned lots of things I never had heard before."

Sarah Stiles carefully folded her apron and put her thimble in her pocket. "Did you know the old Judge Thompson place was sold?" she inquired with elaborate carelessness. "It's bought by a city gentleman and they are going to move right in, I believe David said."

"Well, so that's what you've had up your sleeve, Sarah Stiles!" Mrs. Thayer wore an air of injured dignity which sat awkwardly on her cheerful features.

"I knew you had something to tell. I never saw your equal for keeping back a choice bit of news until everybody else had run out. If you know anything else about 'em, do you mind telling it?"

"I'm sorry, but that's all David said," murmured Mrs. Stiles regretfully.

"Isn't it fine to have some one living in the Thompson home again?" mused Mrs. Garret as she patted her hair before the parlor mantle and arranged her fancy hat pins to the best advantage. "And from the city, too," she continued, "They'll probably fix the place up modern and entertain a great deal. Of course she'll be stylish; that will be such a help to the rest of us."

"Mrs. Thompson was such a

public spirited woman," ventured Mrs. Stiles. "I wonder if the new one will take an interest in things."

"If she's one of the city club women she will be a lot of inspiration in the Literary Coterie. I don't suppose she will care about the Cemetery Association, seeing that they won't have a lot here. I suppose though if some of the family died she would want to join."

"Mrs. Stiles sighed sympathetically, "I wonder to what church they will go?"

"Judge Thompson's folk were Methodists," answered Mrs. Thayer complacently.

Mrs. Garret shrugged her shoulders. "Mrs. Thompson was old-fashioned in lots of things," she said airily. "I do hope the new people will be up to date."

Mrs. Thayer sniffed. She and Mrs. Garret were sisters, brought up in the Methodist faith, but Mrs. Garret on her marriage, had easily become a proselyte to her husband's faith and was now, to quote the local paper, "very prominent in Congregational circles."

Mrs. Stiles knew that this was a tender subject with both sisters, so she moved uneasily toward the door. She herself, was a Presbyterian, one of a sober band who hated trouble, who paid their debts promptly, and who attended quietly to their own affairs.

"Well," snapped Eva Garret, as she gathered up her skirts to accompany her, "I've got just this much to say"—she cast a meaning glance at her sister—"I do hope that wherever they go they'll be left free to make their own choice."

Before sundown, every man, woman, and child in Westville knew that the Thompson place had been sold. When Henry Thayer came home, shaking the dust of the gristmill from his broad, stooped shoul-

ders, Mrs. Thayer bounced excitedly to meet him, quite forgetting the sweeping she was accustomed to administer before she allowed him to cross the threshold. "Henry," she gasped, "did you know that the Thompson place was sold? It's bought by a city gentleman and he's going to—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Thayer indifferently. "Dave Stiles told me yesterday he had sold it."

"Well, Henry Thayer, if you aint the provokingest husband I ever saw. Sarah Stiles fairly gloated over me this afternoon because I didn't know. If you've heard anything else, for land sakes tell me."

"Dave aint no hand to talk," answered her husband, anxious to atone for his sin of omission, "but I think he said the city gent wanted a place to bring up his boys and rest his wife."

"That aint all he told you is it, Henry?"

"Why, seems to me he said the chap was all worked up about 'restoring it' as he called it. He asked Dave if he knew of any old-fashioned furniture 'round here."

"You don't say!" interrupted Mrs. Thayer. "Eva'll be terribly disappointed. She reckoned they'd be real up-to-date and she could get pointers from them how to fix up her house. You don't suppose they're poor, do you, Henry?"

"Oh no, it's one of their city freaks I reckon. Dave said he paid cash down and was going to build a big barn and a race track and send out a florist to fix up an old-fashioned garden, acres and acres of pineys and such things."

"Peonies, you mean, Henry, interrupted his wife in shocked tones.

"Yes, Ellen, excuse me. I forgot that the Thursday club had changed that. I guess I'll be going up town, he added, as he shoved

Thayer bounced excitedly, quite forgetting him, quite forgetting she was accustomed to her before she allowed her to cross the threshold. "Henry," she panted, "did you know the Simpson place was sold?"

"By a city gentleman and a Quaker," interrupted Mr. Thayer. "Dave Stiles yesterday he had sold it." Henry Thayer, if you will, the most unlovingest husband I ever saw, Stiles fairly gloated this afternoon because I had heard of it. If you've heard any news of land sales tell me." "No hand to talk," answered the husband, anxious to avoid the sin of omission, "but I thought the city gent wanted to bring up his boys and daughters."

"At all he told you is it, Henry?" "It seems to me he said the land was worked up about 'reserves' he called it. He asked me if I knew of any old-fashioned farms round here."

"Don't say!" interrupted Mrs. Thayer. "Eva'll be terribly disappointed. She reckoned they'd be up-to-date and she could get some help from them how to fix up the place."

"You don't suppose you can do you, Henry?" "It's one of their city folks," he reckoned. Dave said he had a barn and was going to build a race track and get a florist to fix up an ornamental garden, acres and acres and such things."

"You mean, Henry, in your wife's shocked tones, that she's been, excuse me, I forgot, the Thursday club had a meeting. I guess I'll be going to the meeting, as he shoved

back from the table. "I'm afraid I'm late, now," and he looked anxiously at his watch.

"Yes, Henry, you better hurry," pouted Mrs. Thayer whose curiosity was not yet satisfied. "You might not be in time for roll-call at the grocery store. You might miss a story or two; yes, you'd better hurry, good-bye."

About a week later Eva Garret sat sewing on her sister's porch when Sarah Stiles dropped in on her way to Ladies' Aid Society.

"The Presbyterians have a supper tonight, don't they?" queried Mrs. Thayer. "You've got a pan of baked beans and a cake, I should judge by the shape of your packages."

"Yes, we hope to make enough tonight to finish paying the preacher's salary."

"You presbyterians always was foresighted" admitted Mrs. Thayer reluctantly.

Eva Garret tossed her head carelessly, "It must be terrible worry to bother with suppers and such things. You know the Congregationalists don't do that any more. We raise the money by subscriptions just like they do in cities. Of course you can't do that unless you have some rich people in your church." Mrs. Garret in her Congregational pride was smiling condescendingly upon her Methodist sister and her Presbyterian friend.

Mrs. Thayer's rocker creaked ominously. "I suppose you're relying on the Henderson's to help pay your preacher's salary."

Mrs. Stiles felt the necessity of intervening. "I hear that the Henderson's goods have come," she remarked.

Mrs. Thayer forgot her hostility in a moment. She could not quarrel when there was an opportunity for gossip. "Yes, Sam McBride

said they had two carloads; that would make about ten loads for his mule team. I counted nine and I guess another went by while I was kneading my bread. But mercy! that's a lot. The minister's folk never had more than three."

"We had five," interposed Mrs. Garret, "when we moved into our new house."

"Wasn't there a grand piano in one?" asked Mrs. Stiles.

"That must have been the load I missed," said Mrs. Thayer in relieved tones. "I thought it was terribly surprising that they didn't have any instrument."

"If it's a grand piano there must be some real musicians in the family," asserted Mrs. Garret, who posed as authority upon all things musical.

"Maybe it is Mrs. Henderson," ventured Mrs. Stiles. She was anxious to keep the conversational ball rolling in a safe channel. "Of course, if she's sickly, she couldn't play much herself, but she might be having the children take lessons."

"It's the daughter, more likely," said Mrs. Thayer decisively. "The hack driver told Henry that the woman who came down to get the house ready said there was a girl studying music in Boston."

"She goes to a conservatory, I presume you mean," suggested her sister. "No doubt she'll sing in the choir when she's home summers. I am sure we would be glad to have her, even for that short time."

Mrs. Thayer looked disgusted. Her sister's presumption was beyond belief. Again peace-loving Mrs. Stiles stepped in. "I suppose we'll all have to call on her," and she sighed, already troubled at the immensity of the undertaking.

"I intend to go just as soon as

they're settled," answered Eva. "You know John introduced himself to Mr. Henderson on the train and told him that we'd make it pleasant for them. I suppose she'll depend on me to help her get acquainted. I'll have to go up right away."

"We might go together," volunteered Mrs. Thayer. "It's on the road to mother's and it's pretty hard for me to walk with my asthma bothering me the way it has this summer."

There was a pause, but Eva Garret said nothing. Evidently Mrs. Thayer, if she went to call on the Henderson's, would not ride in her sister's carriage, asthma, or no asthma. Mrs. Stiles became alarmed. The situation was getting beyond her. Murmuring something about being late for supper, she gathered up her packages and hurried away before the storm should break.

A few days later Eva Garret, smiling and radiant, passed her with the carriage and asked her to ride. "I've just been up to call on Mrs. Henderson," she began in explanation of her elaborate dress and the extraordinary spick and span condition of the smart little runabout. "I hated like everything to go for I was afraid she'd be critical, but John says I have as nice clothes and wear them as well as any woman he sees in the city, and I guess Mrs. Henderson thought it looked all right, for she asked if we had any very good dressmakers in town."

"Did you like Mrs. Henderson?" queried her companion.

"Oh yes. She's very nice; very tall and delicate-looking. But she ought not to be. I counted three girls on the place, one taking care of the baby in the front yard, one picking peas in the garden, and another that let me in. Do you

suppose Sarah, that I could get Emma to wear a cap and apron and open the door? She always sits around in the parlor though, when company comes, so it might look rather queer. Everybody else in town lets their hired girl right into the family, so I don't know what I could do about it.

"Oh yes, I asked her if they were a musical family. She said they all played the piano some and she had an alto voice—we need altos in our choir. Of course, when she finds out what a splendid leader we've got she'll want to join. Of course I didn't urge her to come to our church, for I do believe in letting people alone in such matters, but I told her about our fine music and what a nice, up-to-date minister we had."

"Did she say what denomination they were?" asked Mrs. Stiles.

"Oh no, she didn't say directly, but when I mentioned that I was a Congregationalist, she said, 'Oh, is that so? All my people were Congregationalists,' and seemed very much pleased. Here's your house, Sarah, I'll call you up and tell you what Mrs. Henderson wears to church. Good-bye."

The next day Mrs. Thayer went to call, toiling laboriously up the hill to the 'Garden house,' as the Henderson's had rechristened the old colonial place, and arriving almost too much out of breath to tell her name or what church she belonged to. "I don't believe in beating about the bush," she related to Mrs. Stiles. "Henry says he never saw anything like me for coming straight to the point—so after I had recommended her to drink sassafras tea to build her up, and told her I hoped she'd like Westville, I came plump out and

(Continued on page 13)

THE SMITHS GO A-FISHING

Smith was in a state of convalescence after his first attack of spring fever, when that peculiar malady known as the fishing fever assailed him. To those who have never had it let us say that one suffering from it has an uncontrollable longing to sit out on a log over a stream and dangle an innocent worm in the muddy water. The feeling seemed to grow on Smith and at last Mrs. Smith saw that it was useless to resist any longer. Accordingly the next Saturday morning saw them leaving the town with two cane poles sticking out of the back of the buggy and a half bushel basket of lunch in front—two very essential commodities to a fisherman. The drive to the creek was uneventful, for Smith talked incessantly, while his wife surveyed the landscape with a faraway look in her eyes, wondering how it would turn out. By the time they had reached the creek, Smith had all his plans laid even as to what kind of fish and how many he wanted. Of course he could go on and catch a great number, but of what avail such useless slaughter? No, he would set a mark and stop there if it only took an hour.

The horse and buggy was left at a friend's nearby, and the lunch deposited in a cranny under the bridge. Sitting down on the edge of the bridge, Smith dangled his legs over and whistled the "Merry Widow Waltz" as he proceeded to bait his hook. Selecting a fine large worm, he laid the box of bait on his knee and proceeded to impale the wrigling worm on his hook. Just at that time a large horsefly got in its work on his neck, and as Smith gave a vicious slap, he heard the bait box go kerplunk in the

water and a moment later found the hook imbedded in the leg of his trousers. The hook was extricated by a delicate operation, while Mrs. Smith watched the countless minnows making merry with the bait box. By pulling up some sod at the creek bank more bait was easily secured, and after following the meanderings of the creek for some distance, they found a deep, dark pool, where a fallen tree had dammed the creek, thus affording equal facilities for catching fish or for getting a hook fast. But Smith forgot all in the ecstatic thrill he felt as the cork began to dance up and down in the frothy scum, with now a sudden sidewise motion, and now a sharp thrust downward, so quick that it rose to the surface before he could pull. Then a gentle swaying from side to side, and then a sudden wild run, the cork going sidewise and down. Now was the time! The pole bent to the downward pull, the line suet the water with a sharp whish, and the catch emerged from the water like a brilliant dart. * * * From this point there are two logical courses of events. One may have a splendid catch plunging about on the bank, or he may see a minnow about three inches long dangling from the limb of an overhanging tree. In the first place your joy knows no bounds, and all you need to do is to cut a stringer and secure your prize. In the second case, the course pursued depends on circumstance. If you have been so fortunate as to choose a low limb on which to hang your catch, your task is easy, but if, as in this case, the limb is high, you pull until something breaks, which is usually the line—about three inches from the pole. But no one

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goes a-fishing with but one line, so this was soon supplied, and Smith was ready for another attempt.

This time Smith selected a deep, muddy pool, where, as he confided to his wife, he would be certain to catch a German carp. In order to tempt this kind of fish it is usual to use a minnow as a lure, and some little time was spent in getting one, for even these plentiful little fish are hard to get when you really want them. But he was ready at last, and soon after dropping in he had the satisfaction of seeing the cork go through a number of gyrations, and then move off up stream with a gentle, gliding motion. Smith explained to his wife that this was the characteristic bite of the carp, and that one must be very careful not to hurry matters, but give him plenty of time to swallow the bait. At last the time was ripe, and he gave a pull equal to the task of raising the four-pounder he had pictured, but instead of the dash made by a hooked fish, he felt only a dead weight, and as the hook emerged from the water it was followed by about six inches of neck, after which came a good-sized turtle, valiantly fanning the air with his pedal extremities. Smith's disgust was evident. Not only had he missed his fish, but a ripple of laughter told him that his learned remarks concerning carp had been lost on his better half. But chagrin was soon the least of his emotions and vexation held first place. Probably some of my readers have hooked turtles, but to those who have not, I will say that extracting the hook is about as interesting as trying to remove a cork which has been pushed down into a long-necked bottle. When, in the course of human events—which in this instance was about three-quarters of an hour, the Her-

culean task had been accomplished, Smith's collar looked like a second-hand dishrag, and the knees of his trousers were of a hue similar to that prevalent on St. Patrick's day. I shall not attempt to describe the personal appearance of the turtle. Suffice it to say that it was no longer fitted for the purpose for which it was intended.

By this time both Smith and his wife were exceedingly hungry, and accordingly they retraced their steps to the bridge. Now Smith had nothing to show for his forenoon's work except a goodly smell of fish contracted from the minnow, so while Mrs. Smith went to get the dinner, he squatted on the bank and proceeded to remove the odor. Washing one's hands in cold water without soap is a slow process, and under the continued weight the undermined sod gave way, landing him in water up to his knees. He suddenly decided that his hands were clean, and climbing out, went in search of his dinner. Barring a few ants and some sand sifted down by passing vehicles, the dinner was good, and sitting on the edge of the bridge they enjoyed it hugely. However, as Smith was prying the lid off a can of fruit, the knife slipped, his elbow struck the basket and it landed upside down in the creek, and floating a short distance, lodged against a stump. Now one of the timbers of the bridge stuck out about three feet toward the basket, and from this Smith determined to secure the basket with a pole. Mrs. Smith held one pole to steady him, while he took the other and stepped out on the beam. The basket was slowly swinging round the stump, and as Smith leaned out in an effort to stop it, two sections of the jointed pole Mrs. Smith was holding, parted company, landing Smith broadside in the creek. The

had been accomplished, and he looked like a second-year student, and the knees of his trousers were of a hue similar to the color of the water on St. Patrick's day. He attempted to describe the disappearance of the turtle. He would not say that it was no longer there for the purpose for which it had been released.

Both Smith and his wife were exceedingly hungry, and they retraced their steps to the bridge. Now Smith attempted to show for his foreman, but except a goodly smell wafted from the minnow, he saw nothing. Smith went to get a net and squatted on the bank to remove the odor. He washed his hands in cold water, but it is a slow process, and he continued to weigh the undigested food, which gave way, landing on his knees. He decided that his hands were dirty and climbing out, went to get his dinner. Barring a little sand sifted down from the vehicles, the dinner was eaten sitting on the edge of the creek. They enjoyed it hugely.

Smith was prying the lid from the box of fruit, the knife slipped and struck the basket, which fell upside down in the water. Floating a short distance, it struck a stump. Now one end of the bridge stuck three feet toward the water. From this Smith detached the basket with a pole. Smith held one pole to the water while he took the other end out on the beam. The basket swung slowly round and as Smith leaned out to stop it, two sections of the pole struck Mrs. Smith and her attendant company, landing on the side in the creek. The

splash dislodged the basket, and as he scrambled out, he had a tantalizing view of it dancing merrily down stream.

This was the last straw, and the Smiths were soon en route for home.

There a bath and supper soon revived his drooping spirits—and, strange to say, all symptoms of the fishing fever had vanished.

(Copyrighted) By D. S. K., '10.

A RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE

We were going to take a ride in an automobile with Aunt Laura, an old lady who lived on a farm and had never been away from her home on a train excepting two times, in her life. This was her second exception, and she was going to depart the next day. Cousin Roger, a young man who had more confidence in himself than any one else had, now appeared. He had just bought a second-hand automobile and offered to take Aunt Laura, his sister, and me to Aunt Laura's country home. Aunt Laura, offering no objections, he appeared with his new chauffeur, smiling and confident, promptly at 8:30 a. m.

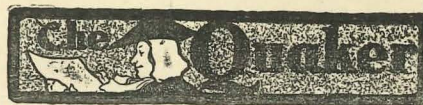
After some preliminary chugging, we were off. We went along about thirty miles without disturbing anything which we passed except some chickens, a cow, and some inquisitive colts in a field. We had climbed up a steep hill, and Aunt Laura was saying: "It's not so bad, riding in one of these machines," when something snapped, and the machine stopped. A rusty chain had broken. A farmer nearby was luckily able to supply the need and we went on. After a while, the machine which had been running but slowly, stopped. The chauffeur, examining it, reported "Gasoline out." Roger was angry but upon the man's reminding him that he, himself, had said the machine was ready for traveling, he

sent him to inquire at a farm house for some gasoline. After inquiring at three houses, he procured enough to last until we reached the next town. Here, as Aunt Laura said she was "powerful hungry," we procured dinner at a shabby little hotel. Here, also, we found out that it was "noon, or p'rhaps a little after." Roger had left his watch at home, and Aunt Laura's was in her bag safely packed into her trunk.

After going quite a little distance further, two tires needed pumping. Upon the way the brakes had to be suddenly applied so that a wheelbarrow of hay directly in the road should not be run over. But after the hay had been removed, the machine would not go. The chauffeur reported some automobile jargon, which I verily believe, Roger understood as little as the rest of us. Roger and his man hired a horse from the owner of the wheelbarrow in order to go after the needed implements or fixtures, to a town five miles off. We who remained, gained the grudging consent of the housewife to remain there the while. Roger returned and at evening came to the house greasy but triumphant to beg shelter for the night.

We did not proceed on our journey until almost 12 o'clock the

(Continued on page 20)



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EDITORIAL

In novels one reads of the self satisfaction in which the hero indulges himself when he does a heroic act or a gallant deed. This is all very well indeed, but the heroes of the staff of "The Quaker" are to be allowed to steep their souls in the satisfaction that has fallen to their lot, as a result of the past year's work. "The Quaker" has been published for five months only and the work that has been put upon it justifies the good opinions and congratulations that have been coming to us thru the exchanges.

As this is the last issue of this sheet, it is the wish of the students in general that it be continued next year. This can only be accomplished by every one doing his part, either by writing stories or subscribing for the paper.

We wish to thank the merchants of Salem for their support and good will toward the journal, and if the paper is published next year, it is the hope of the present staff that the merchants will continue to place their advertisements in it.

This is the commencement issue and as three of "The Quaker" staff are graduated this year, they are offered the thanks of the school and the remaining editors of the staff for the valuable services they have rendered to "The Quaker" throughout the past season.

NOT THE SAME.

One Freshman to another when discussing the High School picnic. "Have we any vice president?"

Other Freshman "Yes. Fairbanks."

"First Freshman. "O I meant of our class."

LOCALS.

SENIOR LOCAL.

Austin Kay (translating German)
—They thrust the French troops
out of the windows.

Constance (translating)—It is
surprising what a hold she has on
him.

Celia (translating)—Pyra mus
sent the sword into his flanks.

Roselle (translating)—In the twi-
light of the sun.

Emily (translating)—The Earl-
king with his crown and tail.

Bertha—What is a pocket veto?
Ada—It's when the president
puts it in his pocket.

Mr. Lease—What does 'commit'
come from?

Bertha W.—'Commo' (sounding
like 'don't know').

Mr. Lease—Who does know?

JUNIOR JUNK.

Wanted—98 per cent. in deport-
ment.—Lorene.

Zeke—The next king was to be
the Electress of Hanover.

ENGLISH

Miss R.—Name the seven ages
of man, Karl.

Karl—The infant, the schoolboy,
the lover,—

Miss R. (interrupting)—And you
must be sure to keep those two sep-
arate.

Some of the class say that they
saw a rainbow, but that must have
been a mistake.

GERMAN

Miss R.—Please read that sen-
tence again.

Chas. (proceeding) Ya, ich muss.

Ethel (reading)—Gute Nacht.

Karl—Geht Zur Ruh.

Very natural.

CLASS WILL

The members of the Senior class
of nineteen hundred and eight do
hereby bequeath their most valua-
ble possessions as follows:

1. Fred Montgomery's suit and
cap to Kempis L. Spear.
2. Phebe Sturgeon's freckles to
Inez Yengling.
3. Celia Thumm's giggle to Ni-
na Brint.
4. Agnes French's rouge to Es-
ther Bonsall.
5. Fay Marburger's blue skirt to
Isa Duer.
6. Ward Allen's suit to Roscoe
Ghalager.
7. Walter Augustine's tooth-
pick to Mr. Lease.
9. Bertha Wire's red dress to
Mary Lee Boyle.
10. Bertha Wire's curlers to Jo-
sephine Brickman.
11. Walter French's overcoat
to Ralph Linn.
12. Roselle Reed's hat to Irene
Taylor.

Athletic Association. Subscrip
"QUAKER" High School, Salem,
matter, under act of Congress of

Editor in Chief
Exchanges
Sports
Society
Class of '08
Alumni
Class of '09
Class of '10
Class of '11
Business Manager
Advertising Manager

to thank the merchants
for their support and good
of the journal, and if the
published next year, it is
of the present staff that
ants will continue to place
vertisements in it.

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remaining editors of the
e valuable services they
ered to "The Quaker"
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NOT THE SAME.

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the High School picnic.
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Freshman "Yes. Fair-

Freshman. "O I meant
s."

13. Ward Allen's bones to Florence Dow.

14. All string found in the waste basket to Mr. Stanton.

15. Goethe's Boyhood to Miss Richards.

16. Constance Carey's peroxide to Miss Anderson.

17. Fred Montgomery's spearmint gum to the person who sits in his seat.

18. Our seats to next year's senior class.

19. Montgomery's history to the incoming history class.

20. Ward Allen's length to Georgia Wiles.

21. Our mathematical knowledge to Ada Thomas.

22. Our sympathy to the Freshmen.

23. Ada Holmes' sunshade to Lorene Turner.

his superior endurance defeated Canton's remarkable runner in the 220-yard dash and in the hurdles.

Another surprise of the day was the wonderful hammer throwing of Shelton. Although of small stature, Shelton, on his first try, sent the iron ball over 120 feet.

Hise, also, did good work in running firsts besides a place in several other events.

The following are the events in order:

EVENT	FIRST	TEAM
100-yd. dash	McCoy	Canton
440-yd. dash	McCoy	Canton
Hurdles, 220	Whinnery	Salem
220-yd. dash	Whinnery	Salem
Half Mile	Harvis	Canton
Mile	Hise	Salem
Pole Vault	Hise	Salem
High Jump	Carey	Salem
Run'ng Broad	Stevenson	Canton
Ham'r Throw	Shelton	Salem
Shot Put	Willaman	Salem
Relay		Canton

ATHLETICS

On May ninth a very interesting field meet was held between Salem and Canton High Schools. The meet was held at the Salem Driving Park before a small but appreciative crowd.

Salem easily carried off the honors. The Canton boys were completely outclassed. At one time only had they any possible chance of winning. Just before the 220-yard dash the two teams had an equal number of points with four events to follow. Had Canton won this race the outcome might have been different, but the defeat in this dash discouraged them and they gave up.

Beyond a doubt Whinnery was the star of the Salem team. Although beaten in the 100-yard dash and in the 440, he persisted, and by

SOCIETY

On May eighth Florence Dow was completely surprised by company of her friends. The evening was spent in music and playing games.

On the afternoon of May twelfth the Seniors took their half holiday which was gained by a perfect attendance for six weeks, in which no one was either absent or tardy. The day turned out to be the warmest we had had so far this year. Most of the class took advantage of it and went to Shelton's grove, but because it was so early in the season the boats were not in working order. Nevertheless a very enjoyable afternoon was spent in roaming along the stream.

A RELIGIOUS(?) CONTROVERSY

(Concluded from page 6)

said I was a Methodist and asked her what she was. 'Oh you're a Methodist!' she cried. 'All Mr. Henderson's people are Methodists.' and she went on to tell me how fond she was of her husband's people, and that they were coming to visit her and what nicely preserved old people they were, and how she wanted me to meet them. Then she took me out into the garden and showed me how the flower beds were to be arranged and gave me a slip of one of her new roses. Then, when I said I must be going, would you believe it? she had the coachman hitch up and bring me home. I never rode with a nigger before, but I was glad not to have to walk, and I think it was real good of her, don't you?"

"But she didn't say what denomination she was, did she?"

"No, I clean forgot to ask her over again, but I think I could guess, she being such a nice sensible woman and so fond of her husband's people who were all Methodists. I'll tell you Sarah, the Congregationalists needn't think just because they've roped in the school superintendent to lead their choir and because they're giving cantatas and New Year's calendars, and trying to put on city airs, that all desirable people who come to Westville are going to join their church."

Mrs. Stiles heaved a sigh of contentment which her companion could not understand. It meant that she was glad to be only a Presbyterian.

When the next Sunday passed and the negro coachman and the white horses failed to appear before either the tall, gingerbread, Congre-

gational church or its low-roofed Methodist rival, the whole village became excited. There was no excuse for their non-appearance, said Methodists and Congregationalists alike; they had had plenty of time to get settled, and Mrs. Henderson, even if she were unable to come herself, surely must intend to send the boys to Sunday school. Westville decided to give them one more week in which to declare their choice, and Congregationalists and Methodists gathered their forces for their final struggle. The two campaigns were strikingly similar, for Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Garret on either side were resolved, with true sisterly feeling, that neither one should outdo the other.

On Monday the Methodist minister called, having donned his faded preaching clothes and sallied forth to do his duty with an air of resignation born of many such encounters. On Tuesday the Congregational pastor followed his example; he was fresh from a city mission and felt some reluctance about making the first advances to a doubtful parishioner, but Mrs. Garret's forceful arguments brooked no opposition.

Both clergymen were cordially received and so delightfully entertained that they quite forgot the exhortations they were supposed to deliver and came cheerfully back to their anxious parishioners, empty-handed. The ladies of their flocks who followed them succeeded no better in extracting any definite statements from their hostess, since Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Garret had adopted the policy of sending selected squads of callers assigned to successive hours in the afternoon, with the result, of course that there were usually representatives of both parties on the field at the same time and neither side was able to

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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

**AS A
Business Proposition**

**YOU SHOULD
BE A USER OF**

NATURAL GAS

Just now you can have it installed at low cost and on easy payments.

THINK IT OVER

**THE NATURAL GAS COMPANY
OF WEST VIRGINIA**

use its weapons effectively. When on Thursday, Mrs. Henderson, worn out, denied herself to company, resource was had to sounding the servants, but from stable-boy to nurse-maid, they knew nothing whatever concerning the religious connections of the Henderson family. The children, too, were singularly non-committal, so that by Saturday, when Methodists and Congregationalists passed each other on the street without speaking, the outcome of their quarrel was as doubtful as it had been the week before. The big house on the hill, with its glistening, classic columns, might have been in fact, a Pagan temple, for all the profession its owners had made of any particular sect of the divine faith.

"Well, anyway Sarah," announced Mrs. Thayer, squeezing herself into her husband's office chair in the doorway of the feed store, "anyway I've done my duty as a neighbor to Mrs. Henderson, and I haven't made myself ridiculous, like some people I know. It's perfectly scandalous the way those Congregationalists have gone on. Why, they've even tried to buy over the youngsters. Mrs. Crane coaxed one of the boys in the grocery store and gave him some candy, with the promise that he could have a whole bagful if he would come to Sunday school tomorrow. When I heard of that, I tell you, I just called the other lad into my yard one day when he was riding by on his pony, and cut him a big slice of my fruit cake, and told him he could have a whole loaf at the Methodist Sunday school picnic. And what do you think? Ida Briggs saw a copy of the Journal on the Henderson's table that the editor sent 'em, I suppose. It had in it you know, all about the annual report of the church, and how much

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they cleared, and about the socia-
 bles they had had, and the cantata
 they was going to give, and the en-
 thusiasm in the Sunday school, and
 the repairing of the chimney, and
 the lofty sermons the minister
 preached, and the new pulpit chair,
 and the inspiring music the choir
 furnished, and land! I don't know
 what else. Why don't Charley
 Joyce call his paper the 'Congrega-
 tional Gazette,' and be done with it?
 He puts it in the Church and Soci-
 ety column if the Congregationalists
 have the front walk swept, but the
 Methodist church could burn down
 with everybody inside, and he'd
 never mention it."

"I suppose we'll find out tomor-
 row what denomination the Hen-
 derson's are," murmured Mrs.
 Stiles.

Mrs. Thayer chuckled. "Pride
 goeth before a fall," she said. "The
 Congregational choir has been prac-

ticing special music every night for
 a week. That young minister, too,
 he aint been out of the house since
 last Sunday, getting his sermon
 rigged up. Parson Townes, I sup-
 pose, will preach his sermon on the
 'Prodigal Son;' that always takes
 well with strangers. I'm going to
 carry my rubber-plant over to put
 on a stand by the pulpit. I was
 just thinking this morning how
 nice it would be to always have
 flowers from the Henderson gar-
 den," and Mrs. Thayer lapsed into
 silence with a satisfied smile on her
 placid face.

Next morning, Sunday, the whole
 village of Westville seemed to be
 going to church. Methodist or
 Congregationalist, they walked with
 their heads high, a look of triumph
 on their faces, and a smile of min-
 gled pity and scorn when they met
 their rivals. The Presbyterians
 were going to church too, but no-

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

GLOTHING AND FOOTWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

GLOTHING AND SHOE HOUSE



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.

body thought about them, and Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Garret when they passed on the square, were so engrossed in ignoring each other that neither of them noticed Sarah Stiles leading her sober brood to church in her usual quiet fashion.

Suddenly down the street came a pair of white horses driven by a Negro coachman, with the two boys on the seat beside him, and a delicate-looking lady and a gentleman in the back. The chattering group on the steps of the Congregational church faced about, smilingly expectantly, and then looked at each other in blank dismay—the carriage had driven by.

"They're coming! they're coming!" shouted Mrs. Thayer, as she panted up the steps to the group in the Methodist door. "I'll just run in and tell Parson Townes not to begin services till they're all settled. You people wait here to receive them."

But when Mrs. Thayer came out again she found the welcoming committee gazing in speechless astonishment at a slim black speck disappearing down the road in the direction of the Presbyterian church. "Well, well," she gasped, "it does beat all what some people will do when left free to their own choice."

E. IRVIL PRICE, '09.

Rich Uncle—So you are named after me, are you?

Small Nephew—Yes. Ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money.

When a girl says "no."

Persevere a bit.

But you'd better let go

When a girl says "nit."

—Kansas City Journal.

AN APPRECIATION

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Kansas City Journal.

"Don't put too fine a point to
your wit for fear it will get blunt-
ed"
—Vemba Brown.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps
well"
—Russell Cook.

"On their own merits modest
men are dumb"
—Edna Worman.

"Enjoy the heavy honey dew of
slumber,
Tho hast no figures and no fantasies
Which busy Care draws in the
trains of men,
Therefore tho sleepest so sound"
—John Whinnery.

"Such men as he are never at
heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than
themselves"—Karl Whinnery.

"Think not thou, that ever Brutus
will go bound to Rome"

He bears too great a mind"
—Wilbur Smith.

"A rose set with little wilful thorns
And sweet as August air could
make her"—Florence Brereton.

"A silent countenance often speaks"
—Robert Vickers.

"For always I am Caesar"
—Fred Kintner.

"Methinks he has a lean and hun-
gry look"—James Bullard.

"Just as tall as my heart"
—Ethel Evans.

"Her voice was soft, gentle and
low,
An excellent thing in woman"

—Nina Brint.

"So modest and retiring
You scarce could know that she
was there"
—Myra Walter

"By my troth, a pleasant spirited
lady"
—Emily Miller.

"Knowledge is all in all"
—Alma Haviland.

"They always talk who never
think"
—Venia Cook

"He was a man—Take him for all
in all,
We shall not look upon his like
again"
—Ralph Moff.

"This was the noblest Roman of
them all
His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might
stand up
And say to all the world 'This was
a man!'"—Charles MacConner

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who
will be clever"
—Bertha Pickering.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not
squander time, for that's the
stuff life's made of"
—Ray Rogers.

"One of God's noblemen"
—Samuel Willaman.

"And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower"
—Inez Yengling.

"His heart went pity-Pat
Her heart went pity-Zekel"
—Roy Shelton

"If I chance to talk a little, forgive
me"
—Ruth Gallagher.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like twilights too, her dusky hair"
—Myrtle Windle.

"Why should a man whose blood
is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in ala-
baster?"
—Percy Tolerton

"So womanly, benign and so meek"
—Josephine Brickman.

"And all her thoughts as fair with-
in her eyes
As bottom agates seen to wave, and
float

SPALDING'S

BASE BALL AND TENNIS GOODS

ICE CREAM SODA WATER

BUCKEYE ROOT BEER

—AT—

HAWKINS'

Drug Store

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Tennis Supplies
Bicycles
Hammocks
Lawn Swings
Awnings
Buggies & Surreys

CARR'S HARDWARE**HAYES FOR LINENS**

"WALDORF"

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

PERSIAN LAWNS

LACES

EMBROIDERIES

"PLUME BRAND" MUSLIN

UNDERWEAR

Albert Hayes

In crystal current of clear morning
 seas" —Helen Doult

"He has a solid base of tempera-
 ment

But as the water lily starts and
 slides

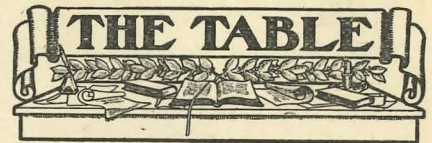
Upon the level, in little puffs of
 wind

Tho anchored to the bottom, such
 is he" —Mark McCave.

"My meaning in saying that he is
 a good man is to have you un-
 derstand me that he is suffi-
 cient" —Austin Kay.

"Kind hearts are more than coro-
 nets

And simple faith than Norman
 blood" —Lorene Turner



"The Normalia," Brockport, N. Y., contains some excellent material. But, "Normalia" you have no cuts, and this is something every paper should have.

* * *

The editorials of the "Student," Covington, Ky., are excellent, as is the entire paper.

* * *

"The Helios," Grand Rapids, Mich., ranks among our best exchanges, being large, well-arranged, and far above the average in its literary department. Indeed, we see in this paper a good example of what a High School paper can be, if given the support of the entire school.

* * *

Some excellent translations from the German are contained in "The

current of clear morning
—Helen Doutt

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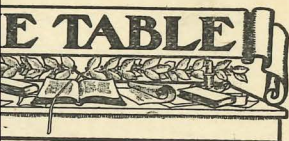
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We Want Your Trade

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

THE ONLY PLACE TO GET

The American Beauty Corset
The McCall Paper Pattern
The Black Cat and Bear Skin Hose

IS AT

Moore & Reeves.

BEVERAGES

Refreshing Beverages for the hot weather:

Root Beer, Ginger Ale and our

Fine Teas that require no

Steeping. Try them.

The Smith Co.

CALL AT

Mon Younger's

For a

HAIRCUT and SHAVE

Pickett Block.

A clean towel for each customer.

Maroon," Tacoma, Wash. Its cover is also very attractive, and its different departments well written.

* * *

"The Dixonian," is an exchange that pleased us greatly. This paper contains but one story, a continued one, but it is by far the most interesting, and best-written one that we have had the pleasure of reading in an exchange.

* * *

"The Wheat," Kitzville, Wash., is one of the neatest appearing and best arranged papers received. The cover is very attractive and the cuts especially good.

* * *

"The Covert Suicide," in the "High School Argus," Harrisburg, Pa., is somewhat different from stories usually found in papers of this kind. It is a very interesting detective story. The cuts and material contained in this paper are also excellent.

* * *

We can find no fault with "The Chronicle," Niagara Falls, N. Y. Its cover is very attractive, its material well arranged and its different departments well-written.

* * *

We acknowledge the receipt of the following with thanks:

"Kero," Columbus, O.; "Russ," San Diego, Cal.; "Kenyon Collegian," Gambier, O.; "Feltonian," North Tonawanda, N. Y.; "Dictum Est," Red Bluff, Cal.; "Reserve Weekly," Cleveland, O.; "Occident," Rochester, N. Y.; "Normal Record," Chico, Cal.

Miss A. approves of open windows on warm days—it helps along the business.

Patronize our advertisers.

A RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

(Concluded from page 9)

next day, as we were rather weary after our strenuous yesterday. Aunt Laura protested that she was terribly afraid of the creature and would not get in until the rest of us had ridden a few miles and had come back safely. We had no mishaps before we reached the town where we were to take dinner. Aunt Laura ate scarcely anything because she "didn't like furrin dishes." We other three did ample justice to the repast, however, and as it had been a fine day and we had ridden along beautiful roads without any mishaps, and were in an excellent humor. And so we decided not to become angry or impatient when that contrariest of all contrary automobiles would not and could not be started for three-quarters of an hour.

The rest of our journey was uneventful as far as the automobile was concerned. We placed Aunt Laura safe and sound in the midst of her anxious family. We girls declared it was a happy, tho strange and interrupted adventure; Roger said the man who sold him that automobile should be prosecuted, while Aunt Laura said she "preferred kerridge horses which weren't so easily broken to pieces, and when anything did go wrong, it didn't take all your butter'n egg money to fix 'em."

Maybe it would not be out of place to conclude that although he searched industriously, Roger never found the man who sold him that automobile.

BERNICE HUTCHESON.

Patronize our advertisers.

Church—What's the piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter.

Church—And did you mail it?

Gotham—No; she forgot to give it to me.

Willie—Say, is this hair tonic in this bottle?

His Mother—No; that's mucilage.

Willie—I guess that's why I can't get my hat off.

Magistrate.—This man caught you with your hand in his pocket. What have you to say?

Pickpocket—Honest, judge them trousers looked jest like a pair I own, and I got sort o' confused, and thought I had my hand in my own pocket.—Cleveland Leader.

Missionary—Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, sir?

Millionaire—Oh, yes. Both my daughters married foreign noblemen.

Little Arthur stood peering down into the face of his baby sister, whom the nurse was singing to sleep.

"Say, nurse," he finally whispered, "it's nearly unconscious isn't it?"

The nurse nodded in the affirmative, and sang on.

"Then don't sing any more, or you'll kill it."

The Kid—Say, pop, the fish down at the crick is bitin' like everything.

Pop—All right, son. You jest stay up here and they wont bite you.

—What's the piece of
around your finger for?
—My wife put it there
me to mail a letter.
—And did you mail it?
—No; she forgot to give

—Say, is this hair tonic in
?
other—No; that's mucil-

—I guess that's why I
my hat off.

ate.—This man caught
your hand in his pocket.
re you to say?
cket—Honest, judge them
ooked jest like a pair I
I got sort o' confused,
ght I had my hand in my
et.—Cleveland Leader.

ary—Do you ever contrib-
y for the heathen in for-
, sir?
aire—Oh, yes. Both my
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Ethel (who is engaged to Jack)
—Poor Jack has seen better days.
Maude—Yes; he used to be en-
gaged to me.

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That is the question.
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To remain single
And disappoint a few women—
For a time;
Or marry
And disappoint one woman—
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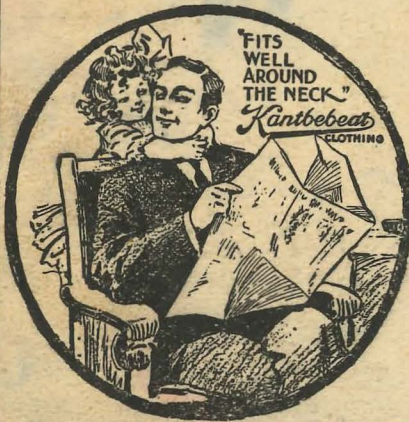
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