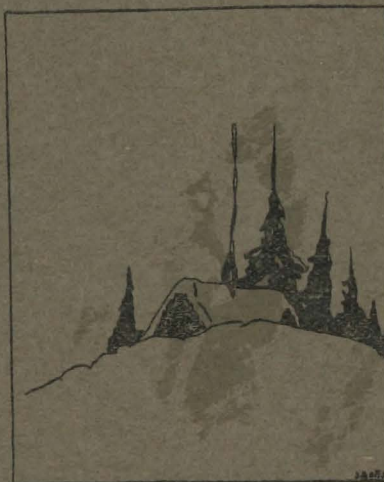


The Quaker



Salem High School
JANUARY 1912

Better Service !

Better Goods !

and in general

A Better Store in 1922

Is Our Aim.

McCULLOCH'S

"Greater Salem's Greater Store"

When "**YOUR**" Cleans--It's Clean !

Your Who--?

Why--

Your Cleaner and Dyer

We Call For and Deliver

123 Main Street

Bell Phone 552

Quality and Service--Our Motto

— COMPLIMENTS OF —

I. B. TAYLOR

Bell 248-249

Free Delivery

S. 248

Photographs-- that please all.

The Fishback Studio

Opposite First National Bank

Sunday Hours 1 to 4

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922

-It's Clean !

hy--

Dyer

Bell Phone 552

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S. 248

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Sunday Hours 1 to 4



Step into a

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

and out of doors.

Fitzpatrick - Strain Co.

100 Main Street

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

Take off my cap and press the small button,
I will drink up the ink like any small glutton;
I've the "Lucky Curve"—I'm the Parker Pen
For your vest pocket, lady's purse or little home den.

Permit us to demonstrate the Parker Pen to you.
Every one guaranteed.

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FLODING'S DRUG STORE
BOLGER & FRENCH

Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

The Hemmeter Store

Leaders of Fashion

JANUARY Clearance Prices

on all Ready-to-Wear

Coats, Suits and Dresses

For Women, Misses and Children

Reductions from
One-Fourth to One-Half

Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

THE QUAKER

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Get our experience now in the Saving—and judicious handling of money. The Farmers National Bank will co-operate with you and advise with you and it would pay you to make the acquaintance of its officers. If possible, carry an interest bearing savings account in the bank. You can start one with \$1.00 or more.

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WE ARE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE

73 Main St. **ECKSTEIN CO.** Bell Phone 175

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POOL - BILLIARDS - CIGARS - CIGARETTES
and SOFT DRINKS

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National Furniture Co.

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The Best for Your Money



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Low Price—**

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CIGARETTES

83 E. MAIN ST.

al Furniture Co.

06-108 Main St.



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Low Prices

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Us

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

Jack Wolfe was a young man just graduated from college. He was about 24 years old and had prepared to follow the profession of a doctor. He was tall, with black hair and grey eyes.

Jack was blessed with an old maid aunt who, I must say, was very ambitious that her nephew marry June Eldridge. Jack lived with his aunt Nellie, so he was forced to listen to all her plans for his future.

Aunt Nellie had made several attempts to have Jack meet June, but each time he had been able to make a plausible excuse. Tonight he was to go to a dinner party with his aunt, and his sixth instinct told him that June was going to be there.

Why should he go to meet this female? Why should he go into society anyway? Why should he even be bothered with the thoughts of her? What was he going to do?

Those were the things that surged through his brain. "I'll drop a card to Frank and have him meet me in a few days to go on a hunting trip," he thought. No sooner said than done. He got a card from his writing desk and wrote:

"I'm running away from a woman. Meet me at Johnstown in three days. Jack."

He piled a few necessary articles of clothing in his traveling bag and went to the Euclid Ave. station. When he got there he found the train was almost an hour late. He dropped his bag on the floor and went into a telephone booth.

A girl entered the station. She was dressed in a traveling suit with a heavy veil over her face.

She looked about uncertainly, put her bag on the floor beside Jack's, and went into the other telephone booth.

In the meantime Jack had called his number several times, and each time he was greeted with the answer: "Line is busy."

He came out, picked up the bag nearest him and started out to the platform.

At last! he was on his way and away from that detestable female. The more he thought about it, the more delighted he became. He surely was going to fool his aunt. "By the way! Did I mail that letter?" He opened his traveling bag to find whether or not he really had mailed the letter.

What did he see? Instead of his own piled-up clothes, he saw in neat order all sorts of women's undergarments. On top, a letter was folded. Jack could not resist the temptation to open and read it. "Perhaps it may help me to find to whom this belongs," he reasoned. It read:

"Dear Mrs. Wolfe:

I hope you will forgive me but I could not possibly stay any longer. I've gone. I know not where, but all I ask is your forgiveness. June."

Just then he seemed to be conscious of some one watching. He looked up and saw a pretty, smiling face looking down upon him. He blushing looked her over. On her traveling bag he noticed the initials J. E.

Could it be? Yes, it was! They sat together and talked. It happened that they were both going to the same place.

We will leave them here and let you imagine a suitable ending for this story. —Eleanor McKinley.

KAZABYXINSKYISKISH (Hebrew for Xmus)

well folks wuz santy klaws
good to you or did he fergit to
drop down ure chimney I wuz
talking to 1 uv my friends the
other day an he sed that he gessed
that he wud be out uv luk this
xmus for hiz pa had just put in
1 uv of those new kind uv hot
water heeters an that santa klaws
wud probably not risk sneekin
down the chimney as he mite git
into the boiler an git stewed old
hezza kolorea says that she thinks
that it wuz a pittty that qmus
cudnt have been on the 29th of
february so that she wudnt have
to fix the holes in the kids stokins
so offen an then it wudnt bee so
hard to tel wat nite santa wuz to
cum cauze it wud bee leepyer an
bein that he is so hevvy she cud
moren likely hear him if he started
to hop around much an old kastar
bean sez that he cant see why
they always draw santa with a
big white beerd an a nice red sute
trimmed in fur an always so plump
cauze the nite he hid in the book
kase all he saw wuz some little
shrimp in hiz shirt sleeves cum
sneeking into the room with a
gang of pagages in hiz arms an
put these around and then take
out a cigar an smoke it an just
sit around as if he had all the
time in the wurd and that this
was the last house on hiz list
an old hedda stone sed that if
santa klaws wud stretch out enuf
to git into his chimney that par
ov him wud still bee stiking out
the top wen his feet wuz on the
floor well i hope that u all have
hedda nice time this vakashun
cauze if u havnt it wuz ure own
falt an i hope that santa didnt
fergit some uv u cauze by the
looks uv things their r a lot uv

fresh men and fresh women that
have stopped shutting rubber
bands and paper pulp and have
been tryin to bee awful good so
that santa klaws wud bring them
a nice red sled r somethin wel be
good to ure techers an meby youl
git an a plus this semester.

ure frend bill.

—K. E. L., '22.

I KNEW IT!

I knew it, I knew it!

They've asked me to do it!

You see, I've been shirking,

I haven't been working

And now that they've caught me,

It's certainly taught me

My ways were in error.

The new Board's a terror.

They won't stand neglecting

For us they're expecting

To be clever and witty

And dash off a ditty

Or even a poem,

To forcibly show 'em

Our senses of humor

Are more than just rumor.

I might have suspected

I'd soon be detected—

I haven't been working

In fact, I've been shirking.

So I'm pledging to write 'em

A humorous item—

But here's what enrages:

We've got to fill pages

And pages with drooling.

I thought they were fooling.

The first time they told me

They just had to hold me

To quiet my laughter;

But after—ah! after!

I knew I was needed

So firmly they pleaded.

I don't mind the working

I know I've been shirking,

But this gets up my rage:

How'll I fill up a page?

—Frances Speidel, '24.

OUR FRESHIES

Do you know we have another class?

'Tis the best that 'ere could be.

They're the nicest bunch of Freshmen

You'd ever wish to see.

They're full of pep and spirit

For everything we do.

We love our little "Freshies,"

And you must love them too.

—Ethel Fluckiger, '24.

and fresh women that
 papped shutting rubber
 d paper pulp and have
 n to beee awful good so
 claws wud bring them
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ure frend bill.

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 —Ethel Fluckiger, '24.

REMEDIES

(Translated from the Spanish Remedios, accent on the Z.)

Now from the title of this masterpiece don't draw too many conclusions or draw them quickly. There are hundreds of remedies. There are the pills and vile tasting substances sold by Richard Roose and Paul Bartchy. Every politician has some remedy, like the one being talked about now, disarmament. Another is a remedy for the betterment of the human race—namely bootlegging. Pardon me! I mean prohibition. Then there is a remedy that betters society and living conditions in general. This is to abolish everything. By everything is meant: Bolsheviks, Criminals and Sinn Feinners. Please don't look at Mike O'Keefe so; he's bashful.

But my remedy is for none of these. It is to better conditions immediately surrounding us and to make the life of a pupil at Salem High less like that of a dog.

It is queer, but every remedy, no matter what it is for, to be effective must abolish something. My remedy is no exception to the rule. I would abolish teachers, books, and practically everything but the school building. This building would come in handy for movies, parties and basketball games. But this remedy is too revolutionary to be brought about all at once, though it surely will be put in effect in the near future. This gigantic task of making over school life must be done by degrees.

So, when I find time I am going to call together the brightest minds in the world to discuss this great question. On the committees for this there will be W. J. Bryan, Tom A. Edison, "Hen"

Ford, Loren Herbert and of course myself. Some of the things I shall propose to this aggregation of brains will be as follows:

The school shall take up at 11 A. M., and be dismissed at 12. There will be plenty of time to go over all studies in this time as there will be fifteen minutes for each one. Of course there will be no studying as all of our work will be accomplished through demonstrations conducted by the teachers themselves. I am convinced that more will be learned this way, for what do we acquire from books? Merely a few facts, which as soon as they are imbedded in our minds, as quickly slip out. Learning a thing from a book is like trying to pick up a drop of mercury.

As a few examples: In English Miss Clark could read books to us, read the Bible, interpret it herself, and do the many other tasks that we are now required to do. In Chemistry Mr. Vickers could perform all the experiments and explain them to all who weren't talking or sleeping.

And then in the languages, my solution surpasses everything that has been done in recent years for humanity! Newton's law of gravitation and Einstein's law of relativity are as nothing compared to this truly magnificent method by which the hardest of languages can be read off as easily as we read the "Salem Daily Liar." This does not quite agree with my demonstration method, for I am afraid that if the teacher read our Latin, Spanish or French to us we would learn little. For this reason I have changed my procedure in the languages. Caesar himself, if he had known of this would have shouted, "Great Cae-

sar's Ghost." Yet my solution is simple: I would have Latin, Spanish, and French all written in English. It is really simple, but only a great mind could have evolved this method.

I am sure these measures will meet with universal approval and esteem. So, my dear friends, comrades, gentlemen, ladies and Paul Bartchy, you may be assured that within the next ten years you will see these revolutionary school measures brought into effect, and you will be proud to say then that you were graduated from a school with these modern methods.

All in favor of these methods kindly signify by remaining in your seats—Ah! I am glad to see so many here that are in favor of this movement.

—Morgan Forney, '23.

THE GANG

When we were boys, we were taught
To be kind to one another;
To love and treat that neighbor boy
As though he were our brother.
Of course we had our arguments,
Our boyish pranks and fights.
'Twas not uncommon to see a boy
With an eye as black as night,
A scratched up face, a bloody nose,
Or knuckles skinned and raw,
For those were the days when the
trusty arm
And the will o' the gang were law.
Yes, those were the days when the
world was young,
And work and care unknown,
And all of the hours of night and day
Were ours to call our own.
How clearly I see, as I look behind,
Those days that have long gone by,
When the fame of the North End
gang
Flared and blazoned the sky;
For in all that gang there was ne'er
a lad
But had courage and pep to burn.
And throughout the field of youthful
crime
There was never a stone unturned.

—Russell Flick, '22.

DISILLUSIONED

Percival was going to a party—a real party, with dancing and pretty girls and everything that delights the soul of youth.

His mother turned him round and round to see that his hair was parted evenly, and his ears washed carefully. Then with a loving kiss and a tender pat, she started him off to his first grown-up party.

Percival was in splendid spirits, and he whistled merrily as he wended his way towards the home of Lucy, whom he was escorting to the party.

The evening passed quickly, and at a remarkably early hour Percival came quietly into the house and went directly to his room.

His mother was very much puzzled over her son's strange behavior, for Percy, like all good little boys, always came to her first and with glowing eyes and excited voice, told of his good times.

His mother heard him pacing the floor of his room in a manner that bespoke heated agitation. She went to his door and knocking softly, asked:

"Percy, what is the matter?"

But dear Percy wasn't to be approached. "Oh mother, please go away," he said, "I can't tell you."

"Oh yes you can. You know you can always tell mother everything, and perhaps she can help."

"No, no! This is awful, I couldn't tell you. My heart is broken."

"But my darling, you must tell me; I will help you," answered his mother.

"Oh, mother," and here Percy burst into tears, "Lucy t-t-old me that there was n-n-no Santa Claus."

—Ruth Hock, '23.

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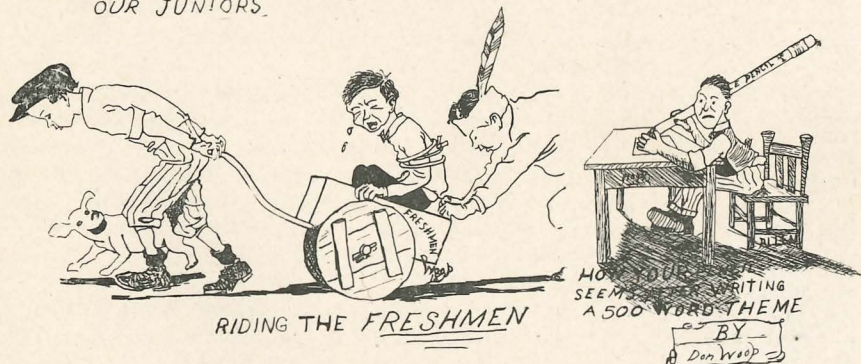
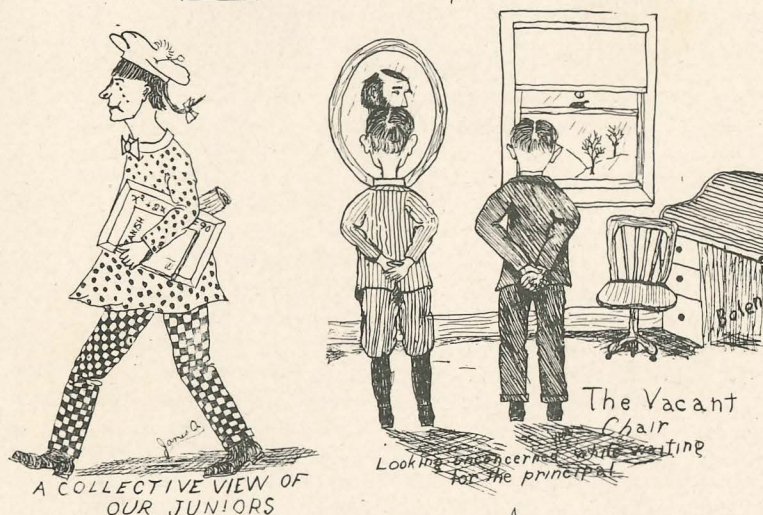
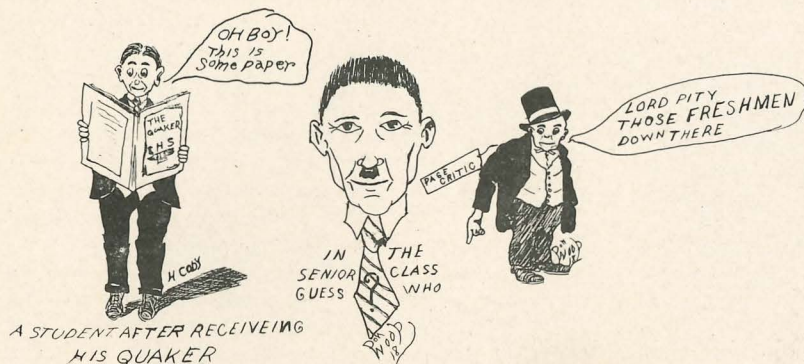
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THE TEST

(Continued from the January Issue)

This afternoon the coach called a practice game between the first and second teams. Jack was playing half back. You would not be surprised to know that Joe Kirk was playing the same half on the varsity.

The two teams lined up, the varsity receiving. The whistle sounded and the ball shot up in the air. Jack was off at the touch of the kicker's shoe on the ball. As luck would have it the ball sailed down his side of the field straight into Kirk's hands. Just as Kirk caught the ball, Jack left his feet and hit Kirk before he could take a step.

The game then started in earnest. The fellows who were on the varsity knew that they had to work to keep their positions, for the fellows on the second team were making them earn it.

After the game the coach said to Ecker, the captain, "I believe that that fellow Culver will make a better half back than Kirk. I've been watching him and he looks the goods to me. What do you think?"

"Yes, I believe he is just as good as Kirk, if not a bit better. He sure has the old spirit. Did you see him tackle Kirk on the kick off? I believe that they aren't the best of friends."

Thus the season progressed until the Blair game which was one of the important games of the season. Kirk started the game at half back, but was taken out before the first quarter was over. The coach didn't say why, but just sent Jack in to take his place.

Near the end of the second quarter, Jack intercepted a for-

ward pass and ran 65 yards through a broken field for a touchdown. It was one of the prettiest runs of the season. This tied the score at seven to seven, for both teams had kicked the goal.

The game was a hard fight from then on. First Blair would get the ball and then be forced to kick, and then the home team would kick back.

There were only two minutes to play when the home team had the ball on Blair's 35-yard line.

"Let me try a drop kick," Jack whispered to the quarter back. "I used to do a little drop kicking, and it is our only chance to get in the lead."

The signal was given and Jack went back to kick. The ball was passed back. It came so high that Jack had to jump to catch it. The line held and he had plenty of time.

A hush fell over the great crowd as Jack kicked the ball. It rose straight and true into the air and sailed end over end between the goal posts. The score was then ten to seven.

Blair received. The ball was downed on the 40-yard line and just as the ball was put into play again the whistle blew ending the game.

"Well, I guess Culver has made his place on the team," the coach told Ecker.

"He certainly has. What do you suppose made Kirk turn yellow just when he did?" Ecker asked.

"Did you see that too? I hoped that no one else had seen it. I hate to have any one know that one of my boys are yellow. Well, it has shown me who is the man for the position."

—Ralston Jones, '22.

and ran 65 yards broken field for a touch-down was one of the prettiest season. This tied the even to seven, for both kicked the goal.

There was a hard fight from First Blair would get and then be forced to then the home team back.

There only two minutes when the home team had Blair's 35-yard line.

"Try a drop kick," roared to the quarter backed to do a little drop and it is our only chance to lead."

The ball was given and Jack tried to kick. The ball was high. It came so high that he had to jump to catch it. He held and he had time.

Over the great crowd he kicked the ball. It rose true into the air and over end between the two. The score was then 10-0.

The ball was received. The ball was at the 40-yard line and the ball was put into play. The whistle blew ending the game.

"I guess Culver has made the team," the coach said.

"Mainly has. What do you make Kirk turn yellow when he did?" Ecker asked.

"I see that too? I know no one else had seen him. I have any one know my boys are yellow. I have shown me who is the position."

Ralston Jones, '22.



INDIVIDUALISM

Why are we attending High School? According to the different students who comprise our school, there are many reasons for our presence here.

Some of us say we come to better our educations, some for athletics. Others with lighter hearts come for a good time and then there are those, marked with indifference, who come merely because there is nothing better to do. Yet, in spite of all these so-called motives, there is one big thing that is a primary factor in our school lives—gaining a universal and well founded knowledge of life's fundamentals and requirements that we may live our lives to their fullest extent in later years.

In order that this incentive may be fully realized, our school offers us not only one, but many different lines of work.

Too many students, upon entering High School, allow their attentions to be diverted by some certain subject to the extent that they neglect everything else! Just stop for a moment and consider this question. It is really a very serious one, for this practice of choosing an individual objective, of confining ourselves to one single subject, is perhaps one of the

greatest causes of inefficiency—in our studies and in our characters.

Contrary to what you may think, there are a great many pupils in our school who belong in this class of individualists. A common example of this may be found especially among the boys. There are lots of fellows in this High School who live only for football—yes, live is right, for they not only think of it during every waking hour, but they even dream of it when they are asleep. This illustration need not be confined to football alone. It is noticeable in every sport. It is plain to be seen that with his mind and body so entirely wrapped up in one thing, a student does not and cannot secure the advantages that a more fully developed student enjoys, simply because he is not getting the universal knowledge that is so essential in preparatory work.

You are the only ones who can remedy this fault in our school. Each student must remember for himself that each department of school life yields some gift that will prove valuable in later life, and remembering this, he must distribute his time and energy accordingly. R. W. T., '22.

THE JUNK COLUMN

Monday morning Ethel Weingart was seen bringing a spider to school for biology in a little jewelry box. On the box was written: "To Grandma from Grandpa."

Walter Pierce saw a man drive a team of horses hitched to a big wagon into the Vahey filling station on Roosevelt Ave., buy five gallons of "gas" and drive on.

Mary L. Astry reports that a Freshman came into the library and asked if there were any good books there to read.

Russell Limestahl reports that he saw a man on Lincoln Ave. with a heavy overcoat on and no hat. He says if that man comes to him he will give him one of his hats, he has so many.

A brilliant Junior reports that he saw a bunch of "Dumb-bells" on the Basketball floor on Nov. 29. Wait until we see how many "Dumb-bells" the Juniors have on their team.

H. T. reports that she saw Mr. Ploomfield seriously regarding the 19-cent engagement rings in the window of R. S. McCulloch. We hope he isn't going to leave us already.

Mary Cosgrove saw an advertisement in the "Glenville Torch" which read: "We clean garments to perfection all kinds of alterations promptly attended to auto service." We wonder why they attend to auto service and not to alterations on garments.

A High School student reports that she saw a fellow at Babb's Thanksgiving dance, leaning against the radiator sound asleep. The dance might have been dry, but we didn't think it would make anyone drowsy.

"Kenny" Mounts reports that

he saw "Bill" McKeown chasing a squirrel around the High School building. When asked why he was doing it, "Bill" said it had bitten "Emy" Smith on the leg so now he wanted to give it a meal.

The great minds of the Senior class have figured out that Charles Floyd, the boy wonder with the wireless, and also the great Physicist, is the forerunner of an advanced age, just as Dante was the forerunner of the Renaissance.

A certain Senior says that he thinks "Kenny" Mounts is a flat tire full of wind. Watch him have a blowout at the Senior Carnival.

--W. H. J., '22.

EXCHANGE

"Voice of South High," Youngstown, Ohio: "Your jokes and editorials are good. Call again."

"Lorain High Standard," Lorain, Ohio: "A little more humor would add greatly to your paper. Your paper is arranged well. We like your 'Guess Who' column."

"The Arrow," Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio: "Your athletics are written up in good style. Especially pleased with your Literary and Alumni Departments."

"The Radiator," Galion, Ohio: "Your paper certainly creates a warm feeling. Your 'Bare Facts' are good. You have a good supply of jokes."

"The Red and White Flame," Monongahela, Pa.: "Your 'Poet's Corner' is very interesting. Your headings are very artistic."

"The Elyrian," Elyria, Ohio: "Glad to hear from you."

We also wish to acknowledge to the following exchanges received during the last month:

"Glenville Torch," Cleveland.

"Bucyrus," Bucyrus, Ohio.

"Crucible," Berea, Ohio.

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iator," Galion, Ohio:
r certainly creates a
g. Your 'Bare Facts'
ou have a good sup-

and White Flame,"
a, Pa.: "Your 'Poet's'
ry interesting. Your
very artistic."

rian," Elyria, Ohio:
ar from you.

wish to acknowledge
ing exchanges receiv-
ne last month:

"Torch," Cleveland.
"Bucyrus, Ohio.
"Berea, Ohio.

ALUMNI

James Harris writes that he is having an awful time at Mt. Union chasing mice out of his room and catching the little red ants that frequent his table at repast. Such is life in a dorm.

James McCleery writes from Dartmouth: "I received your anxious inquiry as to the state of my health and in reply I can state that I still part my hair in the middle and wear a No. 7 hat. Also that I still hold to my theory that there is no philosophy like bluff."

Ethel Woodruff writes that she is too modest to talk about herself and that she can find nothing more fitting to say than that she likes the paper so well that she wishes to subscribe.

James Kesselmire, who is attending Kenyon has landed a "lead roll" in a play that the "Puff and Powder" club of that college will put on very soon in several Ohio, Indiana and Illinois cities.

Bob Wilson, who is at the same school has a suggestion. Hark! "I believe that it would be a good idea for the 'Quaker' to relieve 'Joe' from her editorial duties, at least part of them, because it would please me much better if she would write one-half as much for the 'Quaker' and twice as much for me." Opinions, quick!

"Dish" Cobourn and "Red" French say that they think that Kenyon is the best college in the world, only that ever since they have been there, they have noticed that it has been very hard to arrange a schedule getting them into a class where there are girls.

Lamp this. "Carp" writes from Andover:

"Dear Quaker:

I am trying to be a credit to

the school that beat Alliance.
John H. Carpenter."

"Hink" Spencer writes that Miami is fast making a man of him. "Already I have had placed upon me a mark of distinction. Yes, a little grey cap with a green peak and button to match." He says that he was too modest to decline wearing it. He also says that the upperclassmen work for them on some occasions, namely, when they conduct themselves improperly or when the upperclassmen feel in need of some exercise.

Howard Dewees writes from State that he is a Junior in the College of Commerce. Howard is editor of the 1922 "Makio," a paper put out at O. S. U., and is putting out a very successful paper.

Charles Lisko has won his Varsity "O" on the cross-country team this fall. Pluck has a lot to do with success.

Glenn Bates is a member of the team that won international fame by winning the stock judging contest held at Chicago some time ago.

All of our Alumni congratulate our paper and our victory over Alliance.
—K. E. L., '22.

FRESHIES, LISTEN—

You feel, perhaps—from all the talk
And from the knocks you've got,
You're maybe not the whole works
here.

Don't feel that way—YOU'RE NOT!
We'll bet you think the sophs
Will put you through the mill,
And have some fun at your expense.

Don't worry so—THEY WILL!
You might think from stuff you've
heard

And from your reading, too,
That teachers find glee in working
you.

Don't be in doubt—THEY DO!

—Frances Speidel, '24.

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O. S. Phone 75

"Where Price Talks and Quality Sells"

Price and quality go hand in hand here. Our three departments make it easy to do your shopping.

FREE DELIVERY!

JOKES

Inquisitive Soph—"Did Milton write anything after his wife died?"

English Student — "Yes, he wrote "Paradise Regained."

S. H. S.

"The men on the hockey team ought to have skating down to a fine point."

"That's right; they're the ice pick of the school." —Ex.

S. H. S.

Florence—"Is Bob coming home Christmas vacation?"

Joe—"I think not; he lost his freight train schedule."

S. H. S.

Judge — "What brought you here?"

Drunk—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"

Drunk — "Yes, sir; both of them."

—Ex.

Mr. Booth—"Yes, the American boys always were particularly clever with their arms."

(Class laughs.)

Mr. Booth—"Evidently your mind is not on history."

S. H. S.

D. Wisner—"Speaking of well formed mouths, what do you think of mine?"

Friend (absent minded) — "Oh! it's immense." —Ex.

S. H. S.

Delegation from Spanish I class will leave soon for Cleveland where they will select an ear trumpet for Raymond Wilkins.

We pity him if he ever visits Spain.

S. H. S.

When down in the mouth, think of Jonah. He came out all right.

—Ex.

If our work were done on silver it would be stamped "STERLING"

We
Give
Green
Stamps

WARRK'S
FAULTLESS DRY CLEANING
CLEANING
SPRUCE UP
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PHONE 777 27 BROADWAY
SALEM, O.

We
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Give
Green
Stamps

If it's new and smart—
If it's good and beautiful—
If it excels in value—

If it is the very best to be found in

FURNITURE

it will be found at

Arbaugh's

Elks' Block

Salem, Ohio

Homer Reese says that since
they are serving meals in the do-
mestic science rooms he will be
enabled to eat a lunch from home
and one at the cafeteria also.

Everything has its advantages.
S. H. S.

Eli—"How much do you charge
for a hair cut?"

Barber—"Fifty cents."

Eli—"How much for a shave?"

Barber—"Twenty cents."

Eli—"All right, shave my
head." —Ex.

S. H. S.

Domestic Science Teacher —
"How many ways to prepare
meat?"

Soph—"Three: Raw, medium
and well done."

S. H. S.

Brown—"I know a man who
lost a hundred pounds in ten
minutes."

Black—"How's that?"

Brown—"Horse race in Lon-
don." —Ex.

Miss Clark—"I am tempted to
give you Spanish students a test."

Clyde Bolen—"Never yield to
temptation."

S. H. S.

The little dog sat on a rail,
The train was coming fast.

The little dog got off the rail
And let the train go past.

—Ex.

S. H. S.

H. Sheehan—"I was on pleasure
bent."

Bartchy—"And then—"

H. Sheehan—"And then before
I knew it, I was broke." —Ex.

S. H. S.

The Girl—"You make me think
of Venus De Milo."

The Boy—"But I have arms."

The Girl—"Oh, have you?"

—Ex.

S. H. S.

Carnes—"Bus, have you got
your Math?"

Bus—"I don't have to worry
about that. It gets me."

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 Sticks, Bags, Balls, etc.
 The best made.



Our assortment is complete.

S-A-T-I-S-F-A-C-T-I-O-N

STOP AT

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For Your
HOME COOKED LUNCH

Every Day

Served at 11:30 a. m.—2 p. m.

**HOME-MADE CANDIES
 AND ICE CREAM**

S-A-N-I-T-A-R-Y

Senior—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshie—"No, who teaches it?"
 —Ex.

S. H. S.

Hubby—"It is strange that the biggest fools have the most beautiful wives."

Wife—"Oh, you flatterer."
 —Ex.

S. H. S.

Jenkins—"How's the world treating you?"

Jerkins—"Very seldom, old boy, very seldom."
 —Ex.

S. H. S.

Student—"I don't think I should get a zero in this examination."

Teacher—"I agree with you, Walter, but that is the lowest grade I know of."

S. H. S.

Teacher—"Why were these men called 'Knights of the Garter?'"

J. Siskowic—"Because they were supporters of the king."
 —Ex.

—Ex.

Naragon—"When I graduate I will step into a position at 20,000 per."

Taylor—"Per what?"

Naragon—"Per haps."
 S. H. S.

Teacher—"Phylis, have you ever seen the sun rise and set?"

Phylis C.—"I've seen it set but not rise."

Teacher—"You had better get up earlier in the morning."
 —Ex.

S. H. S.

Mr. Vickers—"Earl, name three articles containing starch!"

Earl—"Two cuffs and a collar."
 S. H. S.

He—"We're coming to a tunnel, are you afraid?"

She—"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."
 S. H. S.

S. H. S.

Overheard at Votaw's:

"Take Smith's ribs out with these orders."

Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

S-F-A-C-T-I-O-N

TOP AT

ERR'S

For Your
COOKED LUNCH

every Day

1:30 a. m.—2 p. m.

MADE CANDIES
ICE CREAM

N-I-T-A-R-Y

"When I graduate I
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Per what?"

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"

Us

Bunn's Good Shoes

Minister—"Would you care to
join us in a new missionary move-
ment?"

Doris W.—"I'm crazy to try it.
Is it anything like the fox-trot?"

—Ex.

S. H. S.

Mrs. Reese—"Yes, my son plays
on the football team."

Neighbor—"What does he
play?"

Mrs. Reese—"I'm not sure but
I think he is the drawback."

—Ex.

S. H. S.

If you are up against it, go
around.

Teacher—"Now, John, tell us
one of the principal events in Ro-
man history and mention the
date."

John—"Mark Anthony went to
Egypt because he had a date with
Cleopatra."

—Ex.

S. H. S.

M. Forney—"Give me a five-
cent mouse trap quick, I want to
catch a train."

—Ex.

S. H. S.

"Maybe that will hold you for
awhile," said Nebuchadnezzar as
he hitched his horse to a pyra-
mid.

—Ex.

CALENDAR

Nov. 17—Chris Roessler is so
used to going to the back of the
room in English III class when
he doesn't have his lesson that to-
day he forgot and went back
when he had it.

Michael Schuller reproaches

Miss Smith for assigning only one
page in Biology.

Nov. 18—Spanish class enjoys
real reports.

Elizabeth Miller studied her
Cicero for ten minutes upside-
down.

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latest dance hits on Victor Records.

No trouble to play them for you.

Good music is the finishing touch to any gathering.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

will show the following pictures during the month
of January, on the dates mentioned.

Paramount Pictures

Thursday, 5th—"The Great Impersonation."

Saturday, 7th—Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights."

Thursday, 12th—Douglas McLean in "One a Minute."

Saturday, 14th—Thos. Meighan in "Conquest of Canan."

Wednesday, 18th—Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers."

Thursday, 19th—William Hart in "The Whistle."

Friday, 27th—George Melford's Super.

Saturday, 28th—Special "The Sheik."

A Federated Comedy will be shown with each feature.

On Saturday afternoon a matinee at 2:30 to which children are admitted for 10 cents.

Special Music by Hundertmarck-Bartholomew Orchestra

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When you want Fine Cutlery, buy--

"Shur-Edge"

The Salem Hardware Company
Hardware, Plumbing, Roofing

Ruth Steiner tells History IV class that all she knows about Van Buren are his dates.

Nov. 21—Rubber bands are still in evidence although their owners are not.

Nov. 22—Miss Ramsey entertains us with several readings.

Rev. Eastman talks to us.

Miss Orr wants to know if Sammy Cox never tires of acting silly.

We wonder if "Pat" Hanna thought he was giving us something to be thankful for when he told us we had to sell 3000 tickets for the Carnival.

Nov. 23—The most wonderful rally in the history of S. H. S. took place this morning for the Alliance game. Rev. Harmon, Mr. Alan, Mr. Owen, Mr. Vivian and several others gave speeches.

Nov. 24—Hurrah! The rally was not in vain. Score—Salem

14, Alliance 6. This is a real Thanksgiving Day!

Nov. 25—No school.

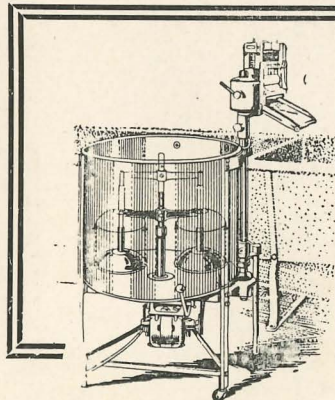
Nov. 27—The world is coming to an end! Robert Taylor was seen in Campbell's book store buying a tablet! We wonder how he is going to return all the paper he owes out of one tablet.

Nov. 30—Big rally for Senior Carnival. An elephant that could mark time and wiggle its tail was the chief feature.





Dec. 1—"Mexico" tells of his experience with rattle snakes.

Dec. 2—Eleanor Tolerton doesn't like the endings of Cooper's books so she is going to write one herself. Go to it, Eleanor! We hope it will end well.

Mr. Alan enters Economics Class and every one forgets to talk (including Ada McArtor) and suddenly remembers their lesson much to the astonishment of the



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The Allen Confectionery

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 XMAS**

**TRY OUR HOME-COOKED
 LUNCHES**

LIBER'S Auto Top Shop

**Satisfaction
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teacher.

Dec. 5—Mr. Bloomfield forgot he had a home room and was seen coming out of the library after his pupils had been dismissed by Mr. Booth.

Dec. 6—Several members of the Biology Class were sent to the Mayor's office. Wait—don't be alarmed, they were only investigating street conditions.

Dec. 7—Educational Movie.

Dec. 8—First casualties have

arrived. Ruth Steiner is suffering with a black eye as a result of the basketball game last night.

Dec. 9—All lectures are saved until Monday morning because today is "Open House Day" and parents are visiting.

Dec. 12—In Biology class, talking about putting cigaret stubs in waste paper boxes on main streets, Ethel Reno said, "Yes, but you ought to put them out before you put them in."



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 AND
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"Michaels-Stern" Fall Suits and Overcoats	\$25.00 and up
"Imperial" Fall Hats	3.00 and up
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Saving ^{Knocks} the "L" out of Slaving

It puts you on the ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE. It gives you the opportunity to own your own farm, your own home, your own business. It makes you, eventually, your own boss.

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Dress Right



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-- See Culberson for --

Dipping Chocolate, Light, Dark and Bitter, 40c lb.; Raw
Peanuts, Large 20c, Small 15c lb.; Glucose 6c lb.
Marshmallows for Dipping, 45c lb.
And anything else you need to make candy at home.

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57 East Main St.

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