

The Quaker

The Quaker



Salem High School

FEBRUARY 1922

McCULLOCH'S
WATCH THE DAILY PAPER

—Announcing Our—

Annual Spring Sale

They afford real opportunities to save.

It's so **CLEAN** and **DAINTY** after going through
our dry cleaning process.

Just call

Your

Cleaner & Dyer

Bell Phone 552

We Call For and Deliver

123 Main Street

Quality and Service--Our Motto

—: COMPLIMENTS OF :—

I. B. TAYLOR

Bell 248-249

Free Delivery

S. 248

Photographs of Exceptional Quality

by L. H. JOHNSON

Portrait Artist

"Successor to Fishback Studio"

Patronize Our Advertisers

ER

Sale

save.

g through

123 Main Street

Motto

S. 248

Quality

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Suits and
Overcoats

at Radical Reductions

Fitzpatrick - Strain Co.

100 Main Street

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Fountain Pens, Tablets of all kinds, Pencils, The
Eagle Compass, Fountain Pen Ink, all colors;
Show Card Ink, Cico Paste and all necessary sup-
plies for school.

J. H. LEASE DRUG CO.
FLODING'S DRUG STORE
BOLGER & FRENCH

"Try the Drug Store First"

Patronize Our Advertisers

(1)

First Spring Showing

INTRODUCING THE Newer Merchandise

Stacks Upon Stacks of Pretty Goods for Spring

Beautiful Gingham, Chambray, Ratine, Zephyr Checks, Organdies, and other cotton goods which answer the call of women who plan their summer sewing in advance.

—Then there are the more expensive fabrics of silk and woolen goods in weaves and colors which will be given preference this season.

—While the assortment is not complete, yet February's collection of the newer things is sufficient to afford a pleasing choice.

The Hemmeter Store
LEADERS OF FASHION

Showing

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THE QUAKER

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THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE--

teaches slowly but well. And some things can be learned satisfactorily only through experience.

How to handle money judiciously is one of these, and acquaintance with banking customs aids greatly in supplying this knowledge.

The Farmers National Bank—a bank of 75 years' experience—invites accounts of young people, also extending assurance, of its friendly counsel to those students who may wish information upon business or banking subjects.

THE FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK
OF SALEM, OHIO

ECKSTEIN CO.

MEN'S WEAR

Patronize Our Advertisers

(3)

The New Edison

THE PHONOGRAPH WITH A SOUL

Re-Creations
Pianos
Player Rolls

**Have
Them
Engraved**

We are taking orders now for all kinds of Engraved work. Invitations, At Home, Announcement and Calling Cards. Ask to see our samples and get our pre-war price.



I. D. & J. H. CAMPBELL

National Furniture Co.

106-108 Main St.



**Happy Home
Furnishers**

The Best for Your Money



Quality - Low Prices

***We use the best,
We cook the best,
We serve the best,
and it tastes the best, and it costs less.***

—AT—

La Palma Restaurant

Metzger Hotel

Edison

WITH A SOUL

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106-108 Main St.

Happy Home
Furnishers

The Best for Your Money

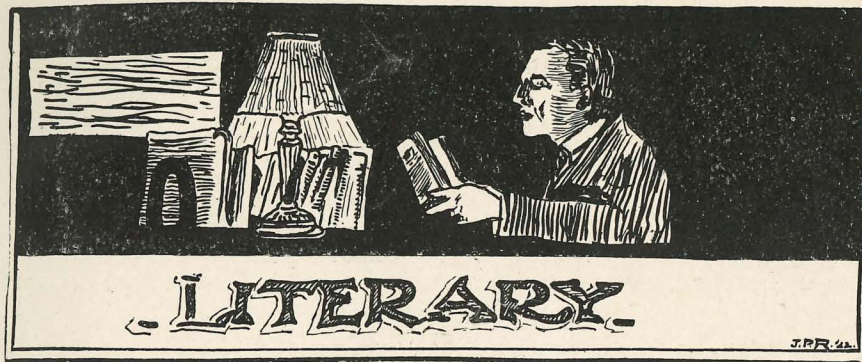


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it costs less.

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SYLVIA—HEART-BREAKER

Percy Sylvester, the terrible lady-killer, approached the home of his latest with shaking knees and pounding heart. After straightening his tie and arranging the bouquet of flowers so that it would show to the best advantage he climbed the steps and knocked cautiously on the door. Nothing happened. Then still more cautiously he rang the door-bell. Still no response. He was just beginning to wonder if he was going to get the cold mitt when the door was thrown open and "Dear Mamma" confronted him.

Percival turned very red and then between gulps he explained gently that he had come to escort Sylvia to the movies.

Mother gave him the once over, and then she said very politely: "Oh, this is Percy Sylvester, isn't it?"

"Y-yes. A lovely evening, don't you think?" Percy gulped some more, turned white and then red—and felt yellow.

"Well, my dear child," said Mother with wonderful aloofness, "come right in. Sylvia will be down in a moment. She hasn't finished powdering her nose yet."

Percy stumbled and swayed along in the rear as Mother led the way to the drawing room. Arrived at this shrine, Percy took a seat on the edge of a chair and gazed humbly at this Mother person.

Mother, her heart stirred by the woe-begone stare, took pity upon him and tried to make some conversation.

"Mr. Sylvester, I've heard so much about you—from my James, of course! He says that you are making a splendid place on the football squad."

Percy rehearsed his gulping act again, and then when his pharynx was somewhat under control he spluttered:

"Uh-huh—that is—not at all—er—no thank you."

"How modest—Ah! here's Sylvia."

Percy turned and gazed at her with his heart in his eyes. She gave him a smile that shook him from head to foot, and then tucking a stray wisp of hair inside her ten-cent hair net she said:

"Oh! I just know I'm a sight." (She knew she wasn't—so did Percy.)

After dropping Percy's flowers

in the waste-basket while he was stammering a good-bye to Mother, she led him to the door. Before closing it she called back to Mother:

"Good-bye! Don't wait up for me." (She knew they would, but anything to give heart to Percy).

When they arrived at the splendiferous Movie Palace, the show had started. All was silence—except for those melting tones of jazz that came floating back towards Percy and his angelic Sylvia.

Suddenly Sylvia plucked at his sleeve. Her eyes were glued to the screen where the villain was engaged in some dirty work.

"Oh! Just look at that awful brute!" And then—

"Oh!! How wonderful." (Gazing at the hero, of course.)

"Looks like a million dollars," said the enraptured Percy (looking at the vamp though).

Sylvia had heard that one before. She turned and looked suspiciously at him.

"Who?" she asked, icily.

The very tone of her voice froze Percy to the marrow. Then seeking to pacify her, he smiled in his most manly fashion and whispered in a voice that thrilled Sylvia:

"Why you, of course."

Then blushing deeply, he sought her hands and held them tightly. (Oh! such heart-rending ecstasy).

When they reached Sylvia's home some time later, Percy's heart was thumping strangely as a result of the bright moonshine (not liquor, the real thing).

"Good-night, Percy," said Sylvia, tenderly.

Percy came very close and said with his heart in his mouth (it

sounded like it):

"Sylvia, you're the sweetest—"

"Oh!! You must not!"

"Please, just this once. I—"

Here the door was abruptly opened and "Sweet Mamma" stuck her head out.

"Sylvia," she said, in a terrible voice, "it's 11 o'clock. Come in at once!"

Sylvia made a little sign of resignation and turned sadly to Percival.

"Oh Percy, why are you always so slow?"

"But you said I couldn't," gasped Percy, amazed.

Sylvia was somewhat nonplussed:

"Why of course—the—the first time, but a woman can always change her mind you know," and then she fled into the house.

Percy sat down forlornly on the steps and uttered mournfully: "Gee, isn't that just like a woman?" (Yes, Percy, they're all alike.)

(Yes, Percy, they're all alike.)

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY TO SEE:

Paul Harrington without freckles,
Buss Woodruff without some chuckles,
John Kaley without a poem,
Harold Cody with a thought in his dome?

Leone Farmer with mischief beaming,
Pud Yengling silently dreaming,
James Askey without tears in his eyes,
Eric Eastman as blue as the skies?

Alexander McLaughlin noticing the clock,
Carl Howell receiving a shock,
Edna French coming in late,
Beulah Carnes learning to skate?

Eleanor Bates stately and tall,
Ruth Isensee real, real small,
Cecelia Shriver not bothering her head,
Thomas Martin not longing to be fed?

—Frances Speidel, '24.

like it):
 "You're the sweetest—"
 "You must not!"
 "Just this once. I—"
 The door was abruptly
 and "Sweet Mamma"
 her head out.
 "Mamma," she said, in a terrible
 "It's 11 o'clock. Come in
 now!"

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 Percy sat down forlornly on the
 floor and uttered mournfully:
 "Isn't that just like a wo-
 man? (Yes, Percy, they're all

like Percy, they're all alike.)

ISN'T IT BE FUNNY TO SEE:

—Strawberry without freckles,
 —Cuddly without some chuckles,
 —Poetry without a poem,
 —Cody with a thought in his
 head,
 —The farmer with mischief beaming,
 —The girl gazing silently dreaming,
 —The key without tears in his eyes,
 —The man as blue as the skies?

—Mr. McLaughlin noticing the

—The well receiving a shock,
 —The bench coming in late,
 —The boy learning to skate?

—Bates stately and tall,
 —The nurse real, real small,
 —The Shriver not bothering her

—The Martin not longing to be fed?
 —Frances Speidel, '24.

SOLITAIRE

Did you ever play solitaire? If
 you haven't perhaps you won't
 understand, but I am going to
 tell you any way.

Solitaire is very much like life.
 What? you ask. Solitaire, a sim-
 ple game that a child might play?
 And I say yes. A simple game
 that even a child might play is like
 life.

This is why: It is a hard game
 to win. Isn't life? Little things
 count! And little things count in
 life too.

Then, it is so easy to cheat.
 Many times if the queen of hearts
 were before you instead of some
 other queen, you would win. The
 whole game would be changed.
 And how easy it is to put the
 queen of hearts back into the
 deck and find the one you want!

And so it is with life. There are
 many temptations, and we can see
 no real aim in some of them. Yet
 somehow we know it's there.

Now, let's imagine you did do
 something like changing queens,
 and you won your game. Would
 you feel victorious? Would you
 feel you had won? No! you
 wouldn't. I know because you
 see I've done it, and I didn't count
 that game as one I had won. So
 don't be unfair for maybe you
 won't feel you have won.

Here is one other way that this
 game is like life. As I said before
 it is hard to win, and nobody
 likes to be beaten. That is why
 one keeps on and on. And the
 harder it is the harder you try.
 First by giving the cards an extra
 shuffle and being ever watchful
 for a possible play. And that's
 what we all must do. Give some-
 thing to the world and when an
 opportunity comes, grasp it and

hold it. Then you will win. No,
 not the first time and not the sec-
 ond and perhaps not the third or
 fourth, but just keep on trying
 for you know—

"Then give to the world the best
 you have,
 And the best will come back to
 you."

—Louise Scullion, '23.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF LATIN LANGUAGE

1. Thou shalt not use Caesar's
 name in vain.

2. Thou shalt not put a verb
 in the nominative case.

3. Thou shalt not covet thy
 neighbor's pony or his grammar
 or his composition.

4. Thou shalt not disobey Miss
 Liber or any of her substitute
 teachers.

5. Thou shalt always worship
 and remember Cassius for his
 noble deeds.

6. Four days shalt thou loaf and
 on the fifth prepare thy lesson.

8. Thou shalt not fail to offer
 a prayer before beginning to
 study thy lesson for holy deliver-
 ance from this suffrance.

9. Thou shalt not fail to say to
 anyone who wants to give you
 help: Sit thou beside me, thou
 good Samaritan.

10. Thou shalt not look any
 words up but trust to your mem-
 ory. And thou should always be
 thankful that Caesar did not
 know how to use shorthand.

—Paul Bartchy, '23.

Does It?

If a dog barks, does Alge bray?
 If a ring is silver, is Bob Sterl-
 ing?

If bread is bread, is Elizabeth
 Bunn?

EVOLUTION

Isn't it queer, this subject? Yes, but not dry, indeed not, for here we have Paul Bartchy evolving from a lobster and "Rick" Roose, the other drug expert, tracing his ancestry back as far as the tadpole.

There are men who make a practice of tracing your ancestry. For \$1,000 you can have a president for an ancestor; for \$2,000 a general in the Civil war, and for \$3,000 the man who steered the Mayflower on its renowned trip.

But evolution is very simple to understand and reason out, so why pay some money-snatcher \$3,000 to learn that your grandfather's grand-father's brother was the third cousin to the brother of the niece of the wife that married the great, great grand-son, of Napoleon's brother's uncle when you can trace your ancestry back as far as 100,000,000 B. L. (before literature) yourself?

For instance, let's take "Bill" Shakespeare. Without a doubt, he was at one time, a vegetable, a certain kind of pear. In our knowledge of evolution, we learn that everything started from one cell and developed through all its stages until it reached its height, man. Only, it looks as if some didn't evolve as fast as others, hence the block-heads, poor fishes, prunes, lemons, lobsters, worms, insects, tomatoes, tomato cans, and etc. But to go on with Bill, he must have gone through all these stages of development,—science says so, and since he did, no wonder he can write so fluently. He ought to know all about everything, if he remembers it all.

It is possible some of "Bill's" works are now being printed on a lock of his hair or his index finger. It's simple; after dying his body again became what it was at first, dust. Then something got into the dust and started to grow. The dust, being originally Bill's body furnished the necessary nourishment for the plant and thus became imbedded in the new plant. This was a new start for Bill. The plant grew until it died, thereby leaving a start for the next plant which happened to be a tree. Upon reaching full growth our story comes to a hasty end. The tree was cut down and it was up to Bill to make a new start. But his life had not been useless. He was taken to a pulp mill and made into first class India paper and on some of that paper is probably published:

MENU

HAMLET

OMELET VEAL CUTLET

WRISTLET

BULL-ET

BILL-ET (it all).

Very simple, indeed.

—K. E. L., '22.

THE GAME

Hurrah! here they come—
The boys in red and black!
They certainly have been training
some
And pep they do not lack.

There goes a basket.
One! Two!! Three!!!
There goes another one,
That means a victory!

Now the game is going to start.
See the fire in every eye.
Each one is going to do his best
To win—to win, or die!

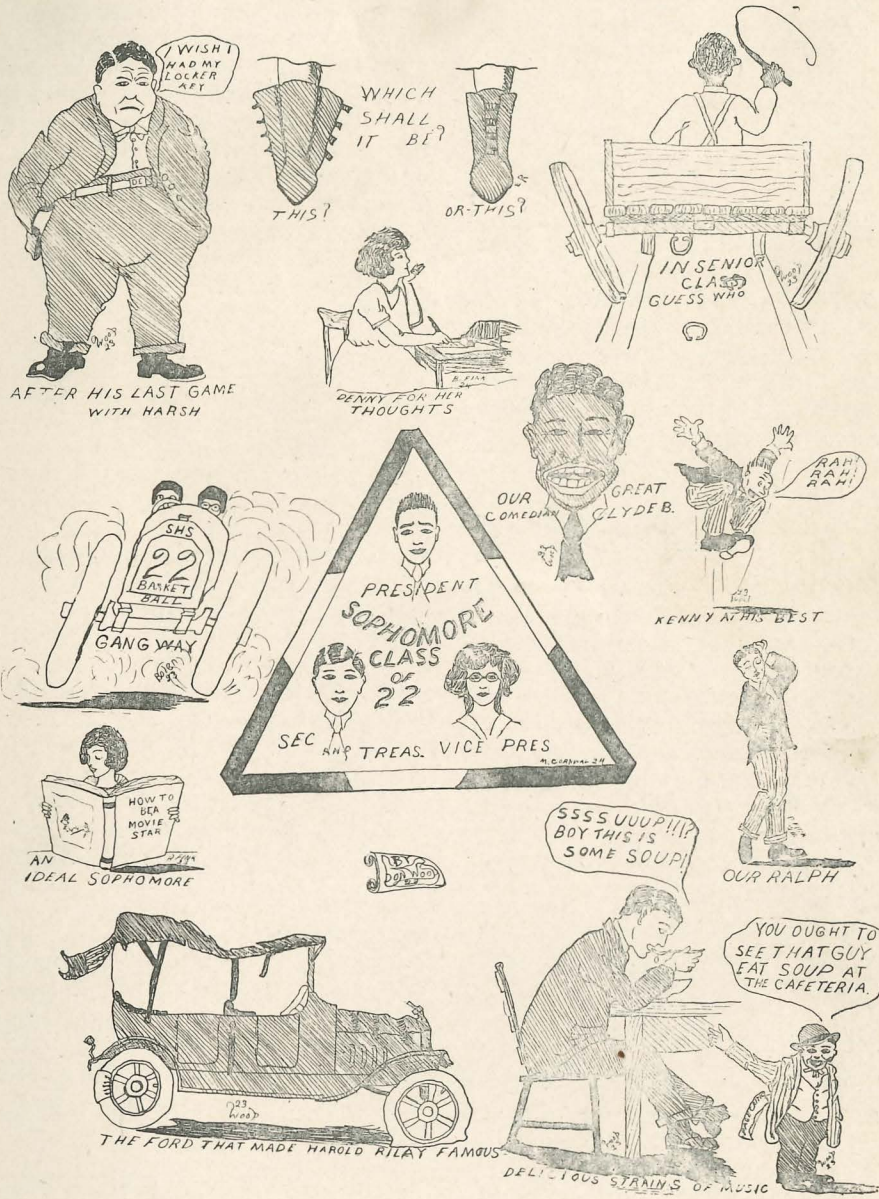
—Evelyn Boyd, '23.

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IMPROVEMENTS

It was while quietly sitting in the rear of the English class yesterday when I was popularly supposed to be sorrowfully meditating on my many sins which had caused my ostracism, that I first noticed a lack of something or other in the class. It was an intangible thing, something that you only felt in your mind. As I sat trying to find a name for this, the solution suddenly burst upon me. It was a lack of vivacity or in the words of Alexander a "lack of pep," (I won't swear to the author of these words—it might have been Cotton Mather, the New England Blue Law Advocate, who uttered them) or it might have been the presence of that deadly germ on which some seem to thrive: Laziness!

This lack of pep was especially apparent as Loren Herbert gracefully unfolded his frame in sections and arose as though he were lifting the German war debt. He meditated and stammered for five minutes and finally spoke some solemn words, the purport of which was entirely lost upon the slumbering class.

I don't profess to be a reformer whose very name brings up a picture of a long, lanky, scowly, black-coated figure whose favorite slang is: "Thou shalt not." But in a serious case like this some reform is necessary, even if it is only to have Loren take my place and let me try to bring the class out of the deep sleep into which it has fallen. Even Paul Bartchy is as lively as a Sunday in Sing Sing.

For one thing we might act the Bible stories. Take David and

Goliath for instance. Clare Davis can be David and Fred Zeigler Goliath. Of course David can't use a sling, but he could sneak up behind Zeigler and hit him over the head with a baseball bat, and if this didn't produce the desired effect he could use an iron pipe. Then if Zeigler doesn't act as he should, his head is thicker than I think it is, if that is possible.

Another interesting little thing: instead of having three-minute speeches have each member of the class arise and give a snappy little saying. Then we could all argue about it. For example: "Solemn" Baker could get up and say that "Dick" Roose was a liar. Then Florence Calladine would arise and say he was a prevaricator, and thus they could argue. They all know Roose is a liar, but they would argue for the sake of the argument.

In Spanish class instead of trying to conjugate garlic we could have a bull-fight. Pete Lowery would make a good bull, he's always roaring. Loren Herbert, with his slim well-built body encased in pink tights embroidered with yellow butterflies chasing green elephants and with his fairy-like movements, would be an ideal butcher. Loren couldn't use a sword as it might hurt Pete's feelings, but he could make the scene more true to life by gently sticking him with pins. It would be very interesting, that is to the audience.

Then in Chemistry Laboratory. "Hot Dog!" as a Frenchman would say. Instead of trying to make "Tommy" Edison look like

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n in Chemistry Laboratory.
 Dog!" as a Frenchman
 say. Instead of trying to
 "Tommy" Edison look like

an inmate of Massillon's chief hotel
 we could have "Ford" Riley and
 "Mike" O'Keefe conduct a few ex-
 periments in high explosives or in
 poison gas. After making some
 T. N. T. it would be very enlight-
 ening to the class for these bud-
 ding scientists to test the pro-
 duct. The rest of the class would
 wait on Garfield avenue, or per-
 haps it would be better to wait in
 Damascus or Franklin Square,
 until one of the boys gave a sign
 that the test was over. At the
 giving of this sign the class could
 began to search the neighborhood
 for "Mike" and "Ford." When they
 found them they could bring
 them back to the building, pre-
 ferably in small waste baskets,
 candy boxes, etc.

When these improvements have
 been instituted you will see a
 changed class. They would go
 to the various rooms rather as if
 they were going to a fire than to
 a funeral. School will then become
 a pleasure rather than a necessary
 evil. Studies will be prepared,
 that is if any studies are neces-
 sary. We will act more like a
 happy family than a gathering of
 enemies forever trying to kill or
 maim each other with paper
 wads or rubber bands.

Now, gents, what do you think
 of these improvements? Will it
 be "One from many" as the buf-
 falo said to the Indian, or will
 it be "Many from one" as the man
 said when he dropped a box of
 dynamite?

—Morgan Forney, '23.

Notice!

I'd like to tell you a joke about
 the ocean, but it's, too deep.

A GENTLE HINT

Biologically speaking the crab
 has protective coloration, but the
 person known as a crab is always
 highly perceptible, according to
 Floyd.

This crabby action on the part
 of any person tends to pull him
 down in the opinion of the stu-
 dent body.

The present tense of the verb
 "crab" is the best proof that
 everyone crabs more or less. It
 is:

If I crab We crab.
 Then You crab. You crab.
 He crabs They crab.
 MORAL—DON'T CRAB!
 —P. H. D., '22.

"IF"

If we went sled-riding would Eugene
 be the Hill?

If we had a trial would Edward be
 the Judge?

If Harold were the Principal would
 he be Harsh?

If we had a garden would Leone be
 the Farmer?

If we went fishing would Eleanor be
 the Bates?

If we ran a lunch room would Wade
 be the Coffee?

If we had a wedding would Floyd be
 the Parson?

If Frank had a wife would he Bricker
 (brick her)?

If we bobbed our hair would Ethel
 be the Shears?

If we went skating would Russel be
 Kuhl (cool)?

Elizabeth Bunn, '24.

BASKETBALL

As old basketball comes back,
 There are a few men Salem will lack
 There are Spencer, Wirsching, Mc-
 Cleery too,

But that's all right, Sisky will do.
 We can build a team around him I
 know,

That will make old Alliance go.
 Don't lose your pep in S. H. S.
 We'll beat them bad or do our best.

—Harold Cody, '24.

"FRECKLES"

Aren't freckles funny things? They are funny to everybody—except to those who are cursed with them. There are many theories as to the cause of freckles. One is that only people with very fine skin freckle. My theory is that drinking so much water effects the iron in one's body and makes it rusty, the rust appearing in the form of little round, square, oblong, rectangular and triangular dots, commonly called "freckles" on one's face, arms and neck. The most painful freckles are bealed ones: those freckles that are so cowardly as to run together. For this example, I refer you to Paul Harrington.

At present the world is freckle mad. Each person who is scourged with them is hunting far and wide for a good freckle remover. I,

myself, being among the unfortunates who are suffering from terrible cases of over-grown freckles, would give my year's income to find a good freckle remover. Some one suggested that I use sulphuric acid on my face, but I don't have much faith in this. I much prefer carbolic acid. Many a night I have spent in sleepless slumber worrying about my freckles. And many an afternoon I have spent dodging the sun. So it is easily understood why freckles are such unwelcome things, for what person wants a polka-dot face to carry around with him through life?

—Josephine Gottschalk, '22.

"But I thought you said Riley had a Ford sedan?"

Butch—"I did, but it's one of those with a collapsible top."



Clemmer Platt Harry Jacobs
 Mary Williamson, Florence Farr, Josephine Augustine, Camille Yates, Maud Stone, Rachel Young
 Laura Hopkins, Grace Marburger, Lucy Hopkins, Theresa McNab, Myrtle Holland

Class of 1902, Salem High School. Have We Grown?

SCHOOL NEWS

Association Pins

Tuesday, Jan. 17, the Boys' and Girls' Associations gave pins to each member of both associations. The pins are to be worn to all basketball games to admit the students at association prices.

An announcement was also made that a banquet will be given Feb. 9 for the football squad. Salem High is very proud of her football men this year, and they deserve every credit which can be given for their splendid work.

Mr. Matthews Addresses School

Wednesday morning, Jan. 18, Mr. W. H. Matthews, president of the Salem-Alliance Business College, spoke to the pupils of the High school on "Mound Builders in Ohio." The talk was very interesting as well as educational, and Mr. Matthews will always be welcomed back to this school.

"Letters"

A matter of special importance was brought up for discussion at the assembly Tuesday morning. It was a matter upon which school authorities had been dwelling for a long time, and upon which it was necessary to take immediate action. The point of discussion was the awarding of letters. There is a rule in the Constitution which states that no one is permitted to wear a letter unless it has been awarded by the association. This ruling has been repeatedly violated by students of the school, rendering the letters practically worthless.

Heretofore in order to be eligible to receive a letter it was required that a participant in athletics shall have played in fifty

five per cent of the scheduled games. In some cases this would not be a fair basis upon which to award a letter, so an amendment was proposed by the president of the association, whereby the principal and the coach in collaboration with the executive council of the association could award a letter to anyone whom they thought worthy regardless of whether they had played the required number of games. The amendment was taken up for consideration and adopted by a unanimous vote. This measure as proposed is most laudable and just for, if a Senior has all but a quarter of a game of the required per cent of the games to his credit he is certainly deserving of a letter. Such an instance arose during the past football season, and it was for this case that the change seemed to be expedient.

Anyone wearing a letter not awarded by the association will be required to remove it. This action together with the revision of the parts of the Constitution mentioned will protect those who have justly earned their letters, put them on a higher plane, and elevate the principle for which they stand.

ADVICE

Read the "Quaker" every day.
Amusement you will find,
If you read it every way—
Each letter and each line.

It only costs a dime or two—
The jokes are very fine;
You might find one on you
Or perhaps one of mine.

Sometimes a story you will find—
An interesting one at that—
Perhaps one that'll excel mine—
To which I'll remove my hat.

—Harold Harman, '23.

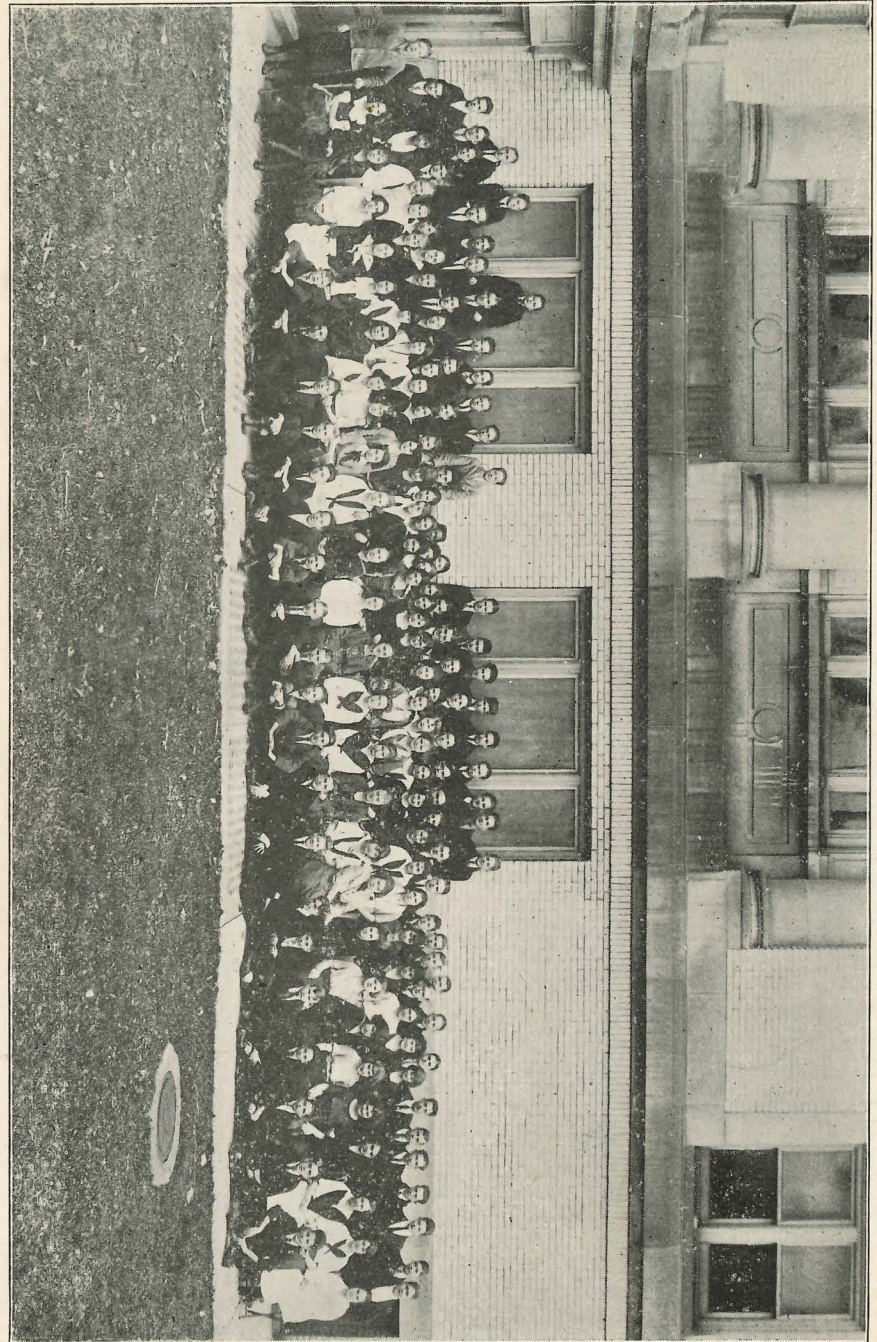
, being among the unfor-
s who are suffering from
e cases of over-grown freck-
ould give my year's income
d a good freckle remover.
one suggested that I use
ric acid on my face, but I
ave much faith in this. I
prefer carbolic acid. Many
t I have spent in sleepless
r worrying about my freck-
and many an afternoon I
pent dodging the sun. So
sily understood why freck-
e such unwelcome things,
at person wants a polka-
e to carry around with him
h life?
Josephine Gottschalk, '22.

I thought you said Riley
Ford sedan?"
h—"I did, but it's one of
with a collapsible top."



Harry Jacobs
le Yates, Maud Stone, Rachel Young
erresa McNab Myrtle Holland

Have We Grown?



Sophomore Class '24

SOPHOMORES

Herbert Arnold—(Punkin)—
“Don’t hit Pumpkin or his head
will become a squash.”

James Askey—“I’m here, but
where are my thoughts?”

Esther Bartrum—“Oh Kiddo!”

Orville Bates—“The country
gentleman.”

Eleanor Bates—“I’m in my sec-
ond childhood!”

Clara Beech—“Oh! isn’t that
fellow cute?”

Alberta Bingham—“Laugh, and
the world laughs with you.”

Fred Bova—“Yet have I some-
thing in me dangerous.”

Hester Brown—“Credits, not
men, are he rains.”

Vernon Broomall—“Honest, I
can’t.”

Robert Bullard—“His thoughts
are always interrupted by Miss
Douglas: ‘Prove that thorem,
Robert.’”

Kathryn Bundy—“‘Listen Les-
ter’ is her favorite song.”

Elizabeth Bunn—“Lock before
you leap.” The world is at your
feet “Bets.”

Alma Burke—“For the sunny
side of things she has a tendency.”

Elmer Bush—“Dutch has a
hard time to borrow enough
dimes to meet his many S. H. S.
debts.”

Martha Calkins — “Come on
Mitz, that’s the old girl.”

Naomi Carlin — “Oh, Lord,
send me a man.”

Beulah Carnes—“A good maid-
en in a quiet way.”

Hazel Caufield—“Nothing to do
at all.”

John Cavanaugh—“Can’t al-
ways tell about these apparently
quiet people.”

Joseph Chamberlain—“Isn’t he
reserved and quiet though?
(Sometimes).”

Bohus Cibula—“As nice as he
is tall.”

Helen Conrad—“Cheerful and
blonde.”

Wade Coffee—“Noted for his
permanent wave.”

Donald Cope—“Donald doesn’t
sav much, but it takes him a long
time to say it.”

Edith Cope—“She hath that
grace so fair in every clime.”

Mildred Cope — “M u c h a d o
about nothing.”

Mary Helen Cornwall—“There’s
not a moment without some
duty.”

Paul Corso—“I keep a mile
away from women.”

Kenneth Crouch—“Always rac-
ing with the tardy tap. Result:
the tardy usually wins.”

Erla Crowl—“Very quiet and
demure is she.”

Lester Crutchley—“Youth is
full of sport.”

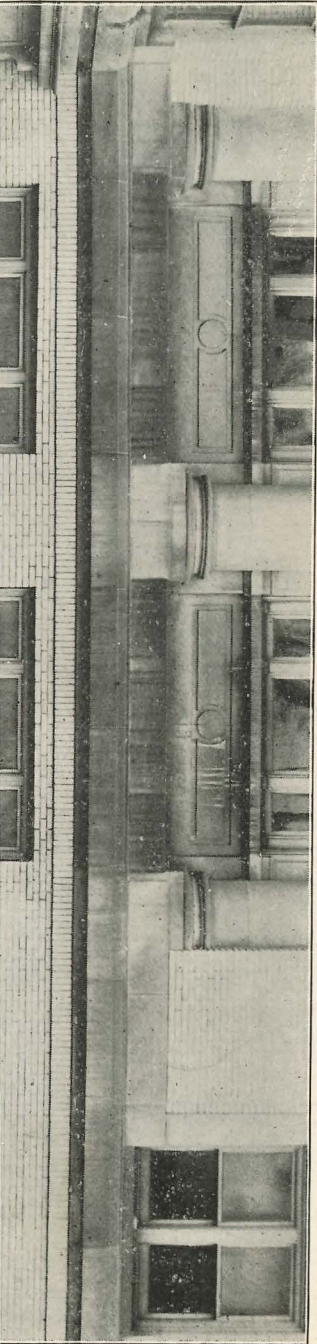
Helen Cyrus—“Things always
aren’t as hard as they appear to
be.”

Mary Dales—“Yet was it ne’er
my fate from thee to find, a deed
ungentle nor a word unkind.”

Franklin Davidson—“Innocence
abroad.”

Isabelle Derr—“She’ll be a car-
toonist some day.”

Cletus Dell—“He hath not given
all his time to books.”



Naomi Derr — "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty. I awoke and found that life was duty."

Ethel Dixon — "Life's a joke and all things show it. I thought so once, and now I know it."

Leland Duncan — "He cares more for reality than a reputation."

Eric Eastman — "All valuable goods come in small packages."

Donald Elton — "The heavy thinker of the Sophomore class."

Leone Farmer — "Well, I thould thay I do."

Mary Louise Fawcett — "Her work in this fraternity, is higher education for eternity."

James Ferguson — "I love thee for thyself, thyself alone—Oh! Algebra."

Dorothy Ferree — "There is no place like home."

Matilda Fernengel — "Her thought are all for others."

Bertha Fink — "She has the makings of a great artist."

Helen Flick — "Better late than never."

Ethel Fluckiger — "Her style is the style of none but her."

Irene Frantz — "It's the hair, not the hat, that makes the woman."

Edna French — "For if she will, she will, and you may depend on it, but if she won't she won't, and there is an end of it."

George Fronk — "Singed hair is a new fad introduced by George."

Augusta Gabler — "The world is no better if we worry."

Nerr Gaunt — "Noted for his farmer's laugh."

Margaret Getz — "Speak low, speak little."

Carrie Gilson — "If I would study I might be bright."

James Grafton — "Another little man of the Sophomore class."

Neil Grisez — "Having wisdom with each studious year."

Raymond Gunn — "Everything by start and nothing long."

Katherine Hagan — "Business she is clear though."

Ralph Hannay — "Talking is his favorite occupation."

Emmett Harroff — "Silence is often a most excellent resort."

Paul Harrington — "I have a date with Mr. Rohrabaugh."

Harold Harris — "Seen but not heard."

Harold Harsh — "Can't hear!"

Edward Hepler — "There's fun in everything we meet, the greatest, worst, and best."

Eugene Hill — "Duty before pleasure."

Forrest Hill — "Like a shining star, small but bright."

Willid Holloway — "Slow in movement, but very conscientious."

Esther Hoops — "A still small voice has she."

Anna Hoprich — "A grateful mixture of sweet, seasoned with a little tart."

Katherine Humphreys — "The magic of a face."

Ruth Isensee — "If Galli-Curci loses her position we'll all know the reason why."

Julius Jeffries — "Shooting rubber bands is his hobby."

Kenneth Jewell — "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts."

Kenneth Jones — "Argues here, argues there. When he gets to Heaven he will argue with the Angels there."

Helen Judge — "Where there's a will there's a way."

Edward Judge — "Bashful little

s Grafton—"Another little the Sophomore class."

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Eddy."

John Kaley—"Always cheerful, always gay, never thinking about the day."

Kenneth Kelly—"Quickly speed your steps to school, and there mind your teacher's rule."

Ruth Kirby—"If I could talk forever all would be bliss."

Elizabeth Kirk—"I'll never get there."

George Konnert—"If German were taught in school, George might get a position."

Russell Kuhl—"If people were known by the volume of their speech, Russell would die unknown."

M a r g a r e t Landenberger—"I wish my hair were long again."

Elmer Lather—"Here, there, everywhere and in everybody's way."

Lucille Lippert—"On thy heart the dew of youth, on thy lips the smile of truth."

Richard Manzilla—"And thus he bore without abuse the name of gentleman."

Thomas Martin—"Like to ocean waves his hair doth grow. Nature did it, Thomas told us so."

Russell McGaffic—"I am never at anchor, I never shall be."

Vera Mellinger—"Light of a dark eye in a woman."

Irene Miller—"Very quiet and good natured."

Vernetta Moores—"She is quiet yet she gets such good grades."

Dorothy Moore—"Happy she is when others are blue."

Elizabeth Murvai—"She gets her lessons well and talks almost too well."

Albert Mullet—"Albert has a copyright for 'I don't know.'"

Ursula Mullins—"Full of laugh- ter, full of cheer, Ursula never

shed a tear."

George Murphy—"Slow and si- lent."

Orein Naragon—"Quiet as sin- cere and sincere as quiet."

Winifred Ormes—"Virtue has its own reward."

Floyd Parsons—"Floyd Par- sons seems to be busy fixing up his old tin 'Lizzy.'"

Doris Parsons—"No, I haven't my lessons."

Edwin Probert—"He whistled as he went along for want of thought."

Doris Rafferty—"Just new, but we can tell we will like her much and like her well."

Kenneth Russell—"Blessings on thee, little man."

Elizabeth Reese—"When duty whispers low: 'Thou must,' the youth replies: 'I can.'"

Ethel Reno—"The tale of ro- mance is on her eyelashes."

Dora Segal—"No force nor per- suasion could alter her."

Eleanor Scott—"Speech is sil- ver, silence is gold."

Katherine Shaffer—"I wouldn't offend anyone."

Florence Shaffer—"May the snowy wings of innocence protect thee."

Ethel Shears—"Simply and practically she goes about her duties."

Elizabeth Shope—"I want what I want when I want it."

Cecilia Shriver—"Modesty and grace are her chief possessions."

Kenneth Slocum—"Slow come, slow go, but always slow."

Fay Slutz—"Wisdom is better than riches."

Alden Smith—"Nothing ven- tured, nothing won."

Elizabeth Speidel—"Happiness was born a twin."

Frances Speidel — "Frances wishes Culver were a Co-ed."

Raymond Spiker — "Has enough good nature to make up for all the bad dispositions of the Sophomores."

Helen Stewart — "What she undertakes she does."

Margaret Stewart — "Always gentle, always kind, she's the type you like to find."

Herman Stratton — "Always talking about his 'Lizz.' His greatest joy is the 'County Fair.'"

Olive Stratton — "Little but studious."

Katherine Stratton — "Wears short skirts, rolls her eyes, and oh! how she flirts."

Walter O'Neil — "When duty whispers low: 'Thou must,' the youth replies: 'I can.'"

Irene Parsons — "I don't know."

Michael Schuller — "Laughter is the best thing in the world."

Donald Thompson — "I was just wondering."

Charles Vaughn — "Barber rates came down 25 cents. Notice! Charles."

George Vollmer — "If nonsense were money 'Butch' would be a millionaire."

Consuelo Walker — "Silence, admit me to thy crew."

Paul Walton — "Drag on Latin,

I'm still coming."

Edith Ward — "Finds peace in love's unselfishness."

John Weber — "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Ethel Weingart — "Merry as the day is long."

Lee Weingart — "Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament."

Margaret Wensley — "The little birds and we agree that she can dance!"

Wilbur Whitcomb — "A freckled face garlanded with mirth."

Aleene Whinnery — "She's a holy maiden because she loves 'Parsons.'"

Lowell Whinnery — "Stuffed with honorable virtues."

Margaret Woodruff — "'Bus' came within a mile of beating Ralph De Palma's record."

Arthur Yengling — "The women like me I must confess."

Ross Yengling — "Tuck Me To Sleep."

Fred Yoder — "Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love."

Milan Zatko — "Blessed are they that expect nothing. They shall not get disappointed."

Ralph Zimmerman — "What would happen if Miss Douglas and Ralph had the same proof of a theorem?"

A LUNCH ROOM DITTY

When the bell rings at 12 o'clock
And your tummy's rather flat,
Just drop around to 104
And let's make that tummy fat.

We have all the good things going
Just ready to serve to you;
If you try us once, you'll come again,
For there's always something new.

Get something hot to go with your
lunch

If you come to school from afar—
Or your health for the future you'll

mar.

A bowl of hot soup or some cocoa, say.

That cold lunch will taste a lot better
If you have something hot.

It won't cost you much—a nickel per-
haps—

Now, look at the lunch you've got!

Now we are sincerely hoping

That our advice you'll take.

Just come around to 104—

You'll find what we say is no fake.

—Kathryn Bundy, '24.

coming.”
 Ward—“Finds peace in selfishness.”
 Weber—“Why don't you yourself, John?”
 Weingart—“Merry as the song.”
 Weingart—“Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament.”
 Wensley—“The little and we agree that she can”
 Whitcomb—“A freckle-garlanded with mirth.”
 Whinnery — “She's a maiden because she loves”
 Whinnery — “Stuffed with honorable virtues.”
 Woodruff — “‘Bus’ within a mile of beating the Palma's record.”
 Yengling—“The women I must confess.”
 Yengling—“Tuck Me To”
 Yoder—“Kindness in women at their beautiful looks, is my love.”
 Zatko—“Blessed are they who expect nothing. They shall not be disappointed.”
 Zimmerman — “What happens if Miss Douglas had had the same proof of love?”

RY
 hot soup or some cocoa, say.
 lunch will taste a lot better if we have something hot.
 cost you much—a nickel per-
 at the lunch you've got!
 re sincerely hoping
 advice you'll take.
 around to 104—
 what we say is no fake.
 —Kathryn Bundy, '24.



LETTERS

Each year, after a successful football or basketball season, the students who have participated in a certain number of games are awarded letters by the athletic association of this High School. Of what value are these letters?

This question has been frequently asked, especially during the last two years, due to the fact no doubt, that students have been allowed to wear letters that were not granted them by the proper authority in the school. Originally, a high value was placed upon them. This has not been so in recent years, however, for the great influx of illegal letters has tended to lower the standard by which their value is measured.

Fundamentally, these letters are nothing more than a reward for services rendered, which brings us to the question of whether it is really right to present these letters to a selected few. Those participants who are not included in the ranks of the letter-bearers do just as much work and are just as loyal as those who do receive letters. Why should they not receive letters also? The question also arises:

why should the awarding of letters be limited to one department of school life? Why shouldn't those who participate in other school activities be given letters also? In discussing this question recently, a prominent Senior who is thoroughly capable of giving an unbiased opinion, said that in his estimation a letter was only a compensation given with the idea of establishing a lure with which to entice the students into athletics. This statement, if we may believe all we hear, contains far more truth than fiction. It can readily be seen that this practice of honoring a chosen few who, when viewing the question from a moral standpoint, are in nowise better than any of the rest, is, in a measure, unfair. Yet whether right or wrong, it must be upheld and supported by the student body because it is a custom here, and customs in this High School are rather hard things to break. With a good excuse for their existence, it is clearly the duty of the afore-mentioned student body to make these letters what they should be and put them back upon the level which they occupied at one time. —R. T.

ODDS AND ENDS

Paul Dow tells us that the medium of exchange at one time was "Cotton." We would like to see some of the people with a pocket full of change.

"Pewee" Votaw says that since he has retired from manual labor he would come back to High School and take a Post Graduate course if they taught Greek. This would make it easier for him to work in these restaurants around town.

"One Lap" Riley is reported to have been seen pumping up his automobile tire with a hand pump when he was standing alongside of a free air station.

One of the Economic pupils while reporting on the average size of the families in her district of the Industrial Survey said 92. The teacher said he thought something was wrong. So do we.

Harry Earl and "Don" Montgomery took a trip through the South. While going through a large Cotton Factory they got intoxicated on the "cotton gin."

Found: A chicken by a man with red feathers.

William Baker tells us that French is a language (taught in S. H. S.) which Frenchmen cannot understand (as we speak it). We will have something done to try and overcome this difficulty.

B. T. reports that during Christmas vacation he noticed an old lady, who could hardly walk, come down McKinley avenue with a man's overcoat and a man's cap on. He also noticed that she had the ear tabs of the cap turned down.

We are informed that a Sophomore is a person that has more

than three and less than seven credits. Some of our Sophs act as if they have less than no brains.

C. B. reports that he saw a sign in Chicago which read: "Wanted: A man with musical talent to fire boilers in a machine shop."

Z. Y. X. saw a sign on the black board in 204 which read: "Wanted: Some choice jokes for the 'Quaker.' This means you Seniors."

—W. H. J., '22.

ALUMNI

Editor's note—Different members of the alumni were asked to give their different opinions on the fun in college life. In response I have heard nothing from most of them—some fun! It looks as if they might be taking mid-year exams, however.

James Harris has again written and this time claims that he, at least, is having a good time, rather interesting, in fact. One of the fellows hid a ladder in the shower room of the new gym, and as a result a thorough investigation was started by the "principals" of the college. On being asked of it's whereabouts—after the detectives had searched his room—he replied, "I don't know, but maybe if you look in my suitcase you might find it."

John Carpenter says, "What is life without women? At Andover I have learned that there is one place in the world where a man can find peace." By the way, Andover is a boys' school.

"Jim" McCleery says as follows: "Now, at last, the gods have decreed that exams must start. I am wondering if the game of 'bluff' will work?" To be continued after further reports.

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Carrol Cobourn says that "Bob" Wilson is feeling kind of blue, of iate, for he thinks, by all indica- tions, that the roads won't be in very good condition by April vaca- tion, and it's a long way back to Salem.

"Joe" Fawcett says that at Yale, the freshmen are "greener than tulip leaves." "One little guy asked me what made the grass grow, and of course I said, 'What are you trying to do, kid me?'" Let's all turn out next week and see the "Boy from our own town," Mr. Kessel mire, in a play in which John Barrymore starred —"Five Minutes on the Ice."

—K. E. L., '22.

EXCHANGE

"The Crucible,"
Berea, Ohio.

The football squad of Berea, twenty-seven in number, enjoyed a six o'clock dinner given in their honor for the great number of victories added to Berea's glory during the past season.

Mr. Crawford was re-elected Captain for the season of '22.

One of the main events of the evening was the distribution of sweaters to eligible men.

"The Lorain Hi Standard,"
Lorain, Ohio.

The members of the dramatic club of Lorain High are about to present to the public a program consisting of three one-act plays, entitled: "Work House Ward," "Enter the Hero" and "The Boob."

The purpose of these plays is to give everyone a chance to show his ability, and to choose the cast for the annual play.

"Glenville Torch,"
Cleveland, Ohio.

The Glenville basketball team gave the Glenville Alumni a se- vere shock when they defeated them 40 to 12.

The idea of the game was to give the boys some stiff practice before matching them with a real team.

"High School Life,"
Warren, Ohio.

Potato and Apple Day

The students of Warren High decided on Dec. 21, 1921, as Po- tato and Apple Day. On this day they were to bring potatoes or ap- ples for the unfortunate children of Warren.

The baskets were placed in very conspicuous places so every- one could see them. But this was an instance where you helped others and not yourself.

"Voice of South High,"
Youngstown, Ohio.

We would like to talk to the party who wrote the article on "The Necessity of Final Exams."

"The Arrow,"
Lakewood, Ohio.

A very interesting event of the past month in connection with this paper was a story contest. The first prize was awarded to Olive Garvin.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Red and Black."

"The Keramos."

"The Radiator."

"The Pasadena Chronicle."

"The Bucyrian."

The ORIENTAL STORES Company

CASH BUTCHERS—BAKERS—GROCERS

Bell Phone 65.

O. S. Phone 75

"Where Price Tells and Quality Sells"

QUALITY MEATS

FRESH GROCERIES

Baked Goods That Are Good

FREE DELIVERY!

JOKES

"In short," said the over powered orator, "I only say, I beg to assure you, that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart."

Vulgar Boy—"Wouldn't a pane in your stomach do just as well?"

S. H. S.

Butch—"I was in a show once."

Sisky—"Zasso? what part did you play?"

Butch—"I was a fairy."

Sisky—"You! a fairy!"

Butch—"Yes, I carried eighteen people across the river."

S. H. S.

Watch That!

Bus—"How much does a haircut cost?"

Eli—"Fifty cents. Why?"

Bus—"You'd better get one, it's cheaper than buying a violin."

A Real Joke

To jewels her taste did incline
But she had not a trinket to wear,
Till she slept after taking quinine
And awoke with a ring in each ear.

—Ex.

S. H. S.

No. 1—"What would you call a man who tries to hide behind a woman's skirts?"

No. 2—"I'd call him a magician."

—Ex.

S. H. S.

Real Jokes

Walter O'Neil .

Paul Bartchy.

Homer Reese.

Notice—If you feel that your name should be included in this list please notify the Joke Editor and you will receive prompt attention.

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

We
Give
Green
Stamps

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

We
Give
Stamps
Green

ES Company

GROCCERS
O. S. Phone 75

ty Sells"

ES

ood
r!

A Real Joke

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Real Jokes

O’Neil .

bartchy.

Reese.

—If you feel that your
ould be included in this
e notify the Joke Editor
will receive prompt at-

silver it would

NING

P

WAY

We
Give
Stamps
Green

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

Emy—“Girls are better looking
than men.”

Dorothy—“Naturally.”

Emy—“No, artificially.”

S. H. S.

Wha Shay Freshmen?

“I say, George, what is a hypo-
crite?”

George—“It’s a guy that goes
to school with a smile on his
face.”

S. H. S.

Miss Beardmore—“Where was
the Magna Charta signed, Will-
iam?”

Willy—“At the bottom, I sup-
pose.”

S. H. S.

My Geometry, ’tis of the

Oh book of misery,

Of thee I sing.

I hate my problems all

The great ones and the small

I always want to bawl

When thee I see. —Ex.

Dizzy—“I say, Phyllis, how’s
the county seat?”

Phyllis—“It needs new uphol-
stering.”

S. H. S.

Latest song hit by Kenneth
Mounts, “Bees will be bees.”

Copies of this honeyed lyric are
now on sale at C. M. Wilson’s
music store.

S. H. S.

She—“Your suit, my dear, is
not seasonable.”

He—“That’s funny and I got a
pepper and salt one too.”—Ex.

S. H. S.

Do You Know the Tune, Sammy?

How dear to my heart are the
scenes of the Office

When my own wretched conduct
presents them to view.

To each hallowed corner, I’m
surely no novice

For almost each day, these loved
scenes I renew.

Patronize Our Advertisers

(23)

Reich & Ruggy



Agents for
McGregor Golf Goods
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

KERR'S

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

Eric—"I almost drowned last night."

Kenny—"How come?"

Eric—"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and I fell through the mattress into the springs."

It's a wise cork that knows his own pop. —Ex.

January 18th

On this particular date, one of our all-seeing Freshmen observed Robert Taylor in a pair of Janitor Shinn's overalls, broom in hand, sneaking up to the third floor of our High School in a very suspicious manner. Wondering what was in store for him, this Freshman, in an adroit manner followed him, only to be fooled for when he arrived at his destination he found our beloved editor busily engaged in sweeping out the Quaker office.

(24)

Mr. Rohrbaugh—"What was the Sherman Act?"

F. Kille—"Marching through Georgia."

Said A 2 U;

I C U R

Inclined to B A J.

Said B 2 A:

Your mind I C

Shows signs of slight D K.

—Ex.

Miss Smith — "Raymond, to what family does the fresh water crab belong?"

Ray—"To the Pyncheon family I suppose."

"This makes the fourth time this week that I've had to punish you, Sammy. Do you wonder why?"

Gentle Sammy—"Nope, you've got the habit, that's all."

Patronize Our Advertisers

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A 2 U;

J R

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s signs of slight D K.

—Ex.

Smith — "Raymond, to
mily does the fresh water
ong?"

"To the Pyncheon family
se."

makes the fourth time
ek that I've had to punish
ammy. Do you wonder

e Sammy—"Nope, you've
habit, that's all."

Bunn's Good Shoes

Well Read?

Walt—"I say, Bartchy, have
you read Shakespeare?"

Bartchy—"No."

Walt—"Have you read Mil-
ton?"

Bartchy—"No."

Walt—"Well, what have you
read?"

Bartchy—"I have red hair."

If you need a bath stand around
Harold Riley while he is doing
his chemistry experiments.

Freshie—"Is Latin hard to
carry?"

Soph—"Not if you use a pony."

Mr. Owen—"There is not a boy
in this state as smart as Walter
Pierce."

Mr. Vivian—"How is that?"

Mr. Owen—"Look at these two
chairs. He made them out of his
own head and cut the lumber
just so he has enough to make
another one."

"Our Chemistry Lab. Poe"

Little drops of acid
Little chunks of zinc,
Put into a test tube—
Make an awful odor. —Ex.

Virginia Wilson was seen to
drop her complexion on the floor.

CALENDAR

Dec. 13—The following was seen
on a Freshie's English theme:
"4th Eng. class in mourning."

Dec. 15—Crayfish just arrived
from Chicago! Think of the

Biology students.

Dec. 16—It is said that some of
Paul Bartchy's stray hair was
placed in the paper chute and
caused the frightful conflagra-

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offers the following attractive programs for February

Paramount Pictures

3rd and 4th—

A Wm. DeMille Production, "Miss Lulu Betts," with
Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts.
Federated Comedy, "We'll Get You Yet."

9th

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks."
Paramount Magazine.
Federated Comedy "Cleaned and Dry."

10th

Ethel Clayton in "Beyond."
Burton Holmes Travelogue.
Federated Comedy "Country Hero."

17th and 18th

A Cecil DeMille Production, "Don't Tell Everything,"
with Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter.
Federated Comedy, "Winning Wallop."

22nd and 23rd

A Wm. DeMille Production, "After the Show," with
Lila Lee, Jack Holt, Charles Ogles.
Federated Comedy, "Dizzy Day."

25th

Cosmopolitan, "Just Around the Corner."
Federated Comedy, "Snooky's Twin Troubles."

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

Until further notice special music will be furnished by
the Hundertmarck-Bartholomew Orchestra.

Come and enjoy the best pictures in an auditorium sci-
entifically heated and ventilated, amid an atmosphere of
culture and refinement.

SCHOOL TRIUM

ams for February

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Lulu Betts," with
Roberts.
Yet."

y."

Tell Everything,"
Elliott Dexter.

the Show," with

ner."
Troubles."

at 2:30 to which

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an auditorium sci-
an atmosphere of

When you want Fine Cutlery, buy--

"Shur-Edge"

The Salem Hardware Company
Hardware, Plumbing, Roofing

tion this morning, during which the following things happened: "Bill" McKeown ran back into the school to rescue his Bible; Riley played his ukelele; Ralph Atkinson cried enough to put the fire out. Mr. Vickers was fire chief and Lloyd Yoder was his able assistant, and, last but not least, the pupils were outside in cold storage while the fire department worked.

Dec. 20-Jan. 4—Vacation, heavenly vacation!

Jan. 4—Do bees sting? Ask "Kenny" Mounts. D. Elton says in library, "Oh, I just dote on love stories."

Jan. 5—Second day after school started. All resolutions about studying hard are broken. In Biology class: Pupil—"Miss

Smith, why are horses used more now than a year ago?" E. Judge—"Because they hit on all fours."

Miss Smith—"Where are oysters found alive?" Olive—"In shells."

Jan. 6—K. Mounts—"Now you look that up, Miss Clark, and and you'll find it's right."

Jan. 9—Mr. Rohrabaugh broke news of the approaching exams.

Jan. 10—Listen girls, do be sensible, fasten your galoshes.

It was announced this morning that there will be a special on scalped potatoes and scalped meat at the cafeteria tomorrow.

Jan. 11—Meeting of Sophomore class and a plea for material for "Quaker."

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 Cor. Lincoln and Pershing Ave.
 Bell 1015

Jan. 13—Friday the thirteenth! Ough! "But I don't believe in being superstitious," says George Heston. You see he didn't fail in Spanish today.

Jan. 16—Miss Conklin has started a class for speakers. It is not a public speaking class though. It is for those who speak too much.

Jan. 17—Erla Clay reads a paper on being in Hades. She says

there are no ladies there. Not very strange, is it?

Association pins have come. How wonderful! We never, never expected to get them for they were promised last Nov.

In Biology class: Miss Smith—"Lee, do you believe in gambling?" Lee—"No." Miss Smith—"Why not?" Lee—"Because I always lose."

—Louise Scullion, '23.

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- Feb. 3—Tom Mix in "Trailing."
- Feb. 7—"Prisoners of Love."
- Feb. 9—"Wet Gold," Undersea Picture.
- Feb. 17—Charles Ray in "Scrap Iron."
- Feb. 20—Norma Talmadge in "Sign On the Door."
- Feb. 22—"The Oath."
- Feb. 24—Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Winds."

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