

The Quaker



Salem High School

MARCH 1922

For Curtain Material
Floor Coverings of All Kinds

BEST VALUES - LOWEST PRICES

McCULLOCH'S

Greater Salem's Greater Store

WE ARE now at our temporary location where
we will be glad to serve you. Just call 552
on Bell Phone and our truck will call.

"Your" Cleaner & Dyer

92 Broadway

Formerly Lippert's Grocery Store

Quality and Service--Our Motto

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Photographs of Exceptional Quality

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"Successor to Fishback Studio"

Patronize Our Advertisers

MLL S.O.

Have you seen our New Suits and Top Coats for Spring

Bright Snappy Patterns
Good Quality - Good Style
Moderately Priced

Holeproof - Hose
for Ladies

Fitzpatrick - Strain Co.

Films

Supplies

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KODAKS

Everything for you, when you—

“Kodak as you go”

J. H. LEASE DRUG CO.
FLODING'S DRUG STORE
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“Try the Drug Store First”

Patronize Our Advertisers

(1)

Visit Our
New Garment Section

MAIN FLOOR ANNEX

Young Women's Delightful
New Canton Crepe
Dresses

Are Only \$19.75 to \$35.00

These charming frocks fashioned of a rich quality of Canton Crepe, Crepe-de-chine and Krepe-Knit, exhibit the new bloused waist line, new Peasant sleeves, metal girdles, many beaded, slightly longer skirts.

They may be chosen in black, navy, brown, conna, corn flower, and henna.

Sizes 16, 18, 20

The Hemmeter Store

Leaders of Fashion

Section

Published by Salem High School

NUMBER 4

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5.00

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e-chine and
d waist line,
many bead-
avy, brown,

Miss Ella Thea Smith
Faculty Manager

Entered as second class matter Dec. 1, 1921 at the Post Office at Salem, Ohio under the Act of March, 3 1879

Once a young man or young woman steps from school into the practical phases of life, one of the first things impressed upon his or her consciousness is that progress is in a very great measure depends upon the safe and proper handling of money, as well as its wise use and investment.

The modern method of handling money, - safe guarding it, paying it out and keeping a record of receipts and expenditures is the checking account method.

For every dollar that is paid out in currency or coin in the United States there are nine dollars handled by check through a strong bank such as The Farmers National. A Checking Account here saves time, encourages the saving of money, assures safety.

Store

ECKSTEIN CO.

MEN'S WEAR

(3)

The New Edison

THE PHONOGRAPH WITH A SOUL

THE LATEST OUT IN

Sheet Music, Records, Player Piano Rolls

THE W. G. FAWCETT CO.

We Do Engraving

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All kinds of invitations for Commencements, Weddings and Announcements, Calling Cards. We would be pleased to show you.



I. D. & J. H. CAMPBELL

National Furniture Co.

106-108 Main St.



**Furniture Rugs
Ranges**

The Best for Your Money

Convenient Terms



Bell Phone 121 O. S. Phone 108

La Palma Restaurant

The Place where you get Satisfaction

METZGER HOTEL

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A SOUL

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106-108 Main St.



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Ranges

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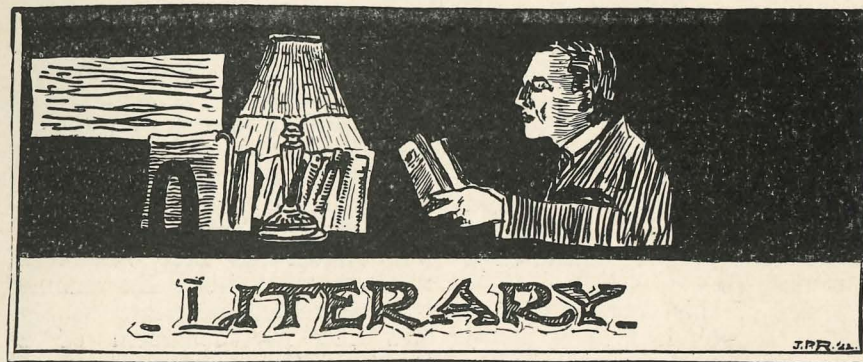
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121 O. S. Phone 108

aurant

atisfaction



A MARVEL OF SCIENCE

Having been persuaded by my friends, and needing the money they were so sure the story would bring, I have decided to write of a strange experience which happened to me about fifteen years ago, in the year 1928.

For the sake of clearness I will begin at the beginning and set down the events in order.

It was one dark, cold night in November, as I have stated before, in the year 1928 that I was working in my laboratory and nearing the completion of a fluid, which in view of recent chemical discoveries, I believed would transform the body of man or animal into ether—an invisible substance of such exceeding fineness that it penetrates all substances, just as air penetrates cheese cloth, only to a much more perfect degree. The human body thus transformed naturally would pass all substances. I had arrived at the last step, which consisted of doubly distilling the fluid—the glass still which I used, I might add, had recently been the cause of a very annoying experience with the Mayor, who was “from Missouri” and had to be convinced.

This process over, I, tense with excitement, locked my laboratory door and swiftly went to get a Guinea Pig on which to test my fluid and also on which to test the antidote for it, which I had prepared as a part of my experiment.

Entering the room I blanched with fear, the fluid was gone. I knew that the door had been securely locked—then I laughed as I noticed a rim of ice around the edge of the glass and remembered that alcohol, one of the principal ingredients, had the property of evaporating very rapidly, which was probably greatly increased when $H^3 Z^8 92^4 A^5$ —a newly discovered chemical—was added.

I attempted to pick up my note book, to be sure I still had the formula, when to my amazement and horror, I found that my fingers drifted through the note book and would not pick it up. Some of the fluid must have condensed on my skin, thus transforming me into ether. It worked beyond my greatest expectations. I found that by simply using my will to direct my movement I could go anywhere. I floated through the wall and out into the night.

The clouds of the early evening had separated and the sky was starlit. I felt no sensation of cold or heat. I was just right, all my senses were satisfied. After having flown to England and other parts of the world, at a speed that must have averaged 20,000 miles an hour, I accomplished the journey home in a few minutes.

Tiring of this sport, I wished myself in physical form again and drifted into my Laboratory. It was a wreck. My expensive glass ware lay on the floor broken. In the midst of the havoc sat the family cat calmly playing "cat fashion" with the half dead Guinea Pig. Worst of all the precious antidote was spilt. Gone was the last key to the physical world.

When I realized my fate I swooned and lay as if dead for nine hours. When I revived, the sun was streaming in the windows. I felt calmer now and began to consider my plight. I reached the conclusion that the only way to re-enter the world I had left was to get into communication with someone and get him to make up some more of the antidote.

Seeing that no one took any notice of me, I went to the Laboratory of a certain college. There Mr. Janesbeck, the Instructor in Chemistry, went complacently on with his teaching. Becoming violent I waved my arms and dashed myself against him. He made a quick movement, and my heart leaped with joy as I thought he had discovered me, but it sank again as I realized that the movement was to save a test tube from falling.

Sadly I resigned myself to my

fate. I was about ready to "lie down and die" if death were possible in this dreary world, but remembering Robert Bruce and the spider, I next went to Tom Wallinger, a fellow experimenter. I noticed that he would start, turn pale, then fiery red and cold sweat would pour down his face whenever my eyes met his. I reasoned that at such times he probably saw me in the form of a specter. Taking advantage of this, with my gaze fixed on his eyes I laborously spelled out the situation I was in, by the wig-wag code. Luckily for me, he boasted "not afraid of man or devil." When he realized the apparition he saw was really I, he copied down the message.

After that the rest was easy. He went to my home and compounded another antidote from my formula. Then with his eyes fixed on mine he sprinkled the solution on what seemed to him a counterpart of me in mist. When I found myself in the mortal world again I was almost overcome with joy. My hair was snow white from the terrible experience I had been through. I shudder even now when I think of it. My horror of it was so great that I destroyed the formula and made Wallinger swear to secrecy. From that day on I have never been in my laboratory, so great is my horror of chemistry in all forms.

—Edward Heck, '25.

—S. H. S.—

Early to school
Early to class,
Makes a pleasing and
Smart little lass.

—Rhea Leipper, '25.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

The basketball game between Chester Hi and Center Hi was widely heralded by both schools. It promised to be the most interesting game of the season as Chester had won every one of the five games while Center had won four out of the five they had played. On Friday, the day before the game, eight hundred tickets had been sold at Center Hi and as Chester was a much larger school, nearly a hundred more had been sold there. Every one knew it would be a case of "the early bird catches the best seat" because with fifteen hundred spectators the gym would be filled to capacity.

Promptly at five-thirty o'clock, Saturday p. m., the team of Center Hi met at the home of Dick Epps, their star player and captain who had been ill the day before they lost their one game. They were going to leave at six for Chester where the game would start at seven-fifteen. The walk to the station was a gay one as the boys were sure they were going to win, and their ten minutes wait there was equally enjoyable. Just as the first toot of the train whistle was heard, a boy whom Dick had never seen before, rushed out of the telephone booth saying, "Dick Epps is wanted at home immediately. His mother says it's awful important. She said to hurry." This message threw the boys into general confusion and they all said, "the train is nearly here. Dick can't go. We can't win without him." But Dick was thinking of his mother's message, and piling the boys on

the train with the words: "Fight hard, boys, if I'm not there," he turned away.

Rushing out of the station with two leaps or so he sprang into the nearest taxi and commanded the driver to drive with the utmost speed, speed limit or no speed limit. Ten minutes of his precious time were gone when he reached home and rushing up the steps he nearly fell into the house. His mother was reading a magazine and his father a newspaper. As he exclaimed, "What's the matter?" his father and mother did so at the same time. Then he immediately understood the circumstances under which he had been fooled. He associated in his mind the cheer-leader that Chester Hi had brought along to the football game two months previously with the boy who had rushed from the telephone booth fifteen minutes before. What a fool he had been not to have known it was a fake. If anything had happened at home he might have known his mother would not worry him with it at that hour.

Exclaiming, "I'll explain later," he bounded out of the house and leaped into his Bearcat roadster. Opening it wide he flew down the drive and out into the street. Glancing at his watch he saw it was six-thirty. In forty-five minutes the game would start. It took the train an hour to go. Could he go in forty-five minutes? Driving everywhere he could for shortcuts he fairly flew along at fifty. Across railroads, fields and even dangerous highways he went as he had never thought of speed-

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ing before.

In his rush he barely missed seeing the "Road Closed" sign, but by merest chance he glanced ahead. Finding it could not be helped he did not take even a second to think it over but quickly turning his car around he speedily detoured his five miles. Again glancing at his watch he saw it was ten minutes after seven. In five minutes the game would start and he, Dick Epps, their star player, was ten miles away. This thought caused him to drive all the faster and in fifteen minutes he was madly driving down the main street of Chester toward the gym.

As he neared the gym he heard shouts and cheers and he knew someone was scoring. He walked calmly into the gym and glancing at the score cards he found the score to be 7-7. Just then he heard the crowds shout again and looking over the railing he found that Chester had just scored and the score was 7-9 in her favor. The referee blew the whistle and the first quarter was over.

Dashing down the steps he jumped into his basketball suit and appeared on the floor just as the whistle was blowing for the second quarter.

After that it was easy. Without Dick the boys had rather lost heart but now that he had come they played for all that was in them. After the third quarter Dick caught the eye of the cheer-leader of Chester, who quickly made himself scarce.

When the whistle sounded at the close of the game the score was 18-18. And in the five extra minutes they played one foul was made by Chester and

Dick tossed the ball through Center's basket, thus ending the game with the score 18-19, in favor of Center.

Later the boys tried to question Dick about his mysterious message, but he would not say a word excepting, "It's all right since we won, isn't it?"

—Helen Smith, '25.

TOUGH LUCK

On the day of oral speeches, I always
take a chill,
And my knees do rattle, and my hair
stands up until
I think that if I'd die, it would be
a big relief
'Cause on them compositions I always
come to grief.
That chairman will look all around
and set his glance on me,
And I will try to shrink up some and
be as little as can be;
And if that chairman is a boy I give
him an awful look
And I think to myself, "If he calls
on me, I'll hit him with this book."
So when he calls my name out sweet
my face gets very hot,
And, to be home right then and there
I'd give an awful lot.
But I can't cry over spilled milk so
I stagger to my feet.
Then after stammering off some junk
I go and take my seat.
But I know that I'm a failure and the
speech was surely bum.
While it might be easy for some kids,
for me it ain't no fun.

—Ralph Kircher, '25.

—S. H. S.—

"THE FRESHIE'S PLIGHT"

The Seniors all look down on us,
The Juniors aren't so bad,
The Sophmores are a stuck-up gang,
So we are very sad.

Then, when we go to other towns,
With another lad or lass
They ask us, "Where do you belong?"
We say, "In the Freshman class."

"Freshie" here and "Freshie"
there!

It's all we ever hear!
What shall we do, O friends of ours,
To gain your friendship dear?

—Helen Glass, '25.

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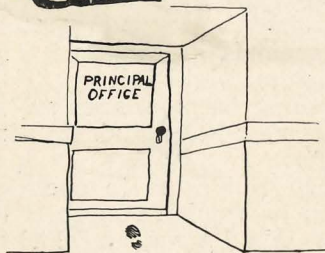
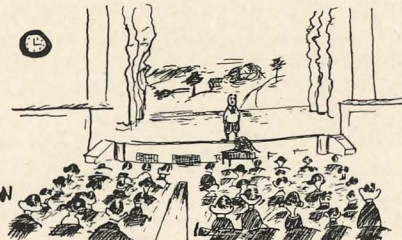
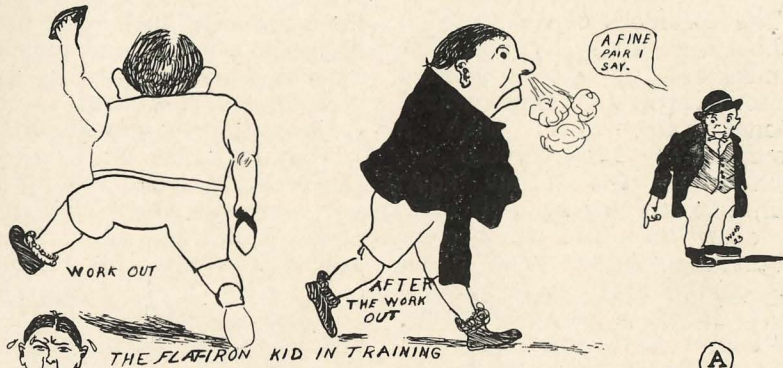
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—Helen Glass, '25.



A FRESHMAN LATE FOR SCHOOL

Foot Prints Upon The Sands of Time

DON WOOD '23

"RETRIBUTION"

The corridors of Salem High School were dimly lighted. The hands of the clock pointed to seven. Outside there was a dismal rain. Just then a mournful cry rang through the corridor on the second floor. Someone was saying. "O dear, O dear, my face has become frightfully marked. "Bill" Jones has carved his initials all over me." It was a locker speaking.

"I also have my troubles," said a key in the next locker. "Matilda is so careless with me. She never knows where she has left me. Last evening she even forgot to take me home. One day she lost me in the snow and when I was found I was all rusty."

"Helen never fastens my buckles" wailed a pair of galoshes which Helen had forgotten to wear home. "I wish I belonged to a boy because they usually fasten theirs."

"You are not the only ones that have troubles. You aren't forever being bitten like I am," cried a fountain pen. "Whenever Kenneth gets excited he bites me until I think I shall yell with pain."

"Oh! Oh!" All the others listened to the wails of another fellow-sufferer. "I am shut up in this locker but I must tell my troubles. I am a French paper and am always copied from another. I wish Edna would do me herself."

"Well, you haven't anymore to lament about than I have," complained a geometry. "I'm so full of Ruth's papers that my sides hurt. If she doesn't throw some of them out it will break my back."

"I don't believe any of you

have troubles such as I have," chimed in a pair of bloomers. "Doris always puts so many pins in me that at times I think I have appendicitis."

"I know what we'll do," said the locker brightening. "We'll get even with them. When Bill comes to school this morning and tries to open me I'll refuse to open."

"And I," said the key, "will run away and get in the lock of some other locker. Maybe Matilda will take better care of me after that."

The galoshes were the next to speak. "To-day if Helen wears me home and doesn't fasten my buckles I'll get even with her. I'll snap her legs."

The fountain pen decided to refuse to write if he were bitten. "I'll get even with Edna too," said the French paper. "I'll disappear just before class."

"I'll mix up my pages," said the geometry. "Maybe Ruth will clean me out when she hunts for the pages."

At first the bloomers did not know what to do. Then they decided that when Doris put a pin in them they would break the rubber.

The hands of the clock now pointed to eight-thirty. Then everything became quiet as the lockers heard the students coming.

When Bill came to open his locker it wouldn't open. He pulled and tugged and kicked. Then he saw Mr. Booth standing nearby. "Mr Booth, I can't get my locker open," complained "Bill". Mr. Booth tried but could not open it.

When Matilda went to her locker she couldn't find the key.

"

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"Mr. Rorabaugh, I can't find my key and I'm sure I left it here last evening," sighed Matilda.

Edna went to French class haughtily. When she looked for her paper it was gone. "Miss Childs, my French paper isn't here and I had it all done," wailed Edna. "Well, you remain to-night and do it over," replied Miss Childs.

Ruth was nicely settled in the auditorium and ready to work her geometry. To her dismay she found that the pages between fifty and fifty-four were out. Just where the lesson was. "Miss Woods, the pages are out of my geometry just where the lesson is," complained Ruth. Miss Woods asked if there was anyone who was not using his geometry. Every geometry was in use so Ruth had to go to class without her lesson.

Doris took gym that morn- ing. She was hurrying and sticking pins in her bloomers when all of a sudden the rubber broke. "Girls, the rubber broke in my bloomers. What shall I do?" Louise found some string and tied her up.

That evening as the ruffled boys and girls filed out of Salem High School, no one could possibly have heard the delightful chuckles of their one-time vic- tims.

—Sara Mae Zimmerman, '25.

—S. H. S.—

THE LAMENT OF A FRESHMAN

It ain't what you want,
 It's what you get;
 Some old disease
 Weak in the knees
 From school for days,
 'Thout friends so gay.
 It ain't what you want
 It's what you get.

—Hazel Crossley, '25.

A TRAGEDY IN VERSE

The room was a place full of dark-
 ness, packed full of noise and din
 The people a misty, blurred thing as
 they came marching in.
 The piano a thing of great noises o'er
 there where Doris played,
 And I sat in my seat and quivered—
 Quivered—quivered—
 I sat in my seat and quivered, quiv-
 ered and hoped and prayed.

I was back in a far away corner
 among the Freshmen green,
 And voices were trying to comfort,
 voices of people unseen.
 And I heard a groan as one stumbled,
 as she went marching by.
 And still I sat there unseeing—
 Unseeing—unseeing—
 And still I sat there unseeing, wish-
 ing that I might die.

Soon I knew that the noises were over
 and the piano played no more
 Then in a few brief seconds Frank
 Kille took the floor,
 And I sat there and waited, dreading
 what was to come,
 And still he stood there speaking—
 Speaking—speaking—
 And still he stood there speaking of
 everything under the sun.

Oh My! He went on speaking, and I
 that that I would swoon.
 Oh My! Oh My! he went on talking
 and I knew it was coming soon.
 Yes, there it is, I hear it, I knew I
 was right you see.
 And I stood with my knees a'shak-
 ing—shaking—shaking—
 I stood with my knees a'shaking for
 Ah! He had called on me.

He said, "There are just a few mat-
 ters that must be cleared up to-day,
 And I think the Freshman editor has
 just a few words to say."
 I got up and all unseeing started
 down the room,

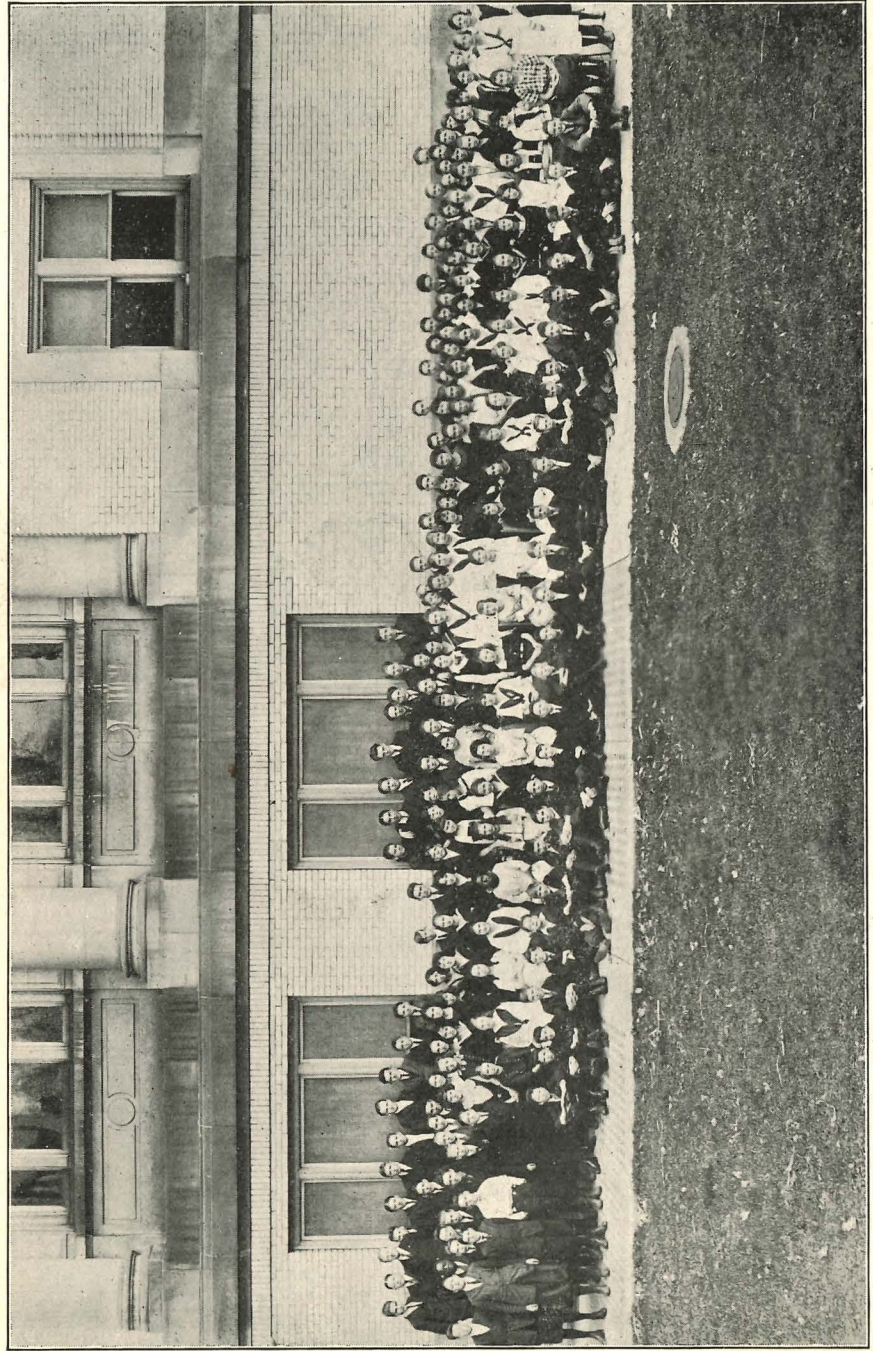
Was I going in the sunlight
 Or the beautiful, beautiful moon-
 light?

Sunlight, moonlight, starlight,
 I was going to meet my doom.

—Jane Campbell, '25.

—S. H. S.—

Hear the concerts from afar
 In your home at any hour.
 We'll fix you up without delay—
 See Lloyd Yoder right away.



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS

Betty Miller—But still her time ran on.

Mary Farmer—"Children should be seen and not heard."

William Brobender—"Now from head to foot I marvel—constant."

Andrew Phillips—Oh! you history.

Mary Buckfeldner—A studious student.

Gerald Doyle—"Where death-like stillness reigns."

Paul Dougher—"Work, what is work? And what have I to do with it?"

William Dunn—

"We grant altho he had much wit

He was very shy using it."

Camille Kines—"Youth is a beautiful thing."

Harry Houser—"None but the brave deserve the fair."

"Sam" Cox—I am not only witty myself but the cause of wit in other men."

Katherine Adams—"People will talk, you know."

Dorothy Hippeli—"Farm and fireside."

Helen Barnes—"I don't know, but I'll try to think."

Dorothy Detwiler—"Brisk bright, breezy."

Leonora Astry—

"Small and sweet with a long brown curl,

There never was a cuter girl."

Mary Miskimins—

"Bright, and gay—

Clever, they say."

Lucille Bennett—"Gentle, obliging, charming and sweet!"

Sarah Bryan—"Oh, nunlike is therein."

Dorothy Carnes—

"Gentle, retiring, quiet and good,

She always acts as a lady should."

Mildred Birch—"What she sets out to do, she does."

Frederick Theiss—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

Walter Fernengel—"Walter seems to fall for the little 'Tots.'"

Marion Cox—"Flat irons."

Hazel Crossley—"Lavender and old lace."

Mary Gray—"Are you kidding me?"

Pearl Flenniken—"If height were beauty, she'd be a 'Mary Pickford'."

Beatrice Conkle—"Jolly good nature beams forth in her smile."

Wanda Cope—"Wamba."

Cheerful Harris—"It would be strange to see Cheerful Harris not cheerful."

William Siford—"What would happen if his work were done?"

John O'Keefe—"A head full of fun."

Theda Knauf—"Reward! To any one who can make Theda keep quiet."

Letha Jackson—"Never tires of combing hair."

Wade Allen—"I'm sorry, but I know I'm right."

George Lewis—"Is noted for his laugh."

Dorothy Webber—"There's method in my madness."

John Lippert—"He's a shark at Latin and a whale at Algebra."

Mary Yarwood—"We wonder when she gets time to pose for the funny paper."

Hazel Knepper—"Keep Smiling."

Alice Fluckiger—"Do you think I've reduced?"

Margaretta Limestahl—"Demurely sweet and sweetly demure."

Helen Glass—"Trot along, dull care."

Wallace Duncan—"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Raymond Judge—"We may call him Judge Judge some day."

Ralph Zimmerman—"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Howard Walpert—"How I knead my father's dough."

Esther Williams—"Oh, that I could study ministry."

Thurlo Thomas—"Short but sweet."

Fay White—"Never Late."

Emily Waters—"Little, minute, but important."

Edith Mellott—"Silent as the night."

Raymond Cobourn—"Caesar will have to come back to life to debate with Raymond."

Ernest Horton—"Oh! If we could only do it to suit Ernest."

Paul Bartholomew—"He aspires to be an editor."

Edith Barnes—"Imagine her a blonde."

Ethel Harding—"She is noted for her gift of gab."

Sara Mae Zimmerman—"An 'A' student for sure."

Mary Yarwood—"A real point-sette."

Leo Wacksmith—"He'll be with Howe's someday."

Haidee Talbot—"Oh! My hair."

Donald Walton—"How I'd like to meet the fellow that invented Algebra."

Fay White—"Small but important."

Marion Van Syoc—"The only real doctor in the class—so far."

Florence Tolerton—"Black were her eyes as the berries that grew on the thorn by the wayside."

Oscar Tolerton—"Oh! that auto show."

Fred Ebersold—"If you have to be sold let Fred sell it."

Bernice Gibbons—"No need to use cosmetics."

Elmer Kerr—"The whitest lamb in all the fold."

Robert Howell—"Always on the job."

Arthur Catlin—"Why sleep at night when there is plenty of time in day?"

Esther Kampher—"In Latin Room: 'Is this where they teach Algebra?'"

James Cavanaugh—"He's going to take Kriesler's place."

Ralph Atkinson—"He'll be a librarian some day."

Donald Isenour—"If he would only smile."

Lille Yutes—"Pure as a lily."

Jessie Heckert—"Am I late?"

George Yunk—"If your brain is as large as your ears, you win."

Myrtle Vincent—"Two pair of eyes ought to make a hero wise."

Margaret Zatko—"She handles the ball like a professional."

Stephen Bogar—"The Modern Bruce."

Ivan Townsend—"An 'A' student in Agriculture."

Hiram Greiner—"His highest ambition is to argue with St. Peter."

Walton—"How I'd
et the fellow that
gebra."

ite—"Small but im-

an Syoc—"The only
in the class—so far."

Tolerton—"Black
eyes as the berries
on the thorn by the

Tolerton—"Oh! that

ersold—"If you have
et Fred sell it."

Gibbons—"No need
netics."

Kerr—"The whitest
the fold."

Howell—"Always on

atlin—"Why sleep at
when there is plenty
day?"

Kampher—"In Latin
s this where they
ora?"

Cavanaugh—"He's
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Bogar—"The Modern

ownsend—"A n 'A'
Agriculture."

reiner—"His highest
s to argue with St.

Cloyd Reynard—Question.
"When will the world end?"

Answer. "When Cloyd for-
gets how to talk."

Robert Starbuck—"Continu-
ally he works for better things."

Ralph Starbuck—"Oh, those
eyes."

Roy Parsons—"Sleepy as the
day is long."

Edward Scott—"The ever
faithless to his work."

Irene Quinlan—"She is a
heavy reader."

Isabelle Smith—"She is so
good natured."

Dorothy Flick—"Late but al-
ways there."

Herman Segesman—"Did you
ever see him without his les-
son?"

Ralph Rolen—"Oh, Algebra,
Algebra, how I love you."

Albert Sartick—"I come to
school to play foot-ball."

Charles Schaffer—"Oh curls,
you cause many smiles and
envious glances."

Russell Stallsmith—"Dreamer
of our class."

Ray Snyder—"Foolish, Fool-
ish, Why?"

Esther Rogers—"But, listen,
kid."

Helen Smith—"Wait a min-
ute."

Dorothy Stiffler—"Always
gentle, never rough."

Ruth Robb—"O Latin, you
are a mystery."

Lavaughn Simpson—"Did the
world ever go right?"

Dorothy Shinn—"Can you
imagine her noisy?"

Florence Peterson—"On time?
How astounding."

Guy Brewer—"He nearly
faints when he gets the low
grade of 90 in Science."

Emory Powers—"Oh! that
thou wouldst smile!"

Mildred Sanders—"She is

quiet, but oh, so good."

Helen Reitzell—"Seriousness
will make success."

Mary Simonds—"Curly."

Marguerite Schmidt—"She
seems quiet but she isn't!"

Francis Price—"Reminds us
of the Woolworth Building in
New York City."

Raphael Reasbeck—"The mouth
organ of the Freshman class."

Ruth Mullett—"That's not
quite," the teacher insisted.

"Oh! yes it is, but my words
are twisted."

Elsie Wark—"Elsie wishes she
lived on McKinley Ave. We
wonder why?"

Edith Whitacre—"The big sis-
ter of little Alice."

Martha Williamen—"Let's go,
Danny!"

Frederick Cope—"A bright
little chap is Fred."

Edna M'Laughan—"I don't
understand that."

Florence Muntz—"Do you
have your algebra?" is Flor-
ence's password.

Helen Hoffmaster—"Helen
seems to fall for the bob-haired
fad."

Ralph Kircher—"Just David."

Edgar Wilson—"Edgar with
his vampire eyes thinks he has
all the girls in 307 spies."

Paul Hill—"McCormack's rival.
Vincent Judge—Vincent's not
as bashful as he looks."

Rhea Leipper—"Rhea will be
a teacher some day."

Viola Hirtz—"Are you sure
that answer is right?"

Clara Barker—"She fell and
hurt her "Sheehan."

George Horton—"I'll have my
report ready tomorrow."

Louis Wolford—"I'm slow,
but I'll get there."

Cessna Mackintosh—"Oh!
that I were king."

Jane Campbell—
 We have a young editor of fame,
 She's known by the name of
 just Jane;
 She reads night and day
 And has plenty to say,
 That's why our dear editor's
 Jane.
 Risty Krepps—"I do the best
 I can."

Le Roy Allen—
 There is a young man named
 Le Roy
 He is such a nice big boy.
 He has swell black hair:
 It makes him look fair.
 Oh! to look at him is a great
 joy.
 Wilfred McArtor—"Always
 interested."

SCHOOL NEWS

Reverend Miller Addresses School

On January 20th, Reverend Miller spoke on "Temperance" to the student body. The talk was very interesting and much appreciated by the students.

Letters Given

Tuesday, January 24th, the Foot-Ball letters were given to all men who played fifty-five per cent of the games, also to the manager. The letters were presented by Coach Vivian. The team this year was a very successful one in all ways, and the men worked hard and long for their well deserved letters and realize the honor it is to wear the letter "S," the symbol of the school for which they worked.

Mr. Rohrabaugh gave a very interesting talk on "The Value of an 'S.'"

Foot-Ball Banquet

Thursday evening, February 9th, in the Domestic Science Dining-room of the High School, a banquet was served for all foot-ball men and their friends. George Bunn was toast-master, and many interesting speeches were given. Immediately after the banquet, next year's foot-ball captain was chosen, Newton Stirling being elected to the position.

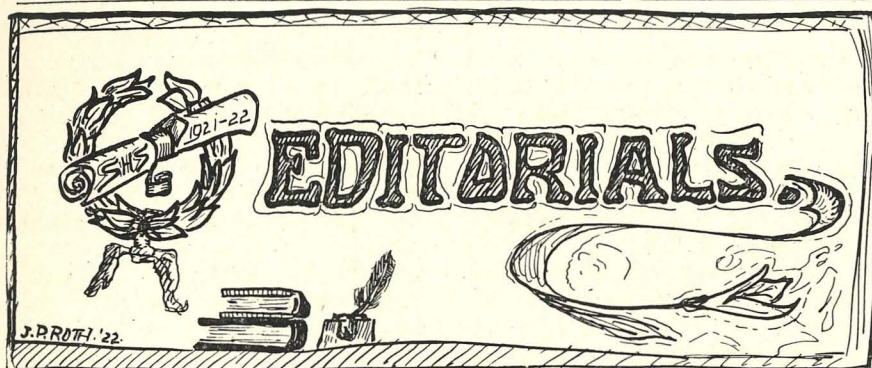
At eight o'clock dancing began and lasted until eleven. The music was furnished by the "Slick Six" Orchestra. The dance was open to all the students, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Senior Speeches

A meeting of the Senior Class was called Friday, February 3rd, to choose five speakers for Commencement. The honor graduates were also announced. They are Albert Knauf, Frank Kille, and Mildred Smith. The five persons chosen to speak were Katharine Enderlin, Josephine Gottschalk, Kenneth Mounts, Russell Flick and Paul Dow.

The other Senior speeches started on the 7th of February, with Grace Bricker and Clarence Ball as speakers. Grace Bricker's subject was "The Advantage of the New Grading System," and Clarence Ball's subject was, "The Philippines." On the 9th of February, Eloise Chamberlain spoke on "Immigration," and Herman Carnes spoke on "Happiness." The third speakers were Dorothy Chappell on "Conservation of the Forests" and Mary Louise Astry who spoke on "Recreation in Salem."

Josephine Gottschalk, '22.



Perhaps, at this point in the life of the school paper it would be well to say a few words regarding the purpose of the editorial department.

Authorities on the subject advance the theory that the editorial page of a school paper should contain the views and opinions of the student who has been chosen to represent the student body in connection with that paper. As nearly as possible, that is what is being done and furthermore, that is exactly what will be done in the future.

Contrary to the opinions given below, it is not the desire of the editor to make of himself a Webster or a Calhoun and he certainly does not want a letter or any other form of reward. The opinions found in the editorials are given with the view of showing the students what others think of their activities and customs. It is fully realized that everyone is entitled to his own opinion and you may be assured that the opinions of others in regard to the editorials are received with interest and delight.

To get to the point in question—it seems that the editorial on letters which appeared in last month's issue has created

a slight disturbance, the climax of which has appeared in an article written by a letter-bearer. Although it is rather personal and unsavory in theme and although it is perfectly evident that it was written from a selfish point of view, it has been thought advisable by "the editor and his staff," as the management is termed, to publish it herein, that both sides of the affair may be presented to the view of the student-body.

The article as originally written follows:

ANSWER TO EDITORIAL ON "LETTERS"

After reading the editorial on letters in the February issue of the Quaker I, being one of the "chosen few," felt a sting of resentment for a moment. I wondered what the idea of it was, anyhow! Did the editor and his staff want a letter or what?

His first challenging question is: "Of what value are these letters?" It is of an inestimable value to those who have earned them and neither they nor the student-body want it cheapened by permitting **anyone** who does **anything** for the school to wear it also. Right there the value

Allen—
a young man named
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a nice big boy.
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would be cheapened very much. The school has voiced its opinion concerning those who are permitted to wear letters and every individual here at school, I am proud to say, who did not get his letter through the legal source, has very willingly done away with it. Right now the value of the letter is held in high regard. It has been placed there through the efforts of the principal and the student body and it will not be lowered unless I miss my guess by a wide margin. His first statement is absolutely misleading because it has been shown that the value of the letter at present, is at par.

He is undoubtedly correct in his next statement which reads: "Fundamentally, these letters are nothing more than a reward for services rendered." How well that it is worded. "For services rendered," and good hard service at that. A service which means bodily hurt and abstinence from that which all young people enjoy but which is denied a participant in various athletics.

Some exceptions could be taken to his next statement: "Those participants who are not included in the ranks of letter-bearers do just as much work, and are just as loyal as those who receive letters." Perhaps they do work but not in the sense that the letter men work. Perhaps they are just as loyal, brave-hearted and true, but their attitude sort of detracts from the statement.

His questions are easily answered, which I shall attempt to do later.

His friend, the unbiased Senior, was surely capable of giving a definition of the use

made of the letter. It would be a good thing for the school if more would be "enticed by its alluring snares." My, what a statement! It sounds like the title for a "Vamp" movie. Why don't they come down to earth and think things out; not try to be a Webster or Calhoun in making definitions.

He goes on to say that these letter-men are no better from a moral standpoint than the rest of us. Quite true. They are not better from a moral view, but they are better in the sense that they get out and work hard when the rest are sitting around taking their ease in Zion, or in some poolroom, or at home taking things easy. They are out to help Salem High have a good, big, and clean name among the other schools of the territory. They are not out there on the basketball floor or foot-ball gridiron for self aggrandizement because how often are they heard of three years later?

"Whether right or wrong we must uphold it because of custom." I ask how many think it is wrong, who think it is evil, who think it is detrimental to the work he has done for the students to give a man a letter for the work he has done for the school on the floor, field, or track? If this question were put before the assembly how many would raise their hands? If anyone should dare to, he should be taken care of in private.

The letter should be awarded and awarded to one branch only. That letter represents one branch and its a big part of the tree. Should a "Quaker" man be permitted to wear a letter? Should a hero in a play be per-

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Should a "Quaker" man
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hero in a play be per-

mitted to wear a letter? I say
NO!

'Tis well and good if they
design an emblem of their own

and make this emblem signifi-
cant to their branch of activity
only, but when it comes to a
letter, the tree should say nay.

—George Bunn, '22.

Editor of the Quaker:

I noted with interest the edi-
torial in the February issue of
the "Quaker." It is indeed
timely, following as it does the
recent action of the student
body in legislation against the
wearing of an unearned letter.

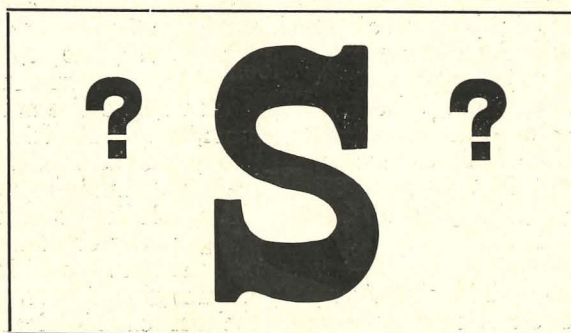
In the main, the editorial
meets with the approval of the
writer. However, exceptions
should be taken to the answer
implied in the question as why
all the participants in a sport
do not receive letters. It would
not be just to award a letter
to a participant who has not
played up to the standard set.
Neither is it just to award a
letter to a man who has broken
training or displayed poor
sportsmanship. Letters will, I
suppose, continue to be
awarded to such pupils just as
long as fellow students and
players continue to condone
such actions.

The main theme of the edi-
torial was an argument for
recognition of other school

activities. Here the editor is
certainly on the right track.
The High School Association
should recognize service and
award some insignia, letter or
otherwise, to all who have ren-
dered service to the school. The
pupil who serves on a debating
team puts as much of himself
into the activity as a football
player. The editor and man-
agers of a school paper serve
the school fully as well as the
track star. The awarding of a
letter in design other than that
used in the sports cannot pos-
sibly cheapen the standard of
the letter.

I do not advocate the recog-
nition of distinct class activity
by the entire school, but I do
believe that service to the
school should receive ample rec-
ognition, regardless of whether
it be on the field, the rostrum
or elsewhere. The "S" stands
for skill, self-sacrifice and above
all, service, and service should
receive its due reward, wher-
ever it is rendered.

—C. M. Rohrabough.



THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN

Freshmen report that there must have been a large business in mattresses last month. "Joe" and "Eli" had their hair cut.

"Kenny" Mounts reports that one dark night several weeks ago he saw a blind man going into a pasture with a lantern to bring the cattle home.

Harry Earl reports that a freshmen girl told him she has a "case" on Marion Hanna. We don't know whether or not it is because he is secretary of the Senior Class, but anyhow we will have Marion look her up.

Why is John Siskowic like Miles Standish? Ask "Bill" McKeown; he knows.

E. B. reported that as he was leaving the building last night he saw three valentines tied on Ruel Wright's door with the signatures of three freshmen girls on them. We will have to see Mr. Wright's wife about this.

F. F. K. reports that everyone thought George Bunn had brought a cat to school the other day, but when they found out the truth of the matter, it was only a paper box that you squeeze together and release. It made a noise similar to that of a cat.

R. F. D. reports that the other night, when the faculty Basketball Team was playing a practice game, Mr. Bloomfield was seen trying to take the ball away from one of his own men. We hope that Mr. Bloomfield will learn the principles of the game before long.

M. S. H. reports that he saw Harry Earl on Lincoln Ave., about twelve o'clock shoveling snow off the side-walk. This is

the first time anyone ever saw him work.

Ronald Kaplan and Charlie Alexander are going to Case College to study medicine next year. We hope they have lots of (Patients) patience.

We saw Paul Dow taking a picture of the three candy boxes in the Quaker Office. It is said that Miss Smith emptied them and Paul wanted the picture for remembrance.

Mr. R. P. Vickers reports that if a can is full of water, and you put a weight in the can, the water will overflow. This is nothing new, even the Freshmen know that.

Ada McArtor is quarantined and can't have dates. Gee! This must be tough.

We wonder how many people in this High School know why John Siskowic has such great difficulty in getting his hat on anymore.

ALUMNI

Joe Kelley, who is attending college at Kenyon, was recently chosen a delegate to the Indianapolis convention of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, of Chi chapter of the college.

Cletus Paumier, of Ohio State, won his numerals as a member of the Freshmen Cross Country Team. Don't remarkable things happen every day?

Bcnste, at Battle Creek, Michigan, must be the same type of school, as our kid comedian "Hibby" Kridler, it is reported, threw an Indian club almost half a block at some smart daring young chap who chanced that near to the dorm. Can you imagine that? Bcnste is a school of Physical training. And as Katherine Church, Janet

ne anyone ever saw

Caplan and Charlie are going to Case study medicine next hope they have lots of patience.

Paul Dow taking a the three candy Quaker Office. It Miss Smith emptied Paul wanted the picnic-remembrance.

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and Ethel Woodruff are at that school, we hope that they do not forget completely about mental training. Brains, not brawn, win, nowadays.

Dorothea Dunn, who is at Kent, is done with fashions. It was secretly brought to me the other day, that she sewed bells on the tops of her Galoshes and proceeded down the main drag of the burg. After going about five blocks, she looked around, and there before her, stood a dozen bell-hops, who in a chorus, gleefully asked, "Did you ring, Miss?"

Havn't heard from Jim McCleery and can't say how he came out in his "bluff theory."

John Carpenter is still running. Says that he ought to be able to run for President as often as Bryan did, if he keeps on.

Jim Harris says that they found the ladder under one of the windows of Elliot Hall. That's the girls' dorm. ????? —K. E. L.

EXCHANGE

"Voice of South Hi," Youngstown, Ohio: "We like your jokes, athletics, and literary, but your cuts could be improved.

"The Arrow," Lakewood Hi, Lakewood, Ohio: "The dress reform for the girls of Lakewood High which went into effect at the beginning of this semester bars from school dress the following: georgette, net, silk, velvet, silk hose, French heels, transparent sweaters worn without waists, any other inappropriate wearing apparel, and rouge, lip stick, and eyebrow pencil."

We, the girls of Lakewood Hi will co-operate with

the school to keep order in halls by refraining from using loud voices, clapping arms, running, and any other disorderly conduct."

"Lorain Hi Standard," Lorain, Ohio: "We extend our congratulations to the graduated class of '22.

Your paper is written up in good style, very well arranged, and material very interesting, but your binding was rather poor."

"The Comus," Zanesville Ohio.

Your cartoons are original, and your poetry and jokes are snappy. Call again.

"The Head Light," Wellsville, Ohio.

A little more humor, few snapshots and cuts would greatly improve your paper. Come again.

"The Crucible," Berea, Ohio.

A student of Berea high has given us a plan by which we can get up at 8:15, and get to school on time.

1. "Hit the hay an hour earlier than you do now.

2. Get a Big Ben in good working order, and find out how to operate it.

3. Eat your breakfast like the squirrel gathers nuts, and swallow it at your leisure during the first period.

4. Try walking to school.

5. If its slippery don't forge your chains.

6. Don't forget or carry any book or other impedimenta. Have it sent by parcel post.

"The Hill Echo" Dyersburg, Ohio.

Your paper is well arranged, but a few jokes would improve it.

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

"Introduction to Quaker Number."

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Grass is green,
That's nothing! Freshmen
are too!

—S. H. S.—

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Leonora Astry tall and fat,
Elsie Wark not wearing a "rat,"
Paul Dougher's hair all mussed,
Harry Houser getting all fussed,
Wilfred Bennet talking quite loud,
Samuel Cox not acting quite cowed?

Esther Rogers not clever and bright,
Wade Allen about half that height,
Martha Williaman acting quite tame,
Hazel Crossley in a basket ball game?

And now I have put down my
inspiration,

I'll allow you to use your imagination.

—Jane Campbell, '25.

Can you imagine—

Howard Walpert in long pants?
William Dunn learning to
dance?

Samuel Cox quiet in school?

Fred Eversold acting a fool?

"Tot" Cosgrove not playing bas-
ket-ball?

Wade Allen being very small?

Pearl Flenniken missing her
lesson?

Helen Barnes makin' chicken
dressin'?

—S. H. S.—

"Some advancement."

Ginger—"How far are you in
your Bible lessons?"

Ale—"We're past the middle
of original sin. How far are
you?"

Ginger—"Oh, we're past re-
demption."

Sanitary Cleansing

Is the Surest Safeguard against the Many Customary Complaints

We
Give
Green
Stamps

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

We
Give
Green
Stamps

S Company

GROCERS
O. S. Phone 75

Sells"

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We
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

"Oh say, Mistah Bohn, how
does day get de water in water-
melons?"

"Dat's vary simple suh, dey
plants dem in de Spring."

— S. H. S.—

Mr. Hilgendorf—"Please tell
me what Q. E. D. at the end of
a proposition means."

Virginia—"Quit and eat din-
ner—I suppose."

— S. H. S.—

Ladies and gentlemen we will
now enact that little play.

"She slipped and fell," in
four acts.

— S. H. S.—

"Our Freshman Limerickist"
There was a fellow named
"Scratch,"
Who lit a cigar with a match.
He thru the match in
A dynamite bin,
And was blown to the pearly
gate's latch.

"Please explain"

Miss Liber—"Do you know
what 'booty' means, Leonora?"

Leonora—"Why yes, it's a
baby shoe."

— S. H. S.—

"That'd make anybody fight."

Judge—"Why did you assault
this man?"

Butch Volmer—"Well, he abus
a da monk."

Judge—"What did he do to
your monkey?"

Volmer—"Well, he tella da
monk, he look a like me."

— S. H. S.—

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Esther Kampher having a date,
Jessie Mae Heckert learning to skate,
Dorothy Webber with long light hair,
Raphael Reasbeck riding a bear?
Harry Houser asking the blessing,
Paul Dougher eating mayonnaise
dressing,

Camille Kines not longing for John,
Jane Campbell singing a song?

—Elsie Wark, '25.

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

Hippety—"I hear he drinks something awful."

Hop. "Yes, I tasted it."

—S. H. S.—

"Aint hour English course Allful?"

Teacher—"Are you going to the picnic William?"

William—"No, I hain't going."

Teacher—"William, you shouldn't say hain't you should say:

I am not going
You are not going
He is not going
We are not going
You are not going
They are not going.

Now do you think you can say all that?"

William—"Yes, they hain't nobody goin'."

(24)

"Modern reasoning"

Mr. Vickers—"What is electricity, George?"

"Bunn"—"It's something we make light of until we get the bill."

—S. H. S.—

"So say we, all of us."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does you bobbed hair grow?

Right down on your neck,
In a troublesome speck,
In a porcupine, thistly row.

—S. H. S.—

Taken from life

White paper should be a vehicle for ideas—not a hearse for dead words.

Think it over all ye future editors.

—S. H. S.—

"Heave un help us!"

Patronize Our Advertisers

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

TOP AT

ERR'S

For Your

COOKED LUNCH

very Day

1:30 a. m.—2 p. m.

MADE CANDIES
ICE CREAM

N-I-T-A-R-Y

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orge?"

—"It's something we
of until we get the

—S. H. S.—

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ine, thistly row.

—S. H. S.—

ken from life

paper should be a
ideas—not a hearse
ords.

over all ye future

—S. H. S.—

an help us!"

Bunn's Good Shoes

Fresh—"Where did you get
that dimple in your chin?"

Senior Lady—"An angel shot
me with a cherry seed."

—S. H. S.—

Miss Douglass—"Define a cir-
cle, Alden."

Alden Smith—"It's a round
figure."

Miss Douglass—"That recita-
tion calls for one." (0)

—S. H. S.—

Doris Wisner—"Could I help
you, honey?"

Helen—"No dear, it's mostly
brain work."

—S. H. S.—

I understand "Pete" Lowry
comes from a good family.

Cal Ender—"That's true
enough, but he's a long ways
from home."

Yes, Dear—"Riley" still has
his ford.

—S. H. S.—

"Scully"—"My brother plays
the mouth organ."

"Newt"—"Yes, he has a good
taste for music."

—S. H. S.—

"Words of wisdom, from
"Life's" great magazine."

It is better to pound sand in
a rat-hole, if that's what you
went to do, than to stand around
contemplating the uselessness of
pounding sand in a rat-hole.

—S. H. S.—

There was a girl from Linn,
She was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed to drink
lemonade

She slipped thru the straw
And fell in!

CALENDAR

Jan. 18—Mr. Bloomfield hit suffered.
the side-walk, and his books Mr. Matthews gave a talk on

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Come in and hear the new records.

The following are some of the Headliners for March.

18859 { "On the Gin, Gin, Ginny Shore" Paul Whitman Orchestra
"Marie" Paul Whitman Orchestra

18858 { "When Shall We Meet Again" Hackel-Berg Orchestra
"By the Ohio Shore" Green Bros. Mellorimbo Orchestra

Don't forget to ask to hear 18850, 18851, 18857, 18849,
All late snappy numbers. We know they will please.

Hallmark Store

The C. M. Wilson Co.

Patronize Our Advertisers

(25)

High School Auditorium

Late, Clean and
Interesting

Paramount Pictures

TO BE SHOWN DURING MARCH

3rd & 4th—"Just Around the Corner".

9th—Jack Holt in "The Gall of the North".

11th—Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill".

17th & 18th—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford".

24th—"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush".

25th—Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was".

31st & April 1st— Betty Compson in "The Little
Minister".

A Federated Comedy with each program.

Paramount Magazine on the 9th and 25th.

Burton Holmes Travelogue on the 24th.

Matinees each Saturday at 2:30

Children 10c

Hundertmarck-Bartholomew Orchestra.

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24th.

Children 10c

chestra.

Boy Scout Axes and Knives

—SEE US—

The Salem Hardware Company
Hardware, Plumbing, Roofing

"Mound-Builders" and the Freshman and Sophomores have very bad colds.

In Biology class a pupil teacher said, "Tell all you can of bees". Ralph Hannay replied, "They are noted for their fur."

Jan. 19.—Sign seen on the board of Room 206—"Notice French II. Bring Fifteen French Plays to Class"—Some assignment!

Jan. 20—Miss Clark gathering together one act plays—"Who has a single man?"

Jan. 22—Miss Smith—"Mary Louise, what would you suggest to make Biology a stiffer course?" "Mexico" replied, "Starch".

Jan. 24—Letters are given to foot-ball boys. Mr. Rohrabough

told us what an "S" stands for.

Last day of grace for S. H. S. pupils. By the end of the week we shall all be wise, for we shall learn how much we do not know.

Jan. 25—Exams!

Jan. 26—Exams!

Jan. 27—More exams!

Jan. 28 and 29—Days of Waiting!

Feb. 1—Leonora Astry told her latin class that the present stem was found by dropping "re" from the verb. Miss Liber asked what part of the verb. Leonora replied, "The last part."

James Askey said, "Yes, those fishin' worms were dead, but I cut one, and it ran all over the seat."

Marion Cox, when training in the Gym, carries irons to

Why Not Stop in and Get That

Electric Curling Iron

On Your Next Shopping Trip?

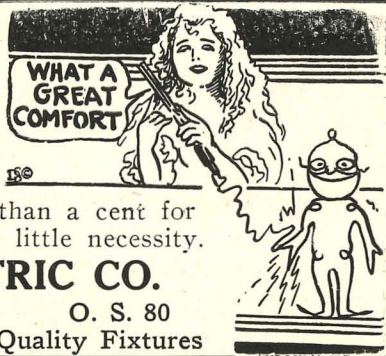
No carbon smut to soil your dresses. It is quickly adjusted to any socket and it costs less than a cent for an hour's operation. It is a dainty little necessity.

R. E. GROVE ELECTRIC CO.

Bell 100.
Reliable Wiring

141 Main St.

O. S. 80
Quality Fixtures



Patronize Our Advertisers

(27)

KODAK



Kodaks Enlarging
Kodak Printing
Bennett's Drug Store
 —and—
Treat's Drug Store
 KODAK AGENTS

The Allen Confectionery

**SPECIAL SALE ON
 CANDIES
 AND BOXED CANDY**

Special attention given to parties on Brick Cream, Candy and Favors.

IF ITS
AUTO TOPS

— CALL —

LIBER'S

Cor. Lincoln and Pershing Ave.
 Bell 1015

keep him from flying.

Feb. 6—Eleanor Tolerton says she never will love German men. You never can tell, Eleanor.

Feb. 9—Foot-ball banquet and High School Dance.

Feb. 14—One of the High School students employed at a local drug store almost lost his job the other day, because—,

a red-haired man came in and asked for hair oil, and—, our student sold him russet shoe polish.

Feb. 16—Miss Clark told Clyde Bolen to read a dry book. Clyde came to the library and asked for "The Sahara Desert."

Hearts are on sale for the Junior Party.

Louise Scullion—'23.

Now let's all get together this year and make 1922 a good prosperous year all around. We'll all try to help, and remember we have the best of goods at reasonable prices. Let us serve you.

Furnaces, Spouting, Tinwork
Mounts & Starbuck
 Phones: Bell 986, O. S. 64

**SPAULDING
 GOLF**



C. S. Carr
 HARDWARE
 104 E. Main St.

Confectionery

SPECIAL SALE ON
CANDIES
BOXED CANDY

attention given to
Brick Cream, Candy
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ITS

TO TOPS

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Louise Scullion—'23.

BUILDING GOLF



S. Garr

ARDWARE
E. Main St.



FOR YOUR



Clothing, Furnishings & Shoes

THE ECONOMY STORE

95-97 Main Street

"BETTER GOODS FOR LESS MONEY"

GRAND THEATRE

*We take pleasure in announcing that
we have secured the greatest road
attractions of the day.*

“THE BAT”

COMING MARCH 20th

“Spring Song” at Bloomberg’s

Spring Suits
Spring Hats
Spring Caps
Spring Ties
Spring Shirts

for the young Men and Boys

L. & J. Bloomberg

S

HOES and Hosiery in
ALEM means
PEIDEL'S

On Broadway

Green Stamps With All Purchases.

Patronize Our Advertisers

IT IS the privilege of this bank to handle the finances of our public schools. *Your* personal affairs, savings or checking accounts will command the same attention and careful consideration.

4 %

The Citizens Savings Bank

SPORT SUITS

We are now showing the famous Kuppenheimer Sport Models in blue, fancy greys and tans.

\$30 - \$35

New Knit Ties

New Check Shirts

New Walk-Over Oxfords

New Mallory Hats

The Golden Eagle

We carry merchandise the High School Men like to buy.

Go To

Culberson's

For the Best in Confectionery

57 E. Main St.