

The QUAKER



Mac *Chris Shining*

Salem High School

NOVEMBER, 1922

McCulloch's



Greater Salem's Greater Store.



Let's All Boost Salem

*When in quest of good things
to eat or drink, just step into*

Camp's Confectionery

I. B. TAYLOR

GO TO TAYLOR'S FOR FINE
GROCERIES & MEATS

We Deliver

Phones 248

Green Stamps

Sanitary Cleansing

Is the Surest Safeguard against the Many Customary Complaints

We
Give
Green
Stamps



We
Give
Green
Stamps

Patronize Our Advertisers

Fitzpatrick & Strain Co.

THE HOME OF

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

—AND—

Holeproof Hose

100 Main Street

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees.

Richelieu Fancy Food Products.

The Smith Co.

BATTIN'S
BETTER

HARDWARE

55 Main Street

The **ECONOMY** Store

Shoes for the Whole Family.

Men's and Boy's Furnishings.

Patronize Our Advertisers

TEAM WORK is what makes Foot Ball Teams win games.
It is no less essential in any and every business.

The Farmers National Bank

Of Salem, Ohio

Specializes in team work with its patrons, whatever the
nature or volume of their business.

4% Paid on Savings, \$1 up.

THE SPRING-HOLZWARTH CO.

GENERAL DRY GOODS
CLOAKS - SUITS - MILLINERY
DOMESTICS - CARPETS

ONE PRICE TO ALL WITH FAIR TREATMENT

THE REMBRANDT STUDIO

PHOTOGRAPHS
A MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT

47½ Main St.

Open Sunday P. M.

Bell Phone 157 R

ECKSTEIN CO.
MEN'S WEAR

ms win games.
and every business.

Bank

whatever the

s.

up.

RTH CO.

S

RY

TREATMENT

UDIO

FT

Bell Phone 157 R

I CO.
AR

THE QUAKER

Issued Eight Times - Nov. to June Subscription \$1.25 per year Published by Salem High School

VOLUME III NOVEMBER 1922 NUMBER 1

STAFF 1922-23

Editor Louise Scullion
Asst. Editor..... Mary Helen Cornwall
Joke Editor..... Fred Zeigler
School News Editor..... Eleanor Tolerton
Alumni Editor..... Nellie Haldeman
Junior Editor..... Cecelia Shriver
Sophomore Editor..... Helen Smith
Freshman Editor..... Donald Smith

STENOGRAPHERS

Blance Kaiser

Mildred Sheehan

PROOF READERS

Florence Hoffmaster

Elisabeth Miller

Lloyd Loop

Business Manager..... Clarence Schmid
Assistant Business Manager..... John Cavanaugh
Associate Managers..... Glenn Walde, Richard Roose

FACULTY SUPERVISORS

C. M. Rohrabauqh..... Faculty Editor
Ella Thea Smith Faculty Manager

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

Patronize Our Advertisers

Fyne Poynt and Eversharp Pencils

All Sizes and Prices

"SWAN" Fountain Pens are all guaranteed.
Finest Stationery, lowest price and best quality to be had.

All the late Magazines.

I. D. & J. H. Campbell

For Men who want to see Style, Quality and Fit

— IN —

SUITS, OVERCOATS AND FURNISHINGS

You should see

BLOOMBERG'S

The Value First Store for Men and Boys

The Newest Styles in

FURNITURE & RUGS

and the lowest prices.

National Furniture Company

Bell Phone 121



106-108 Main Street



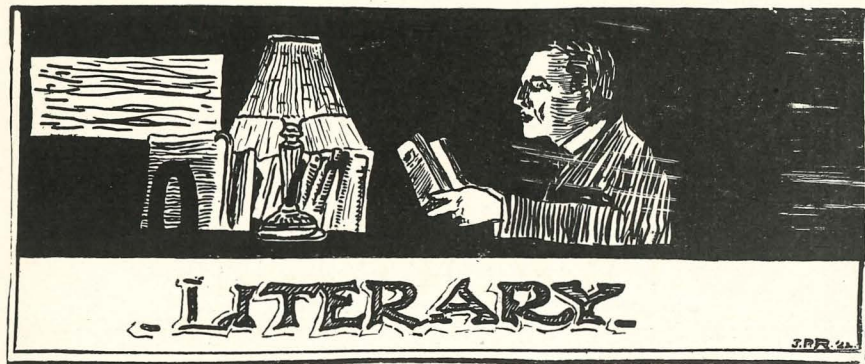
Salem, Ohio



SCHOOL DRESSES

MUCH of a mother's precious time is saved when mother purchases daughter's dress here. Stocks cleverly selected assures choosing from Styles that always appeal to you. Typical of the sort girls like is the one pictured.

THE HEMMETER STORE



A STORY

Mother had gone to a political meeting and it was Dad's turn to take care of the twins, Jimmy and Jean, aged six. "Daddy, tell us a story," begged Jean. "Mother always does before we go to bed. She doesn't sit and read the old newspaper."

"Oh, yes, Daddy," squealed Jimmy. Tell us a real, exciting one about Indians and lions and children and everything." So Daddy began, sincerely wishing mother were there to take care of all story telling.

"Well," he remarked, "Well—well, once upon a time there were two little boys"—

"Oh! don't make them both boys," wailed Jean. "Change one into a girl please. It's no fair."

"Let 'em be boys," insisted Jimmy. "Girls aren't no good when it comes to fighting."

"Children, children, I beg of you," implored their father dramatically, then he ended in his natural voice—"or I'll spank you both and send you to bed if you don't keep quiet. Well, there were two children, a boy and a girl, twins"—

"Like us" giggled Jimmy and Jean. "(Lets hope not)" Daddy

said under his breath and then continued, "one morning they got up early and stole down stairs as quiet as—as—as—" here Daddy's imagination failed him.

"As quiet as fishin' worms," Jean suggested helpfully. "They're as quiet as they can be. I watched one a whole hour yesterday and it never squirmed or wriggled or anything."

"Gee Whiz," scoffed Jimmy. "No wonder it didn't. I'd stepped on it and it was deader'n a door nail. Isn't that just like a girl?"

By this time Daddy had thought of his word and after collecting his imagination was ready to go on with the story. "The children stole down the steps as quiet as little mice"—

"Why Daddy, mice aren't quiet," objected Jean. "Didn't you hear that one scratching in the pantry last night?"

"Well, these mice were quiet," announced Daddy. Now keep quiet or you're going to bed.

"Shut up," said Jimmy to Jean. "Same to you," replied Jean to Jimmy. After this exchange of formalities the twins settled down to hear the rest of the story.

Pencils

aranteed.
quality to be had.

ell

lity and Fit

NISHINGS

r'S

UGS

pany

Salem, Ohio

DRESSES

's precious time is
mother purchases
Stocks cleverly se-
from Styles that
ical of the sort girls

ER STORE

Poor Daddy! How he wished that he were any place except at home. But he gathered the remnants of his courage and not daring to attempt the mice again, went on. "They ran down the road till they saw a chestnut tree.—"

"Chestnut trees don't grow along roads," contradicted Jimmy. "You said so last Sunday when we wanted to take a walk and hunt some, so there."

Daddy cast around him for a straw and then had an inspiration. "This was upside down land," he said. "So everything was possible." Both the twins had a proper respect for upside down land and were awed into silence.

Daddy went on in triumph. He likewise saw a chance to point out a moral so, "The children wandered through the forest—"

"What forest?" inquired Jimmy. "You said they were walking along the road."

"Oh keep quiet," ordered Jean. "Don't you know this is upside down land?"

Daddy continued, "The children became tired and hungry and the more they walked the more tired they got." (Daddy was getting along splendidly now, but every Napoleon meets his Waterloo.) "All of a sudden a big bear jumped from behind a tree and—"

"Oh! oh!" yelled Jean, "Daddy, don't let it eat the little girl!"

"Oh! Daddy! Daddy!" screamed Jimmy. "Make it eat both of 'em clear up. The twins flung themselves in Daddy's arms and at this point in walked Mother, returning home after discussing the affairs of the nation.

"Tell us a real story, Mother," begged the twins. And she did,

to their satisfaction. But why have I told this story? It simply goes to prove that though a woman may take a man's place in politics, very few men can take a woman's place at home.

—Florence Hoffmaster '23

TALK

Talk is expression. Expression might be called the color which furnishes the background for our personality.

He who is overwhelmed with grief must talk; he who is burdened with a heavy heart, must talk. To the mind, talk is a vacuum cleaner. It knits hearts together. It stirs the imagination. It opens new roads for thoughts to travel over. Talk is force, for it has the power to uplift and the power to kill.

The world would be a dreary desolate place if we could not talk to people and have them talk to us. So don't save your talk but be careful that what you say will stir the atmosphere of a dull day and make it bristle with happiness, for talk can force the sunshine through the clouds.

—Frances Speidel '24

HAPPINESS

Life is just what you make it,
Gives joy to others for a little while.
Blues are thoughts and so don't fake
it,
Happiness is yours, take it.

Is life real when you cry?
You can have so much more if you'll
try.
Buck up with a smile,
Give your real self a trial.
Give joy, to others for a little while.

—Helen Flick '24

1019: L. Ann Lindestad (1915)

satisfaction. But why
his story? It simply
that though a woman
man's place in politics,
can take a woman's
e.
Frederic Hoffmaster '23

TALK

Expression. Expression
led the color which
background for our

s overwhelmed with
k; he who is burdened
heart, must talk. To
is a vacuum cleaner.
ts together. It stirs
ion. It opens new
ughts to travel over.
for it has the power
the power to kill.

would be a dreary
if we could not talk to
ave them talk to us.
e your talk but be
what you say will
sphere of a dull day
ristle with happiness,
force the sunshine
clouds.

Frances Speidel '24

HAPPINESS

that you make it,
others for a little while.
ights and so don't fake
ours, take it.

When you cry?
so much more if you'll

a smile,
self a trial.
others for a little while.
—Helen Flick '24

AUTUMN

Several days ago, we had a discussion in class to give our various opinions of the seasons and their effect upon us. As I came to school this morning, I noticed that it was rather cool. It was not the numbing chill of winter; it was a snappy coolness that makes one's blood tingle. Today is a good example of an autumn day. You know what it is so I need not describe it.

On the other hand, take autumn's counterpart, spring. In some ways, spring is lovely. But even if everything in nature is coming to life, I can't see very much beauty in budding trees. That is of course, before they have developed much. As a general rule, the trees look dreary with those little brown knobs all over them. The bare, desolate, but smooth limbs of a tree in winter look even better. For there is quite often more beauty in a desolate and bare landscape than there is in a riot of pink and white blossoms.

Then, which would you call prettier, an orchard of peach blossoms, or an aisle in a woods when the leaves are beginning to flutter down and the trees are aflame with bright and dull colors? Especially if the sun is shining and the sky is a deep blue; the air is clear, keen and snappy? Perhaps it is all a matter of taste and viewpoint, but if there was one season of the year I had to choose to live in, I would choose autumn.

—George Beers '23

"A NICE GIRL"

In this, the age of cabarets, motion pictures and flappers, some of

our noble minded reformers have said that the women of the nation are leading us to the Devil!

While this statement is not true yet did you ever stop to think how easily such a thing could happen? Women are leading the nation more than we realize. While they do not blossom forth so prominently in public affairs yet through the great white way of society they are directing the morals of a nation.

It is surprising how many boys are saved from sin by the words of a mother or by the thought of that "one" girl waiting for him at the entrance of the gates to happiness!

It is for this reason that I am writing this paper and while I am going to write about girls, yet some of the things will also apply to boys.

Primarily our chief purpose in life is to make the world a better place for our having lived in it. In order to do this we must each be just as nice as we can, not only for our own sake for the sake of others. Somehow or other we usually think of a nice girl as being about the sweetest thing on earth! And now we may properly inquire, what is a nice girl?

Everyone, of course has his idea of a nice girl. Probably no two people could exactly agree. I am not going to offer my sentiments but I will try to give a general opinion of the matter. Every girl has some likable things about her. But to be a nice girl you must be just as fine as possible in everything. Any girl can be nice if she tries although some have to try harder than others.

The first essential to being a nice girl is personality. By this term I mean your distinctive qualities—manner, air, grace and affability. The second essential is character, which includes honor, religion and morals. The third essential is beauty. Just what is beauty. Beauty is not a nicely painted face, a diamond necklace and a hundred dollar dress. Beauty is you, looking out of your eyes. If you haven't a soul, you cannot be beautiful. Of course, powder, rouge, etc., are aids to a nice complexion, and proper hair dressing enhances your charm, but the basis of all of it is inside of you. Careful selection of clothes is also an essential—not necessarily expensive clothes—but tastefully chosen.

Now that I have told you the requirements of a nice girl I am going to tell you about the only girl I have ever discovered, in private life, who possessed all of them to such a degree of perfection. I am not doing this for any personal reasons because I don't know the girl but then it is an especially good example of what a girl can make of herself if she tries.

I first remember her as a Sophomore two years ago. At that time I thought she was about as uninteresting as any girl I had seen. I forgot all about her. But last year she sallied forth like the sun after an April shower, bringing joy to all who knew her!

Today she is an ideal American girl—almost perfect. What brought about this change? I think it was to a large extent spontaneous. Of course she had ambition. Her personality was probably developed by association with nice people.

Her beauty is inside! She hasn't

a particularly beautiful face, but that soul of love, kindness and happiness shines forth to the furthest corner of every heart and brings sunshine! We take great pleasure in presenting Miss—but we take still greater pleasure in keeping you guessing,

—Carey Schroy, 23

THE BIOLOGY CLASS HIKE—

Jeanne Cousins—

Everybody loves the sunshine and a stroll in nature's garden—and one of our unparalleled days in October couldn't be better spent or more pleasantly, than by spending it in the fields and woods.

One Thursday morning our Biology class abandoned the work and worry of the morning classes and went on a hike to the woods to hunt specimens and take notes on various things that would be of interest and help in the study of Biology.

We left the school building at eight forty-five and reached the woods in plenty of time to convert all former nourishment into investigative energy before the noon hour, when we were to return.

Very Energetically we fell to hunting specimens of plants and water creatures. Several struggling frogs were caught and put in the specimen case.

We roamed about, up and down hills and by the side of the quiet little woodland streams, where one can "list to nature's teachings,—” until some one suggested that we should go to see the coal mine. I had never seen a coal mine, therefore it was rather exciting to go down in one, which was what we did after arriving there.

Miss L. Ann Limestone (1915)

y beautiful face, but
 ove, kindness and hap-
 forth to the furthest
 ery heart and brings
 We take great pleas-
 enting Miss—but we
 ater pleasure in keep-
 ssing,
 —Carey Schroy, 23

LOGY CLASS HIKE— ine Cousins—

y loves the sunshine
 in nature's garden—
 our unparalleled days
 ouldn't be better spent
 santly, than by spend-
 fields and woods.

rsday morning our
 s abandoned the work
 of the morning classes
 n a hike to the woods
 imens and take notes
 things that would be
 and help in the study

he school building at
 five and reached the
 enty of time to con-
 mer nourishment into
 energy before the
 hen we were to return.

ergetically we fell to
 imens of plants and
 ares. Several strug-
 were caught and put
 en case.

d about, up and down
 the side of the quiet
 nd streams, where one
 nature's teachings,—"
 ne suggested that we
 see the coal mine. I
 en a coal mine, there-
 rather exciting to go
 , which was what we
 iving there.

It was very damp and dark in-
 side the mine, the only light being
 the ones on the miners' caps. The
 tunnel leading down into the mine
 was so low we had to keep our
 heads bowed to save them from
 bumps. We were terribly uncom-
 fortable in the shed as we were
 so crowded.

We didn't get very far, as the
 miner who guided us, said the roof
 was so low as to be unsafe for us
 to go any farther. So we came
 back to the outside world, very
 dirty, but glad to be in the light
 again.

In going across a field we got
 some small pumpkins which we
 scooped out and used for drinking
 cups when we came to a spring.
 After we had been refreshed the
 crowd of girls and boys moved
 homeward, very tired and warm,
 but revived in spirits and ready
 to cope more efficiently with the
 problems of another day.

There's a breathing I hear in the
 forest,
 And a sound as of coming of leaves,
 And a sweet song-bird thrills in the
 tree top
 To his mate as she flies from the
 eaves.

There's a whisking of squirrels in the
 nut yards—
 And the brook cheeps its gladsome
 new song,
 And the mountains are blue and taller
 Than they were in the days that are
 gone.

There's a great struggle now in the
 forest,
 And a sound of a bursting shell,
 And a soldier boy's moans on the hill-
 top
 Come to us, from his post, where he
 fell.

Would to God that the men of all na-
 tions
 Would learn from the hills and the
 wood—
 The lesson of working together,
 For their infinite glory and good.

FUTURE

Not blooming along by the roadside
 Nor in a king's garden so fair,
 Instead, you are back of a tumbled
 shack
 In an old fashioned garden quite
 bare.

Can a garden be bare, when you are
 there?

Ah, no, flaming rose that thou art
 Your petals are velvet, your heart, it
 is gold

Your voice is calling me, tho' I am
 old.

What's in thy voice that calls me here
 Can it be just the joy of living?
 Your surroundings are poor, even
 poorer than mine

And your bush is not one of first bud-
 ding

Yet your voice is happy and full and
 glad

And your breath is sweet like a song,
 It sings of birds, of flowers, of trees,
 Of love, and God and all around.

And if you are happy living here
 Alone with God and His thought
 Can't I be like you for I am old
 And away from what I once sought.

Now I'm beginning to understand
 God put you here that I might see
 The things that are still left in my
 path,

The happiness there is yet for me.
 —Louise Scullion'23

WAR

From the subject of this article
 you probably think that I am
 going to write an essay on the
 frightfulness of war, how to pre-
 vent it or some method of bring-
 ing everlasting peace to the world.
 Of course to bring everlasting
 peace to the world would not be
 hard, all you would have to do
 would be to set some dynamite
 under and raise it to the seventh
 heaven of peace.

I am not going to do any of these

things. I am only going to tell you of a few of my less thrilling experiences on the battle front. I could tell you some of my adventures that would make your hair stand on end but you would probably call them lies and me a liar, so I will only speak of a few of my lesser experiences.

I enlisted in Youngstown, in the 85th Field Artillery, the day we declared war, and after a wait of some months in a training camp at Washingtonville, we left on the Pennsylvania for Europe. I mean we left for a seaport on the Pennsylvania and from there went to Europe on the good ship, Treat 'Em Rough! All I will say about the trip was that the ship lived up to its name. In fact, that ship was a great money saver for the Government. It treated us so rough we couldn't eat a thing going over and we often had to get out and walk to stay a live;—that is get out of our bunks and walk the decks.

At last, after frightful tortures, we hit the sunny shores of France. At least we hoped they were sunny as we landed at night. We left the port during the night and arrived in gay Paree about 8 o'clock the next morning. We just stayed there for three hours and then left for the front or rather the back of the front. As I mentioned before I was in the Field Artillery but I was there only in spots as I served in every branch of fighting while I was in France from a dog fight in Paris to a fight with rats in the trenches.

I had no sooner got settled in a little town behind the lines when I was sent into the front line ditches to show the soldiers how to dig them. I showed them how to

dig by the demonstration method. I dug three miles of trenches alone before the men thought they knew how, but then we found out that all we had to dig was three miles of trenches so all my instruction went for nothing! In disgust, I went to my room behind the lines.

This room was in a shell torn house owned by a crabby old Frenchman. The room was nothing to speak of, it was just four walls, a piece of roof and the ground to sleep on and was so small I had to go outside to turn around. I complained the next morning to the Frenchman that I had not been able to sleep on account of the rats fighting! He asked me what I wanted for nothing—a bull fight.

Knowing my powers as shovel mechanic I was sent for that night to dig another trench. I started to dig, and dug until I thought that I ought to hit the place I started from, from the other side of the world, but soon I noticed someone else digging with me and turned to see who he was. I saw a German digging and realized what had happened. In the dark I had got mixed somewhat and had dug clear over into the German trenches. I didn't let on that I noticed him and went back into the regular trenches just as dawn broke. There were Americans and Germans sleeping together. When they awoke, at first they thought the war was over and then they started to fight. I didn't wait to see the outcome of the battle but prudently retired. That was the day I saw the same bullet twice; first when it passed me and next when I passed it.

A week later I got my first bird's eye view of the trenches. I

101A: C. Ann Linestall (1915)

demonstration method. miles of trenches alone men thought they knew when we found out that all dig was three miles of all my instruction went In disgust, I went to hind the lines.

I was in a shell torn ed by a crabby old The room was nothing of, it was just four ee of roof and the sleep on and was so to go outside to turn complained the next the Frenchman that I n able to sleep on ac- e rats fighting! He at I fighting for nothing.

my powers as shovel was sent for that night er trench. I started dug until I thought t to hit the place I , from the other side l, but soon I noticed digging with me and who he was. I saw a ing and realized what d. In the dark I had somewhat and had dug to the German trench- let on that I noticed nt back into the reg- s just as dawn broke. Americans and Ger- ng together. When at first they thought over and then they ht. I didn't wait to me of the battle but tired. That was the ne same bullet twice; passed me and next it.

ater I got my first w of the trenches. I

was back in the Artillery again and had crawled into one of the 16 inch rifles to scrape out some smoke that was stuck in the rifling. Foolishly after cleaning the smoke out I remained in there to carve my initials in it. This was the cause of my sight seeing tour. Some fool at the back of the gun fired it off and the next thing I knew I was sitting on top of the shell at an altitude of about 4,000 feet, watching the world slide out from under me.

I said my prayers and decided I was due to say "Good morning—Satan," in a few moments, but the best laid plans of mice and man are always broken up by something. In another second I was standing in a plowed field with a hole under me where the shell had entered the ground. Fortunately the shell was a "dud" or would have been one. I was just ready to explore Germany when another shell destroyed my plans by exploding in front of me and blowing me back to France again. I was never so disappointed in my life.

The officers decided I was of too adventurous a nature for the artillery and shifted me to the tank corps. I was sent to look at a tank to see how it worked. I first went to a saloon and saw several of those great American "tanks" at work. They certainly were capable machines; they drank the bartender out of house and home in twenty-five minutes.

The commander gave me a bawling out for this and sent me to a field where I saw a real tank and was told to take my time to inspect it. I gave it a thorough inspection by taking it apart to find out how it ran. I never realized how so many parts could be packed

in so small a body, but I finally had pieces of tank in every square inch of that ten acre plot, and nothing to show where the tank had been but a hole in the mud. I then began to put it together and after much labor and deep thought, I had it set up again. I had a ton of gears and other parts left over but it would run all right. The only trouble was that one caterpillar tread ran frontwards and the other backwards, so it would only go in a circle.

(To be continued.)

—Morgan Forney '23.

A FOOT-BALL SPEECH

Foot-ball as you all know is a hard game, especially on the players and the ladies standing along the side lines.

Now the players never trample the ladies; it is usually the fellows who think that they are in the game, that do all the pushing, holding, stepping on others' feet, instead of standing on their own.

You know that foot-ball players are the best scholars Mr. Reeves ever had, because they must be able to add up the numbers the quarter calls out and find the square root; then the first one through is allowed to carry the ball. The quarter back knows the answer to the problems and if they don't get it right then he takes the ball himself.

The line men are all good English students and public speakers. They must get their opponents interested and have entertainment as the general end, because they won't listen if they don't. Then when one of the line men has his opponent spell bound by his eloquence of smoothly flowing words, the ball is carried through there.

—Harry Sheehan '23

REMEMBER FELLAS

Remember

When you used to think you were late when the first bell rang when you were half way to school; and when the second bell rang as you entered the building you thought you were as good as tardy?

Remember

The boy who used to stop at the grocery store at frequent intervals on the way home from school, to buy candy? Remember how you used to like to walk with him?

Remember

When teacher used to send you and an other boy to another school building for supplementary readers, and when the time arrived for you to pick out that other boy, what a great friend of all the boys you were?

Remember

When you whispered to your neighbor and teacher caught you, how the janitors would kid you about having toothache when they came in after school to sweep, and saw you with a white rag tied around your jaws to keep you from talking.

Remember

At those few and far between periods when the whole room had a half hour off to play games because you all got one hundred in arithmetic or spelling for the day?

Remember

When Old Man Winter was just getting out of the road of the advance guard of oncoming spring, how you all took your spring fever out on commies?

And how your mothers and grandmothers used to lecture to

you about playing marbles for keeps?

And how the little boy who did exactly as his mamma and grand-mamma told him to do, and stood all around by himself, holding his little sacky full of marbles, and gosh! kids, he always had the best aggies, crookies and glassies in school; remember all the trading stock you offered him only to be refused?

Remember

Those periods of suspense when the music teacher took a notion to have each pupil in the class stand up and sing a song, and you wondered how those little braided haired girls and the little boy of marble sack fame, got away with it?

And when a pupil got through singing and it was time to call on another, how your heart would rise right up to your mouth until you heard a name called which didn't sound like yours, and then how it would sink back to its correct position until the next time came?

But you had to be called on some time—and when you were, and got up and quivered through your song, how glad you felt when the ordeal was over, partly because it was really over, and partly because you were free to make faces at the other members of the gang when they got up to sing their songs?

Remember

The time when you threw the snowball and hit the little boy of marble sack fame—of course he told the teacher—that awful feeling of sinking through the floor before the ordeal in the principal's office that night after school? Re-

1012: L. Ann (11-15-1911)

playing marbles for

the little boy who did his mamma and grand-
father him to do, and stood
by himself, holding his
full of marbles, and
he always had the best
eckies and glassies in
remember all the trading
offered him only to be

periods of suspense when
teacher took a notion to
pupil in the class stand
g a song, and you won-
those little braided
and the little boy of
fame, got away with

n a pupil got through
it was time to call on
ow your heart would
p to your mouth until
a name called which
d like yours, and then
d sink back to its cor-
n until the next time

had to be called on
-and when you were,
and quivered through
ow glad you felt when
was over, partly be-
really over, and partly
a were free to make
other members of the
they got up to sing
?

when you threw the
d hit the little boy of
fame—of course he
cher—that awful feel-
ing through the floor
deal in the principal's
right after school? Re-

member? I can't forget it.

Remember.

When spring succumbs to summer, how much like a wound up spring you felt during the last minute of the last day of the last month before the Big Vacation, and when teachers said it was time to go how you resemble that spring in action. Remember? I can't forget that because I still have that same feeling on the last day of school.

Clyde Bolen '23—

"FRIENDSHIP"

Friendship which exists on a good substantial basis of mutual understanding is indestructible. It can not even be undermined by those poisonous darts of jealousy and envy. The interest of one is so completely the interest of the other that the good fortune or misfortune of one is the good fortune or misfortune of the other. This does not mean that they should be alike in temperament for two tempestuous natures like Hamlet's would have clashed inharmoniously. Horatio was the opposite from Hamlet in every way, very calm and had no passions of his own. I think his main drawback as Hamlet's friend was his blind admiration. Instead of helping Hamlet by correcting his wrong idea of life he merely tried to please him and of course that could not be done.

Friendship, without the wholesome element of frankness and the delicious spice of disagreement would in truth be no friendship at all but an insipid companionship.

—Lucy Hole '23

EDUCATION—ITS MARKS

An education is made up of the various things learned each day of our lives. Education and culture are often confused and thought to be one and the same thing; but all people who are educated are not cultured, nor in many cases could we desire them to be so.

One mark of education is practical knowledge of scholastic subjects. Another is the understanding of the individuals with whom we come in contact. And a third is that feeling of interest in all people, not in our friends alone, nor in those who have been equally fortunate in acquiring the book-learning which the world expects of an educated person, but interest in all our fellow-men.

The man or woman who is able to adapt himself or herself to conditions at anytime, anywhere, goes a step beyond the often too-cultured person to whom refinement and exclusiveness are the idols of his education. However, refinement is one of the real marks of an education, though it makes no show of itself because it is founded on the most significant characteristic of education—simplicity.

—Mary Helen Cornwall '24

Fresh—"Have you lived here all your life?"

Soph—"No, not yet."

Oh! I am so happy, I can't help but sing?

'Cause I do not worry what the morrow will bring,

But live all I can and enjoy each day

And do not worry now,—for tomorrow—I may.

—Evelyn Boyd '23

SCHOOL NEWS

Our new system of election this year worked out very well. Mr. Bloomfield had charge, and it was carried on very much like the state elections. We were divided into precincts and wards. It was a little more interesting this year because we had to get up petitions for our nominees. There was quite a bit of electioneering done and this caused the whole thing to be made a truly serious matter. In all, I believe the system was a great success.

During the Home-coming Mr. Curran gave us a few athletic stunts that he was performing during the week down town. The girls held their breath at his daring. He showed us that a man with one leg can be athletic if he wants to.

Mr. Alan talked to us on September the twenty-seventh; his topic was "The Power of Suggestion." Everyone at Salem High enjoys Mr. Alan's talks because they are so interesting, and this one was no exception.

At the foot-ball rally for the Wellsville game Mr. Lowell and Mr. Drennan spoke. Both will always be welcomed here.

On October third Mr. Church spoke to us. He discussed the school problem that is before the city now. It was quite interesting for we all want to know which is needed more, a new grade school or an addition to the high school.

Mr. Fenton, a reformed criminal, addressed the school October 9th. He held the attention of the student body as if by magic.

He told the boys not to hang around pool rooms and emphasized that stealing does not pay.

Do you know that we have a menagerie here? Of course we have. We have all kinds of animals up here every day. Just now Miss Smith has a few barn owls, the funniest looking things I ever saw. She had a fine looking raccoon a few days ago. It pays to visit 300 once in a while to see the sights.

On Friday, October the thirteenth, the initiating of the freshman girls into the association began. They had to wear a safety pin as a brooch all day. The party was Friday night. There was a short program. The first number was "The Little Red School House," sung by Esther Kelley and Lera Harris. The second was a recitation, "Tradin' Joe" by Esther Fredericks. Last but by no means least, Verna Bolen gave a beautiful dance, "Interpretation of Autumn." The girls danced a large part of the evening. Refreshments were served. The party was quite a success.

The initiation of the freshmen boys began Thursday October 19. The boys had to wear blue shirts and no collars or coats. They really looked very funny. They also had to have their hair mussed and this nearly killed some of our "sports." The boys had their party Thursday night. They were entertained by Betty Compson and Tom Moore in "Across the Border." The faculty put on a clever playlet that ended in a very sad tragedy. They also gave the boys some quartet music. The boys enjoyed it very much.

via: Mr. Ann Linington (p. 14)

boys not to hang
rooms and emphasized
does not pay.

now that we have a
ere? Of course we
ave all kinds of ani-
every day. Just now
has a few barn owls,
looking things I ever
had a fine looking
days ago. It pays to
e in a while to see the

y, October the thir-
nitiating of the fresh-
to the association be-
had to wear a safety
rooch all day. The
Friday night. There
program. The first
s "The Little Red
se," sung by Esther
era Harris. The sec-
recitation, "Tradin'
ther Fredericks. Last
eans least, Verna Bolen
iful dance, "Interpre-
Autumn." The girls
ge part of the evening.
s were served. The
uite a success.

tion of the freshmen
Thursday October 19.
d to wear blue shirts
ars or coats. They
d very funny. They
have their hair mussed
rly killed some of our
he boys had their party
ght. They were enter-
etty Compson and Tom
"Across the Border."
put on a clever playlet
in a very sad tragedy.
gave the boys some
ic. The boys enjoyed
n.

Alumni News

Wooster has seven of our alumni
this year and a fine crowd they are.
George Bunn, John Siskowie,
Phyllis Cope, Robert Taylor,
Catherine Enderlin, Frank Kille,
and Doris Wilson are the seven.

"Bunny" and "Sisky" are making
good on the Freshman Football
team. When the Freshmen played
the Varsity Johnny caught a pass
and carried it twenty yards making
the first touchdown. Good work,
Sisky!

Ronald Kaplan, Catherine
Votaw, Nellie Sutter, and Grace
Bricker are attending school at
Athens and enjoying themselves
very much.

Kenneth Mounts and Ralston
Jones are making quite a hit at
Kenyon, Bus because of his skill
at football and Kenny because of
his ability to make beds.

James Kessel mire is spending
the next four months at home and
we are all glad to have his smiling
face with us again. I heard the
other day that he had gone to work
at Mullins but I don't know
whether to believe it or not.

Kay Liber is quite successful in
business at his Top Shop, and it has
been whispered that he has to take
the money to the bank most every
night.

Harold Votaw and Frank
Mangus are in Cincinnati attending
school. We all feel assured that
the school appreciates their pres-
ence.

Dallas Hanna the son of the
"Lion" is in Warren making bread
for the Oriental Bakery and they
claim they wouldn't be able to run
the business without him as he is
such a fast worker. His fair bro-
ther Marion has been wearing a

white cap down at the baggage
office of the Pennsylvania station.
I guess there aren't any "flies" on
him.

—N. T. H.

IF—

If you can bear the earnest words
you've spoken,
Twisted to make them sound more
absurd;

If you can see your dearest hopes and
idols broken,
And never, never say a single word;
If you never get provoked or say
you're through,

And seem to feel the joy that you
pretend

And never show what thots are seeth-
ing in you

And keep a smiling face until the end;
If you can spend each day and hour
and minute,

In pleasing folks, and never make a
blunder

Success is yours, for what there's in
it

And—what's more—you'll be a won-
der!

—Frances Speidel '24

As I gazed from my window, one
bright sunny day,
I saw some wee lambkins frolicing in
play.

They all raised their heads as I
paused there to see,
And pondered, then motioned and
beckoned to me.

Won't you join us and play o'er the
meadow so wide?

Your it, now chase us and we will go
hide.

How many are there in the great
game of life

Who will stop in their fun for those
who're in strife,

To ask them if they can't enjoy life,
too,

By being less selfish in pleasures and
fuss?

Thus some can get happiness from
each one of us.

—Evelyn Boyd '23

Liber's Auto Top Shop

Foot-Ball Notes

The High School team this year is showing more promise than in former years toward winning the county championship.

The team has a fine line and aerial attack, which, when worked as it has been in the past four games, always spells victory for the Red and Black.

The line shows wonderful prospects and should develop into a sure winner. The back-field consists of last year's men who, profiting by their former experiences, are fast developing into a speedy and smashing quartet.

Results and line-up of the first four county games are:

Salem 54	Columbiana 0
Salem 45	Lisbon 0
Salem 32	Leetonia 0
Salem 27	Wellsville 0
Total 158	0

L. E.—Sartick.

L. T.—O'neil

L. G.—Woods, Greenamy, Davis.
C.—Volmer.
R. G.—Houser, Bolen, Yengling.
R. T.—Crutehly.
R. E.—Entriken.
L. H.—McKeown.
R. H.—Stirling.
Q.—Sheehan.
F.—Roessler.

GOING TO SCHOOL

There's a score of obligations we as seniors must not shirk,
Though the day be dark and dreary and the problems will not work,
The very sky seems up side down, the earth wrong side before,
Our hearts are "in the highlands" and our minds upon the floor.
And then we long as Hamlet did, "to die—to sleep—no more."
But though we feel that all concerned don't keep the golden rule,
That more than one assignment at a time perhaps is cruel,
Here's a fair October morning and the air is crisp and cool,
And these burdens seem to lighten and I'm glad I'm going to school!
—Lucy Hole '23

The Kennedy Agency

Automobile Insurance A Specialty

Room 3 - Hemmeter Bldg.

Shop

ds, Greenamyer, Davis.
er.
ser, Bolen, Yengling.
hly.
iken.
eown.
ing.
han.
sler.

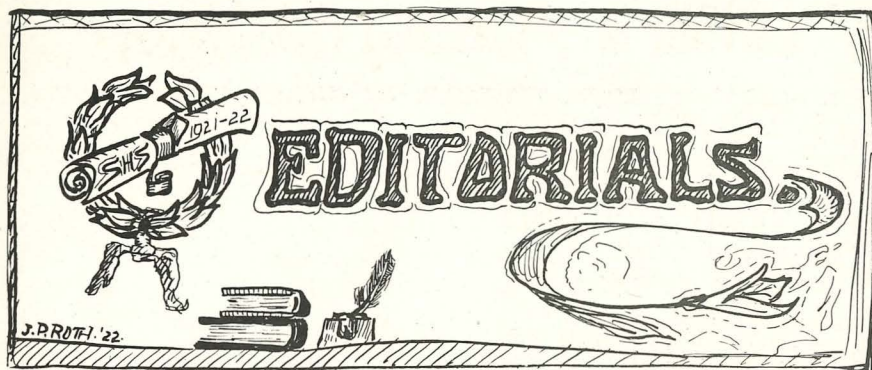
TO SCHOOL

re of obligations we as
ust not shirk,
ay be dark and dreary
problems will not work,
seems up side down,
wrong side before,
e "in the highlands"
minds upon the floor.
ong as Hamlet did,
to sleep—no more."
e feel that all concerned
the golden rule,
an one assignment at
haps is cruel,
October morning and
crisp and cool,
rdens seem to lighten
lad I'm going to school!
—Lucy Hole '23

gency

pecialty

Bldg.



Why are we here, in school, I mean? Of course it is to get an education. But what will this education do for us after we get it? To be sure, an educated person finds the working world more ready to receive him than some one else who hasn't had his training.

Is this all an education can do? Is it just the money an education is supposed to bring us that counts, or has an educated person a better chance at happiness aside from the money? I believe he has. One who is educated has wisdom; it is the lack of wisdom that causes so many heartaches and defeats.

It is not necessary to be a second Solomon, but it is necessary to be able to find out and understand the causes of trouble and happiness, to be able to judge and make decisions and not to be weak-willed.

Such a person can find contentment in quiet fields, flowers, peaceful streams, quiet music and good books. He doesn't have to have the clasy, banzy sounds of a jazz orchestra, or a movie play, or book so full of thundering, racing thrills he hardly has time to think.

Now, what about these people who don't want to go to school? The law says they must go until

they are eighteen unless they have special permission? Why is there such a law? Has the law a right to say such a thing? If some are foolish enough not to want an education, why insist that they have one? I don't know. Perhaps the people who made this law know that these people who don't want to go to school haven't gone far enough to really know what they do want. Perhaps if they are forced to go on they will find what they really want or get one thought that will help them the rest of their lives. As I said before, I don't know.

A life is a bundle of habits. Most lives consist of mixed good and bad habits, the good ones overruling. A few lives consist of almost perfect habits and still fewer consist of nearly all bad ones.

So, I say, we come here to form the right kind of habits. A bad habit once formed is hard to break; so it is with a good one. And if we learn the right kind of habits we shall always be looking for the best in people, we shall be unselfish, we shall try to understand and we shall take an interest in new things, and above all, we shall not be afraid or Truth.

"Bigger and Better"

High School Auditorium

WILL SHOW THE FOLLOWING PICTURES SOON

D. W. Griffith's "ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

George Arliss in "THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD"

Mary Alden in "A WOMAN'S WOMAN"

Harold Loyd in "GRANDMA'S BOY"

Rex Ingrahm's "PRISONER OF ZENDA"

PATHE NEWS AND A COMEDY WILL ACCOMPANY
MOST OF THE PICTURES.

COME to a clean, pleasant, comfortable Auditorium and enjoy
a beautiful, gripping picture in a refined, quiet atmosphere

etter''

ool

um

URES SOON

E STORM''

LAYED GOD''

OMAN''

BOY''

ZENDA''

L ACCOMPANY
ES.

ditorium and enjoy
quiet atmosphere

Something to be proud of!

Salem	54	Columbiana	0
Salem	45	Lisbon	0
Salem	32	Leetonia	0
Salem	27	Wellsville	0
Salem	19	Niles	6
Total	177		6

We are also proud of our Candy Department.

All strictly fresh and good.

Box candy specials every Friday and Saturday!

J. H. Lease Drug Co. **Floding's Drug Store** **Bolger & French**

The REXALL Stores in Salem.

LOGIC

Hank—The moon is much more useful than the sun.

Lank—Impossible. How's that?

Hank—Well, the moon shines at night when it's dark, and the sun shines in broad daylight when it's not needed.—Ex.

S—H—S

"I think you're stringing me," said the murderer as he dangled from the scaffold.—Ex.

Teacher—"I must go up town today and have my batteries charged."

Bright pupil—"Why have them charged? Why not pay for them?"—Ex.

S—H—S

Aint nature grand? The hero had just said "I'm starved" when the curtain came down with a roll.—Ex.

YOU CAN BANK

ON—IN—& WITH

The Citizen's Savings Bank
SALEM, OHIO

Patronize Our Advertisers

If it's new and smart--
it's good and beautiful—
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

A new student was at a basket-
ball game, (referee calls a foul).
"But where are the feathers?"

Sophisticated friend—"You
goose, don't you know this is a
picked team."—Ex.

S—H—S

Traffic Cop: Come on! What't
the matter with you.

Traveler: I'm well, thanks, but
my engine is dead.—Ex.

Unnecessary

Agent—I have a very fine en-
cyclopedia to show you.

Padre—Sorry, but I don't need
it. My son graduates from High
School this year.—Ex.

S—H—S

A cat has nine lives

But that isn't right,

A frog's just as good

And he croaks every night.
—Ex.

SHOES and Hosiery in
ALEM means
PEIDEL'S

On Broadway

Green Stamps With All Purchases

und in
RE

Salem, Ohio

Unnecessary
have a very fine en-
to show you.
orry, but I don't need
graduates from High
year.—Ex.
s—H—S
s nine lives
at isn't right,
just as good
e croaks every night.

losiery in
s

ases

Watch for the Grand Opening of the New State Theatre

NORMA TALMADGE IN "SMILIN' THROUGH"

We Hope Everyone Will Go SMILIN' THROUGH 1922-1923

The other day Mr. Bloomfield was talking to a farmer. He asked,
"How did your potatoes turn out?"

The Farmer replied: "They didn't turn out. I dug 'em."

S—H—S

Charles Floyd (in English class) —The other day I just happened to think."

S—H—S

In History IV Class.

Daniel Boone was stooping down over a barrel of tobacco and when he stooped up he saw an Indian.

S—H—S

Red Brian, Paul Ormsby, and Lloyd Loop took Bill Floyd snipe hunting the other night.

S—H—S

Yes, I have known that young girl for thirty-five or forty years.

Lives of centipedes all remind me.

That they've got us beat every time

Think of all the little footsteps

That they leave on the sands of time.

S—H—S

She—"Have you noticed what a lot of simple little things there are in evening gowns this season?"

He—"I should say so. I have danced with at least twenty of them."—Ex.

S—H—S

Stew No. 1.—"Shay, Joe, whersh my hat?"

Lucky Bird No. II.—" 'Son your head."

Lucky Bird No. I.—" 'S funny I did't feel it."

Lucky Bird No. II.—"Well, 'snot a felt hat."—Ex.

You Above All Must Be Satisfied
with our complete line of
**Hardware, Plumbing
Roofing**
The Salem Hardware Co.

16-18 Broadway

Both Phones 95

Patronize Our Advertisers

21

Bunn's Good Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

To Mr. Fred Ziegler:

Advertisement.

Any person troubled by a great scientific question that cannot be solved, if said party will bring the question to Messrs. Forney & Wilkins, these two great minds will enlighten them. (By the payment of a small fee.)

M. T. Forney
R. Wilkins

S—H—S

Mr. Drennan: "Who was King of England at this time?"

Newt: "Queen Anne."

S—H—S

English teacher: "We are going to have 'Quaker day' tomorrow."

Jim Askey: "Can you tell me the exact number that will be here."

At Senior Play

Official announcer: "Act Four."

Man in audience: "Yes act, for Heaven's sake."

S—H—S

Mr. Bloomfield: "What was the Ancient Egyptian way of preserving bodies?"

Tubby: "Salt 'em down."

S—H—S

"Punk" Arnold (who has Geometry the seventh period) when Mr. Fess spoke: "If Mr. Fess had spoken forty-five minutes longer I'd have voted for him."

S—H—S

William Miller ordered a box of artificial apples. He wants the order rushed for fear that they will spoil.

Why Not a Victrola ?

Learn to know the World's Best Music

A Victrola and Victor Records will bring it into your home.

You can hear the Latest Dances and Song Hits.

A "VICTOR VICTROLA" to suit everybody.

Terms \$25.00 to \$350.00

Records 75c and up.

"Hallmarck Store"

THE C. M. WILSON CO.

Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

Senior Play
announcer: "Act

audience: "Yes act, for
ce."

S-H-S

field: "What was
Egyptian way of pre-
es?"

Salt 'em down."

S-H-S

Arnold (who has
he seventh period)
ess spoke: "If Mr.
ken forty-five minutes
ve voted for him."

S-H-S

iller ordered a box of
ples. He wants the
l for fear that they

rola ?

ur home.

everybody.

ards 75c and up.

M. WILSON CO.

When you think of Ready-to-Wear

—Think of—

Kessel's
FASHION SHOP.

62 Main Street

Salem, Ohio

Butch: "Can you give me a
job?"

Farmer: "You boys are always
getting tired."

Butch: "I never get tired. I'm
not like the rest."

So the farmer set him to work
only to return sometime later to find
"Butch" fast asleep under a tree.

"Hi there!" he cried, "I thought
you never got tired! Wake up."

Butch: "I don't get tired but
I should if I didn't rest a good
deal."

S-H-S

Domestic Science Teacher:
"When boiling potatoes with the
jackets on how do you tell when
they are done?"

Freshman: "When they start
to unbutton their jackets."

A certain member of the Senior
class became married to a talkative
wife. Finally she talked him to
death and he went to Heaven, and
St. Peter was so sorry for him
that he gave him a little cloud all
his own where no one could dis-
turb him. He had just sat down
and was enjoying the peace and
quiet when he heard his name
loudly paged by an angel.

He called to the angel, "Here I
am. What do you want?"

The angel said, "Your wife
wants you on the ouija board."

S-H-S

Raymond (Parshall); "Yes,
when I was a small boy the doctor
told me that unless I quit smoking
cigarettes I should become weak
minded."

Esther (Kelly) "Well, why
didn't you?"

The NEW METZGER HOTEL

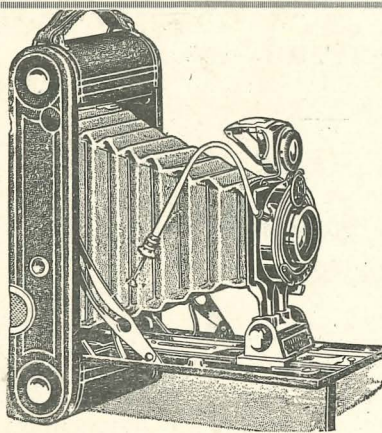
Rooms with Running Water and Private Baths.
Up-To-Date Dining Room in connection.

Main Street

Salem

Patronize Our Advertisers

(23)



**Kodaks - Enlarging
Kodak Printing**

Bennett's Drug Store
—and—

Treat's Drug Store
KODAK AGENTS

"Your Satisfaction is
Our Success"

The Home Store

China and Kitchen Ware
98 Main St. Both Phones

H. B. Thomas

65 Main St.

Auto Accessories and
Vulcanizing

Trunks, Leather Goods
and Harness

Soph—"I hear Bill is so rich he
is poor."

Fresh—"How is that?"

Soph—"He has so much money
in the bank that it takes all he
earns to pay the taxes."

S—H—S

Soph—"Who was Dobbin?"

Fresh—"Dunno, who?"

Soph—"The man who they
named all the horses after."

Mr. Rohrabough, seeing Fresh-
man tots standing in the hall their
arms around each other, started to
tell them to move on when he dis-
covered they were Mr. Drennan
and Mr. Metzger.

S—H—S

Span. II—Herbert (trans-)
translating:

"I hear a noise."

Oertel: "So do I."

For all kinds of

Furnace Work

Roofing & Spouting

—SEE—

Mounts & Starbuck

at Carr's Hdwe.

SPALDING

Foot Ball & Basket Ball
Supplies

C. S. Carr

HARDWARE

104 E. Main St.

Satisfaction is
Success"

Home Store

and Kitchen Ware
Both Phones

Thomas
Main St.

Accessories and
Canizing

Leather Goods
Harness

baugh, seeing Fresh-
ding in the hall their
each other, started to
move on when he dis-
were Mr. Drenman
ger.

S—H—S
—Herbert (trans-)

oise."
So do I."

LDING

& Basket Ball
Supplies

S. Carr
RDWARE
E. Main St.

Kerr's Home Cooked Lunches

EVERY DAY

Served 11:30—2 P.M.

Home Made Candies and Ice Cream



"LADY MAXIM"

A XMAS GIFT SHE WILL CHERISH

Made by the Bulma Company, N. Y.
Guaranteed by them and by us.

Prices \$15.00 to \$75.00

The Leland Watch Shop

It's so CLEAN and Dainty after going thru
our Dry Cleaning Process.

Just call—

Your CLEANER
& DYER

Bell Phone 552

We call for and deliver.

92 Broadway

"GOLDEN LOAF BREAD"

— AND —

"Whole Wheat Health Bread"

New System Bakery

Bell 349J

29 Main St.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Trade at

The Golden Eagle

Salem's Greatest Store For Men & Boy
30-32 Broadway

HOTEL LAPE

A. M. Bloom, Prop.

**25 ROOMS OF SOLID COMFORT
RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION**

Corner Main and Ellsworth



Just 'Phone

and we'll send a demonstrator to your home who will show you the many improvements in the new model

EUREKA ELECTRIC CLEANER

THE SALEM LIGHTING CO.

Phones: Bell 48 - O. S. 77

**Culberson's
Best in Confectionery**

We want Your Candy Business.

You need Our Pure Candies.

57 E. Main St.

Phone 452

Patronize Our Advertisers