

The QUAKER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Salem High School

DECEMBER, 1922

McCulloch's



Greater Salem's Greater Store.



Let's All Boost Salem

CAMP'S

CANDY

ICE CREAM

LIGHT LUNCH

11 Broadway

Phone 567 R

I. B. TAYLOR'S

Headquarters for good things for Christmas Dinner.

Fine fruits, vegetables, nuts and Poultry of all kinds.

Phones 248 and 249

Sanitary Cleansing

Is the Surest Safeguard against the Many Customary Complaints

We
Give
Green
Stamps



We
Give
Green
Stamps

Patronize Our Advertisers

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We
Give
Green
Stamps

For a Happy Xmas
Buy a Man's Gift at a Man's Store.

LADIES HOLEPROOF HOSE

Fitzpatrick & Strain Co.

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

(1)

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

☞ **This Christmas** ☞

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH } *The only Gift that only you
can make.*

*And now is the time to phone Salem 157R
for an appointment.*

THE REMBRANDT STUDIO

47½ Main St.

Open Sunday P. M.

Bell Phone 157 R

ECKSTEIN CO.
MEN'S WEAR

ams win games.
and every business.

Bank

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THE QUAKER

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VOLUME III

DECEMBER 1922

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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. Rohrbaugh.....	Faculty Editor
Ella Thea Smith	Faculty Manager

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Patronize Our Advertisers

CHRISTMAS GOODS SHOWING

FOR Beautiful gifts you will not miss our line. Hand Painted China, Cut Glass, Mahogany Candle Sticks, Beautiful Books, Fine Stationery, Fountain Pens and Fyne Poynt Pencils. Foot Balls, Punching Bags, Music Folds and Rolls, Bibles and Prayer Books, Purses, Pocket Books and Bill Folds. Book Ends, Booklets, Christmas Cards and big variety Mechanical Toys, Games, Drums, Doll Beds, Trunks, Dresses and Writing Pads.

I. D. & J. H. CAMPBELL

A WONDERFUL SHOWING OF CHRISTMAS GOODS

—AT—

BLOOMBERG'S

For Men, Boys and Children

No matter what you want good to wear Bloomberg's
is the place.

The Newest Styles in

FURNITURE & RUGS

and the lowest prices.

National Furniture Company

Bell Phone 121

106-108 Main Street

Salem, Ohio

**RAYDIO - FASHIONABLE GIRDLES
AMERICAN GIRL MODELS**

\$1⁰⁰ to \$5⁰⁰

As the corset is necessary for dress wear - so is the
girdle appropriate for dancing, athletics and the home.

A graduate corsetiere to serve you

THE HEMMETER STORE

HOWING

line. Hand
Candle Sticks,
pens and Fyne
Music Folds
Pocket Books
Christmas Cards
Drums, Doll

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Salem, Ohio

GIRDLES LS

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JOE AND HELEN

"Hello Helen," said Joe, a very prominent foot-ball fellow.

"Why hello Joe," replied the girl, "I must see you after school tonight. It is very important."

"All right, only, can't you tell me now?"

"Well, no, I guess I had better tell you after school when we are alone."

"All right," replied Joe and he walked away.

Helen had been thinking of matters for two days and she had at last come to the conclusion that she must stand up for her school rather than for the boy she liked. After school the following conversation took place.

"Oh, Helen," cried a voice, "Come here."

Helen turned around only to see Joe and his happy face.

Helen knew she must begin so she started with this.

"Joe, I am very sorry about this and do not altogether blame you, but, you are accused of putting tacks in every seat in the study hall. There are doubtless some more mixed up in it, but as Presi-

dent, I cannot let this go by."

Joe looked at her in surprise. "Why Helen, you wouldn't do such a thing against me. Why that would mean I would have to give up foot-ball for this season. I admit I was wrong and so were the rest, because it did cause serious trouble, but I thought you would certainly get me out of it."

"Why Joe, why-Oh- I mean, Joe, I just can't this time. It's up to me to report any evidence that I can get hold of. I must do it, don't you see?"

"No, I don't, and what's more everything is all off between us if you squeal on me."

"Joe how can you be so blind? Don't you see how much the school depends on me? Don't you see that if that boy was hurt badly, then someone must pay? Joe, this isn't turning me against you because I know you too well. But this once I just feel as if I must. I am doing it not against you but for my school. I hope you will not feel any ill feeling toward me."

"I guess I won't go to that dance, Helen. Goodbye." And

Joe left.

Helen did not know what to think. She knew she would have to give up her friendship with this boy now and probably would have the whole foot-ball team against her. She did her duty and went home and cried it all out by herself. She felt better and cleaned up before going down stairs. Just as she was coming down the stairs, the door bell rang. She hurried down and to her utter amazement who should stand there but Joe himself.

"Why, er, Hello Helen, I'er-just-er-came over to tell you what a beast I was this afternoon. Say will you, I mean could you get ready for that dance tonight? I see the whole thing in a different light now, and I want to make up for it. If you can get ready, I'll be around about eight-thirty."

"Why, yes I can Joe. You don't know how happy this makes me."

That is as far as she got, for Joe burst out with: "Gee, you're a regular sport. I'll be around. So long."

"Good-bye, Joe. See you later."
Eleanor Tolerton, '23

HOW AUNT SALLY SOLVED THE PROBLEM

Every time I saw her I wondered how she could be so cheerful. The world hadn't been overly kind to her, but still she never seemed to be the sort of person who wanted sympathy. Although she must have been sixty years old when I first saw her, she seemed as young in spirit as the village children who adored her.

One time when I was feeling especially blue and the editor had just sent back a story I was sure he would accept, I stopped in to call on Aunt Sally, as everyone called her. I'll never forget how she looked as she sat in her arm

chair in front of the fire, the very spirit of home.

She was knitting some soft woolly thing and as I came in she looked up with her usual smile. "How can you be so everlastingly cheerful," I asked. "It's raining cats and dogs out of doors but you look as peaceful as a summer day in June."

She looked up still smiling but there was a shadow on her face. "It's a hard lesson to learn, child" she said, "but after you've learned it, life's more worthwhile."

Then she settled back in her chair, and with her eyes fixed on the glow of the fire, told me this story.

"About forty years ago, I was studying in one of the finishing schools. I was having a wonderful time in school enjoying every minute of it, both work and play. My brother Jack, whom I considered about the best brother that ever lived was sending me through school. One day after I came to my room, a telegram came for me. It was brief and to the point, "Jack shot himself ten minutes ago. Come at once."

"You can imagine my agony on that homeward trip! My darling brother whom I thought was happy had taken his own life. I was selfish, too. I couldn't understand how he had been so thoughtless of me. Ever since our father and mother had died, he had taken care of all affairs and never bothered me at all about financial troubles.

"But ten minutes after my arrival home I was hating myself as I never had before. Jack had left a letter."—At this point Aunt Sally walked to a table and from a drawer took out a faded envelope. She handed it to me and I seemed to go back forty years and see the young girl face to face with her

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merely,

"Dear Sally,

I can't stand this trouble and
worry any longer. Expenses have
been terrible and somehow all
Dad's property seems to have
disappeared. I can't stand facing
it any more.

Don't think hard of me.

Jack."

The tears came to my eyes when
I read that note. Poor Jack, dead
forty years just felt so discouraged,
I knew, that he couldn't help
taking his life.

Aunt Sally was more aroused
than I had ever seen her before.
Her eyes flashed as she continued.
"I'll tell you I realized what a
selfish little fool I'd been. My
brother who had done everything
for me, I had allowed to kill
himself, out of worry while I en-
joyed myself at an expensive school
I never thought of anyone but
myself and my brother had to
stand the punishment for my
thoughtlessness". But,"—and here
her voice grew quieter, "the worst
punishment came in the future,
when people whom I had thought
were my friends made sneering
remarks. They had never noticed
my selfishness before, but now they
knew it and talked accordingly.

Life didn't seem worth living
anymore. Nothing could bring
Jack back to life. What was the
use of my trying to go on? And
after all it wasn't my fault that I
was useless and self centered. No
one had tried to teach me, and
I hadn't realized. It seemed that
the solution would not come.
Then one of my true friends told
me of a vacancy in the village
school here, and I came to see if I
could forget. And after ten years
I did to a certain extent. New ex-
periences made me consider other
things beside my personal interests.

The solution came to me, one
time when I was teaching the third
grade children that poem, "Life's
Mirror." One of the verses goes
something like this.

"Life's just the Mirror of King and
Slave,

T'is just what you are and do,
Then give to the world the best
you have,
And the best will come back to
you."

And then suddenly things be-
came clear to me. I hadn't been
giving my best to the world and of
course had not been receiving any
reflection. Just because my mirror
was dim in the beginning because
of thoughtlessness it was useless
to go on reproaching myself. Since
I had been a material cause of
dimming my brother's mirror my
salvation would be in clearing
others.

And so I've lived on here for
years, even after giving up the
village school.

The secret of content is to be
giving your best and all heartaches
and troubles may be helped by
keeping the mirror bright.

I've never forgotten Aunt Sally's
story and how she solved her prob-
lem. She has been dead quite a
few years now, but when trouble
comes I still seem to hear her
saying, "All trouble may be helped
by giving your best and keeping
the mirror bright."

—Florence Hoffmaster '23

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

Said Mrs. A.

To Mrs. J.

In quite a confidential way,

"It seems to me

that Mrs. B.

Takes too much some-thing in her tea.'

And Mrs. J.

to Mrs. K.

That night was overheard to say,

She grieved to touch

Upon it much,

But "Mrs. B. took such and such!"

Then Mrs. K.
 went straight away.
 And told a friend the self same day.
 "T'was sad to think,—
 (Here came a wink,)
 That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
 The friend's disgust
 Was such she must
 Inform a lady which she missed
 That Mrs. B.
 at half past three,
 Was that far gone she couldn't see.

This lady we
 have mentioned, she
 Gave some needle work to Mrs. B.,
 And at such news
 could scarcely choose
 But further needle work refused.
 Then Mrs. B.
 As you'll agree
 Quite properly she said—said she,
 that she would track
 the scandal back
 To those who made her look so black.

Through Mrs. K.—
 And Mrs. J.
 She got at last to Mrs. A.
 And asked her why
 with a cruel lie
 She painted her so deep a dye?
 Said Mrs. A.
 In sore dismay
 "I no such thing could ever say.
 I said that you
 had stouter grew.
 Taking too much—sugar—which you do."
 Orlan Wank, '26

Do your Xmas. shopping at the
 Alumni booth.

Gifts from New York, Mexico,
 Paris, and Hawaii.

Senior Carnival, Dec. 18-19
 Monday and Tuesday.

Aprons, towels, handkerchiefs,
 caps, holders, cushions, anything
 and everything at the bazaar.

Senior Carnival, Dec. 18-19
 Monday and Tuesday.

Little is known of the 206 show
 but as Bolen and Vollmer are on
 the committee, it should be worth
 while.

Senior Carnival, Dec. 18-19
 Monday and Tuesday.

JAY WALKERS

There are a dozen careless gawks
 in ev'ry school enrolled,
 Whose only recreation is not doing
 as they're told.

You know the brilliant lad who
 loves to saunter down the hall
 And, thrilled with self-importance,
 writes his name upon the wall.
 I b'lieve that those who criticise
 will not receive much blame,
 For saying that the lad will ne'er
 approach the hall of fame.

And further more you know the
 chump who won't obey the laws,
 Whose only form of exercise is
 functioning his jaws,
 Who hails each assignment by
 reproachful "OH'S" and "AH'S"
 And when the teacher marks him
 low he wonders at the cause.

It gives me greatest pain to intro-
 duce you to a bunch,
 Who concentrate their efforts on
 contributing a punch,
 And when they reach the study hall
 they all begin to crunch,
 In each respective class room they
 are thinking of their lunch.

You all have seen the damsels
 comb their hair to make it fluff,
 And sacrifice their study time to
 use the powder puff;
 For work demanding care and
 thought we substitute a bluff,
 Yet endless ministrations for one
 nose is not enough;
 Let's make some resolutions that
 we'll try to keep the rules,
 Put every action in its place, and
 have the best of schools.

—Lucy Hole '23

Donald Smith, Freshman Editor
 of the "Quaker" is looking for all
 those eighth graders who wrote
 for the "Mirror."

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NATURE

When we are alone with our-
selves out in the open with Nature
we forget our troubles and a peace
comes over us.

Nature is so calm and unruffled
and so quietly kind that we feel
the insignificance of petty quarrels
and bickerings. Nature somehow
sets our troubles at rest and makes
us think. Nature makes us resolve
to do noble things and to help our
fellowmen.

On a soft June day when the
plants first begin to send up their
shoots and all Nature seems athrob,
the sky comes near to the earth to
brood over the growing life. Then
we wonder what things are worth
while, if the mad rush and bustle
of life really get us anywhere.

In a summer night when every-
thing is hushed and the moon and
stars seem to catch a spirit of
tenderness something seems to lift
us out of ourselves to where we
can catch the spirit of the night
and ponder over the mysteries of
life.

Nature seems to inspire ambi-
tion and to give you a feeling that
those troubles that you had were
not so important after all. Nature
makes you wonder at her majesty
and makes you acknowledge some
power greater than man.

—Eugene Hill '24.

SMILES

One of the most worthy accom-
plishments of a person's career is
the feat of being able to smile in
spite of adverse circumstances. It
is easy to smile when affairs are
running smoothly and according
to our liking, with no disappoint-
ments and no discouragements to
mar our happiness. But it is an
entirely different matter to be able
to smile in the face of failure and
even disaster. Is it not just as

splendid,—just as heroic,—for the
boy on the foot-ball team who can
come up with a grin, though de-
feated, as that other young fellow
who has played the game so val-
iantly and won? It takes courage
of the highest type to smile at such
a time.

There are some people who value
sympathy of a certain kind, to
such an extent that they think it
is necessary to go about with long
faces for fear their friends will think
them unsympathetic. There are
others who believe that if there is—
or has been—any trouble in the
family they must advertise the
fact by presenting most forlorn
and tearful countenances to the
world. People such as these help
neither society nor themselves but
rather, cause others to be equally
as miserable as they insist upon
being. Let us remember that those
whom we often term "cold", "hard-
hearted", and "unfeeling" some-
times carry greater sadness in their
hearts than we know, and that
their smiles are only masks to eyes
of the world.

—Mary Helen Cornwall '24

Oh, for a happy medium
Not too much work
Not too much play
I've tried and tried
And tried in vain
But the same old question
Comes up again
How much work
And how much play
To make this a balanced day?

There's too much work
And I'm tired and cross
And then things can't go right
Or there's too much play
And the work of the day
Is almost out of sight.
Oh, for a happy medium
To keep me going right
Not too much work
Or too much play
Just a happy medium
For every day.

L. S.

WAR(Continued from last issue)

After this I set out with eight other men in a large tank. We went all right until we came to a huge shell hole. We didn't go around but started right through. We reached the bottom in safety but when we started up the other side it was so steep the tank turned over and went right back the way we came and we only got it stopped at the place we started from. Then as an example of army mulishness we were courtmartialed for desertion.

We were acquitted at the court martial and the next week went out for another fight. This time all went well until we passed our trenches and headed for the German's. We struck another shell hole but this one didn't turn us over. When we tried to ascend the side of the thing we slipped back, we did this five times and then I hit on a plan. I got out, attached a strong cable to the back of the tank and threw a hook attached to the other end of the line into the bottom of the hole. We then started the tank and got out of the shell hole easily because the hook stuck in the bottom of the shell hole and pulled it up after us so we couldn't slide back. We were a queer sight that day going through the battle with a hook dragging along behind.

This show of brains on my part won me three tin medals and a transfer to the aviation corps. I trained breaking bucking airplanes for two months with only one mishap and that was when an airplane ran away with me and almost smashed me up against a huge cloud. I just got control of it in time.

Finally I set out as an observer in a two seated observation plane. We sailed far over the German

lines and were about to turn back when we saw a huge shell headed straight for us. The pilot with presence of mind turned the plane over and the shell passed between our landing wheels. The plane was saved and the pilot righted it and headed for home, but I wasn't with him, I was 'Somewhere in the Air' over Germany. I alighted on a soft cultivated field in Germany, but don't think I stopped there. I didn't, I went straight on through to China and when I saw where I was I turned, dived through the hole and came up in Germany again. It was a dark night when I shoved my head through the German soil and though I felt safe, I didn't take any chances. Napoleon says an army marches on its stomach. Well! This army of one consisting of myself marched for twenty-five miles on its stomach before it thought it safe to arise and walk. I just caught myself in time or I would have gone through the ground again for the breaking day showed me that I was on the outskirts of Berlin.

I then gathered my scattered nerves from the ground and walked boldly on, posing as a disguised officer in the Unintelligent Department of the German Army. I carried it all well and went about as though I belonged there. The language was no difficulty to me as I had been on intimate terms with Saurkraut and Limburger cheese in America.

I stopped a high official and, saying that I had just returned from a spying expedition into France and had important news for the Kaiser's ears alone concerning the menu he would be able to obtain when he finally obtained this meal in Paris he wanted so much, I was immediately taken to the royal residence and

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was told to find the Kaiser myself.

I wandered around for awhile until I heard a rasping noise and set out to find the cause. I found the cause in the backyard. It was the Kaiser practicing with a saw buck, a buck saw and a cord of wood. He started to greet me but I didn't give him a chance as I tackled him and in the twinkling of an eye had him bound and gagged and was carrying him out of Berlin in an old burlap sack. I walked clear to the front line trenches with him, passed through No Man's Land and stuck him in a dugout in an American trench. It was good he was tied for the dugout was so small you had to stand up to change your mind.

I kept Bill there for a week, feeding him on saurkraut and weiners until he became so desperate he signed a message to his son the Crowned Prince, to make peace at once. I then turned him over to the military authorities, but unfortunately just before the Armistice was signed I was invalidated home on account of the toothache. Because of this and my natural modesty I have never received credit for ending the war as I did.

—Morgan Thomas Forney '23

"THE TRUTH ABOUT JULIUS CAESAR"

Julius Caesar, as you all know, was a very great man. Every one of you has probably read something about him in history, geometry or in the Farmer's Almanac. Anyway he was born in Rome about 100 B. C., which was just a few years before the first rail-road was built between that city and London.

Caesar's birth was quite an event in Roman history and consequently there was a four column

write-up about him in all the Roman newspapers the next day. His father wanted to call his little son "Charlie" after the famous motion picture comedian, but his mother insisted that it should be "Billy" in honor of "Billy" Sunday. Finally they reached a compromise and named him Julius.

Caesar's early days were spent at his father's country home near Rome. His father was very rich and owned three automobiles—also a Ford. Julius was very fond of driving and he used to go out and practice every morning on the Appian Speedway. As a boy he had a great many friends. He was very fond of clothes, wore horn-rimmed glasses, parted his hair in the middle and could chew gum with great ease and facility.

Caesar finished high school at the age of sixteen and then his father sent him to college at Paris to continue in pursuit of his studies, which strange to say he had never been successful in catching. While in college he burned the midnight oil but instead of using it to get his next day's algebra problems, he spent his evenings in the cabaret or sometimes went to see the Follies Bergere. It was on one of these occasions that he first met Cleopatra. She was a bright-eyed little girl with bobbed hair, a diamond ring and galoshes, and since Caesar was becoming a bit short of change about this time, he borrowed the ring and later pawned it for five dollars. But Cleopatra found him out and it made her angry; so she broke all her dates with him and began going with Mark Anthony!

Caesar finally graduated from college and started for Rome. At the depot he was met by his mother in tears. "Julius," said she, "your dear father is dead. It

happened this morning as he was going to work on the street car. The car hit a milk wagon and your poor father was thrown out. He died a few hours later in the hospital. And to think, he was only 97!"

After the funeral was over, Julius began to look for a job. After refusing several good positions he finally accepted a clerkship in a cigar store. It was here that he first learned the pernicious habit of using tobacco, a habit which most certainly hastened his death, for seventy-five years later we find him a corpse.

About this time, Caesar began to participate in public affairs and soon rose to great prominence. He finally reached the Senate where he made a big hit with the people by introducing a new bill for allowing the motion picture houses to be open on Sunday.

Caesar was a great baseball fan and went to every game in Rome, when ever he could get a pass, otherwise he stood outside and looked through the fence. At one time he wanted to become a player himself but when the captain told him that he would have to take four hours of exercise every morning, he changed his mind and learned to play dominoes instead.

Julius Caesar was a very religious man and could say the ten commandments either backward or forward, before breakfast or after. He was very fond of fried oysters, Grape-Nuts and pumpkin pie with whipped cream, and this was what he usually had for lunch, while at dinner he preferred mashed potatoes, sardines, black coffee, ice cream and roasted peanuts.

Caesar was very fond of literature and it was while indulging in this amusement that he met his doom! One evening as he was

reading Shakespeare's "The Tragedy of Hamlet" for the thirty-seventh time and had just gotten to the exciting part where Ophelia falls into the river, the door-bell rang and Brutus came in, and, pointing a revolver toward Caesar announced that he had come to kill him. Caesar said that he had no particular objections, if he'd let him finish his story and be quiet so as not to disturb the neighbors. Brutus promised to give him five minutes' time but later shot him between the fourteenth rib and eleven o'clock!

And thus ends the great story of a great man!

—Carey Schroy '23.

"GRACE TO THE UTMOST"

How often can a feminine whim block man's most cherished undertakings? Consider the case of Pude. He wanted to go to the junior party and he wanted her to come with him. Everything was arranged for; nothing was lacking but her presence. He plead with her, but she would not go. He fell upon his knees, but entreaties moved her not. He grovelled in the dust before her, but in vain. What could he do? Coerce her? Of course not. He cajoled her, told her that many like her would be there; he begged; he even lied. But she would not even listen to him. Anger ruled him now. "I'll fix you." He howled, and dashed a brick to bits between her yellow eyes. With a frightened chug, the "Tin Lizzie" started toward the Gym.

—Frances Speidel '24.

Wanted—Everyone to visit the modern, up-to-date "Filling Station" at the Senior Carnival.

Shakespeare's "The Tragical
 "let" for the thirty-
 and had just gotten
 part where Orphelia
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Harry Schroy '23.

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ances Speidel '24.

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TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in amazement at the outgoing train which was just pulling away from the station. Their first thought was to run after it but before they could act the train had gone around the curve and was out of sight. So they sat in their car and started for home.

Mr. Mann broke the silence: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great Guns!" cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly steering into the ditch, "Just listen to that! And I sat in the car ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mann with the voice that no one can use only a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you yelled for me to go back for something you had forgotten. It was you that made me late."

Mr. Mann groaned, "This is too much, everyone knows that if you were going to Europe you have to know about it six weeks ahead of time to get ready, and then I suppose you would miss the train. All I would have to do would be to, put on a clean shirt, grab my satchel and fly."

It all ended that their visit was postponed till the following week. It was all planned that each one should get himself ready and go down to the station, and the one who failed to be on time should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train left at 10:30.

Mr. Mann came home from work at 9:45 and shouted, "Now then, only three quarters of an hour's

time. Fly around; a fair field no favors done you know."

Away they flew. Mr. Mann in one room, out of another, chuckling to himself all the time how Mrs. Mann would feel when he started.

He stopped on his way up stairs pulled his shoes off by the kitchen door to save time. Then pulled off his coat, threw it on the chair for the same reason. He then jerked off his vest as he went through the hall and flung it on the hatrack. He kept this up till he was ready to put on clean clothes when he was in his bedroom.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "Where are my shirts? They ain't in the drawer, why I never seen half this stuff."

"These things are mine scattered on the floor. You haven't looked in your drawer."

"Why didn't you lay out my things, you had nothing to do all morning."

"A fair field and no favors my dear," calmly replied Mrs. Mann.

"Well," shouted Mr. Mann, "No buttons on the neck."

"Because you have it on wrong side out."

Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt and he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and when it was over his head the clock struck ten. When he came through he saw Mrs. Mann fixing the end and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my collar-buttons?"

"On the shirt you took off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves and hat while Mr. Mann was hunting his cuff-buttons.

Mrs. Mann remembered he had left them down stairs so she told him. So he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his shoes and landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with a bang like an explosion.

"Are you ready?" sweetly asked his wife, leaning over the banister.

The unhappy man groaned, "Will you throw me down my shoes?"

Mrs. Mann pitying him kicked them down.

"Where's my valise?"

"Up in your dressing room."

"Packed?"

"Not unless you did it yourself."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted, "Where is my vest, it has all my money in it?"

"You laid it on the hatrack," she called back, "Goodbye."

She hadn't turned the corner before she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear my coat?"

"You threw it on the Hope Chest."

She was on the street car and you could see her no more. But we heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house.

At the depot the people were amused, just as the car was pulling out, to see a young man with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned, necktie flying, and the doorkey in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring at the car, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the platform of the last car.

—Gladys Probert '23.

THE OLD RED LATIN (Done in penance for one of his many sins in 203)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my schooldays;
When fond recollections present them to view.

The black board, the desks, the dust laden floor,
And every loved spot which my classmates knew;

The widespreading windows and the sharpener near by it,
The clock and its bell with its heavenly knell,
The desk of my teacher and the cupboard close by it,
And e'en the red Latin that lay on my desk.

The old red Latin, the cloth bound Latin

The pencil-marked Latin that lay on my desk.

That pencil marked Latin I hailed as a curse.

For often at noon when returned from my lunch

I found it the source of exquisite displeasure;

The hardest and toughest that mind can devise.

How sadly I seized it and with hands that were trembling
And slowly it fell to the initial scarred desk.

Then soon with the emblem of sorrow o'erflowing

And dripping with sweat I arose, from my seat.

The old red Latin, the cloth bound Latin

The pencil-marked Latin that lay on my desk.

How sad from the hall to the room did I go

And sit at my desk with my head in my hands.

The thoughts of my meal could not cheer me up then

The saddest and dreariest time of the day.

And now far removed from 204

The tear of regret will intrusively swell

As memory turns to the battle scarred room,

And thinks of that pony I never did own.

That dear little pony that goes
with the Latin
The old red Latin, the cloth bound
Latin,
The pencil-marked Latin that lay
on my desk.

—Paul Bartchy '23.

EDUCATION AS A ROAD TO SUCCESS

One of the greatest assets a young man or young woman can have is a good education. It presents opportunities for success that would never be discovered without it.

Education is not merely the collecting of facts, to be stored away in the mind. It affects the actions, words, and manners of one who receives it. It raises him above the level of the unlearned. It gives him poise, confidence in himself, power and influence.

Besides the intellectual and social benefits gained, there is another motive which should prompt young people of this generation to receive all the education possible. It is Necessity. In these modern times, a young man cannot compete with the foreign laborer on the labor market. The foreigner, accustomed to privations, can live on a very small salary, on which an American would find it impossible to sustain his needs and those of his family.

Forty or fifty years ago, men could attain success with very little education, for men were on a level. Now the young man with no education has no more chance to succeed than the foreign laborer, and is entitled to little more consideration for, in many cases, it is his own fault.

Many young people are dazzled by a seemingly good opportunity to earn a little money, and throw away their chances for an educa-

tion. In some cases this is a laudable act, if there is actual need of money in the family. But in most cases it is simply the desire to earn a little more money for personal use. When the young person succumbs to this temptation, he shows that there has been little consideration for the future on his part.

We must interest our young people in education. It is not only because of the benefits received by the individual, but also because of the effects of ignorance on every division of society. Imagine what would happen if all government positions were given to ignorant men unable to overcome the problems which their duties would present. It would expose our country to every evil imaginable. Strikes, riots, possibly civil war would follow such an act. Yet many are paving the way to such a state, for they persist in neglecting the education of their children.

—John Cavanaugh '24

We do hereby solemnly promise that the "eats" this year will be even more luscious than usual. We guarantee that hamburgers and ice cream sandwiches served by our pretty high school maidens will be a very great attraction. We do not promise any unusual food because of the fact that Salemites would never forgive us if we put salt in the ice cream and sugar in the wieners. Come out and see what good cooks S. H. S. students are.

SENIOR CARNIVAL— DECEMBER

A Lie has no legs and cannot stand alone without many others to help it; but it can run fearfully fast, and cover a lot of ground.

NOTICE—Don't practice fifty yard dashes in the halls; Mr. Owens is a pretty good runner too.



Results of Salem High's football season.

Columbiana.....	0-54
Leetonia.....	0-45
Wellsville.....	0-32
Niles.....	6-19
E. Palestine.....	0-32
Warren.....	32-18
E. Liverpool.....	12-25
Youngstown South.....	33- 6
Uricksville.....	6-13

Salem scored 234 to opponents 89. This hasn't been duplicated since the time of Willaman, Cronin, O'Connors, and Bailey until this year.

FOOT-BALL NOTES

The red and black has this season brought home the "bacon." In former years since 1916, the elevens representing the school have failed to win the pennant.

The 1922 eleven won the county championship and no one is prouder than the boys who are on the team.

They have worked hard and faithfully and under the direction of Coach Vivian, received the reward which they justly earned.

The team worked against great odds, many nights only eleven and sometimes not that many showed up. Such conditions, anyone knows can hardly produce a winning team; yet it was accomplished and a championship team was produced.

The school, and town supported the team wonderfully, and never before in the history of Salem High had the team such loyal support as was shown by the students and business men of Salem. The team realizes this and their appreciation can hardly be expressed.



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By graduation, the team loses some of its valuable veterans who have showed up on the gridiron. The following men will be greatly missed in their positions next year.

Capt. Stirling	O'Neil
Roessler	Greenamy
McKeown	Bolen
Sheehan	Woods

But good material is yet in Salem High and next year a fast, snappy eleven will represent the school.

Here's to next year's team from the hearts of those veterans that are leaving. They have played their last game for the red and black but may their slogan be passed on forever in this school. **"Fight fellows, never say die!"**

SCHOOL NEWS

Oct. 21, 1922—Doctor Yaggi gave the boys a banquet at Youngstown after the Niles game. Mr. Vivian and Doctor Yaggi gave toasts. Every boy said something although I imagine some of the speeches were rather short. Henry Yaggi and "Dizzy" Reese acted as Mascots.

Oct. 23, '22—The foot-ball boys were given a banquet by the Kiwanis Club. The boys enjoyed themselves immensely. Coach Thorpe of Mount Union, Mr. Gager and Chester Smith were speakers.

Oct. 26, '22—Florence Hoffmaster gave a very interesting talk on "The Life of Roosevelt."

Rev. Harmon spoke to us of the Mardi Gras that the American Legion had charge of. He also said that a cup would be presented to the class that won the tug of War that night. The Sophomores were to pull against the Freshmen. This is to be made an annual affair.

The cup was a beautiful silver one.

Oct. 31, '22—Mardi Gras night—The Sophomores won, two out of three pulls winning the cup, which was presented to the Sophomore president Nov. 3, 1922.

Nov. 3, '22—Foot-ball Rally for Warren game. Miss Thraves and Miss Friedrich gave very interesting talks. Mr. Rhorabaugh tells us about Foot-ball. He explained it as no one else has been able to do.

Nov. 4, '22—The Warren Game! Of course every one in town knows about that game, but we are going to give you a few facts that perhaps you don't know. There were about four hundred Salemites went to Warren. The Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs made it possible for us all to go over. We don't see how we can ever repay them. There were enough machines for everyone and it seemed that there was a continual stream going over. The cars were nearly all decorated.

We were beaten but we think that our victory over East Liverpool offsets that defeat. Never was there any better cheering done than at that Warren game. Our enthusiasm never slackened. All in all, we think it was the one game that had the pep and enthusiasm of the whole school behind it.

Nov. 9, '22—Reverend Miller spoke to us. His talk was on "Armistice Day." It was a most impressive speech. He told us of his life in the army and the conditions that the men had to endure to make this country and other countries free. He told us how the boys felt when they at last came home and saw so much frivolity and carefree feeling. We did not seem to realize the great thing those boys, over there, did for us.

He also told us how we should observe Armistice Day. He ended his fine speech by telling us that he knew everyone was backing us in our East Liverpool game and hoped that we would add another victory to our list.

Nov. 14, '22—Mr. Lou spoke to us. His subject was "The Education of China." He has only been here a few years, yet we understood everything he said. He intends to go back to China as a teacher of Religion. His talk was very interesting. He told us of the present schools in China. They are much like our own but still are very few and far between.

Nov. 15, '22—Today was a holiday for the High School as well as the rest of the Schools. The teachers were visiting in Canton, Youngstown, and various other schools.

The committees are working for the Senior Carnival now, which will be held the eighteenth and nineteenth of December.

—E. T.

DREAMS

Dreams, dreams, dreams,
Laugh at them how you will
But down in your heart
(For that's where they start)
You know they are real, yes, real.

Altho' you may not realize them,
You need them any way,
For when you're unhappy or sad,
Just dream awhile, and then you'll be glad

Dreams,—Day dreamers, a far-away look
in one's eyes—
Sometimes we censure them
Scoff at them
Jeer at them
Always we smile at them
But we know they are real.

L. S.

What is a college-bred?
A four year loaf.—Ex.

EDITORIAL

At the election, November seventh, the people of Salem voted on two school issues. One was the continuance of the three mill levy; the other was on the \$50,000 bond issue. Both carried. This bond issue makes possible an addition to the High School building. When the building was built, seven years ago, there was no State law such as the one we have to-day. This law states that all children must attend school until they are eighteen years old, or until they are sixteen and have secured a working certificate. The High School attendance has increased 110 percent, over that of five years ago. This is due partly to the State law, but there is another reason for this. Young people nowadays like to go to school; they want to go to school.

We do appreciate the fact that Salem voters want us to have every advantage, and we thank them, and hope that they will always be proud of the schools and not be disappointed in us.

But it is not enough to thank the people and hope for the best; **we**, the students of Salem High, have to do things to keep our towns people proud of us, and keep our school one of the best.

To keep our school one of the best, to keep the people proud of us is a problem for each individual, and each individual can solve it if he wants to. The reason our citizens back us in the things we do is that the school stands for right things. The school stands for clean sports, and high standards. And so as we go about solving our problems let us think of what Lincoln said, "Let us have faith that **right** makes **might**, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

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ALUMNI NEWS

We have some very ambitious alumni at present. The other day I heard that Carrol Cobourn had given his "position" to Harold Maeder as "Curly" was looking for an easy job and Carrol wasn't particular whether he had any or not.

Several of our young ladies have joined the noble cause and are teaching school. Camille Glass, Laura Bush, Dorothea Dunn, Mary Dunlap, and Ora Montgomery are among the dignified flappers. You all remember how quiet Dorothea Dunn was in school. (?) Well, the other day one of the pupils refused to keep quiet so Dorothea put him under the desk for two hours. All the rest of the girls like teaching very much.

They all fall sooner or later and Cupid has struck Paul Rich with one of his arrows and captured him. Paul was married a month or so ago. We will never forget him on account of his foot-ball and basket-ball ability. We all, wish you the best of success and happiness, Paul.

Cupid certainly has been busy these days. Eleanor McKinley and T. Eckstein have decided that one is lonesome and two are company and have gone off and been married. Eleanor was one of the most popular girls in last year's class and "Eckie" is very well liked by the fellows. Good luck to you, Kids.

One young man who spent several years in our High School is missed very much by the majority of us, who liked his sunny face. We have one consolation though, for if we go down to the corner grocery we can see "Emmy" Smith most any time, smiling and as good natured as ever.

"Musty" Gibbons and Thomas French are still seeking some means of becoming millionaires without a great amount of work. I fear for

them and am worried about the automobile business they used to dream of in school.

Elizabeth Miller has recovered from her operation and in a couple of weeks she will return to Columbus to study under her former teacher. Catherine, her sister, has received a distinguished position as she has been chosen by the Harvard Dramatic Club to take a part in a play which they are staging. Miss Miller will have the leading role.

—N. T. H.

JOKES

Talk about Freshmen, how about this one?

Corwin Barton—(in library) Is the Maid of the Sea in?

Louise—We haven't that book.

Corwin—Oh! are you sure?

Louise—Do you know who wrote it?

Corwin—Scott.

Bolen (Translating Spanish)—You're crazy.

Teacher—"Es correcto."

Walde—Gee, you ought to see Forney play football. He goes around left end when he is supposed to go around right end.

Mr. Bloomfield—Maybe he is left handed.

Teacher (indicating No. 122)—What number is this?

John Volpe—That negative sign is turned upside down (meaning the numeral 1).

Hospital attendant—"No, you can not see Clydie now. He is going to be operated on this afternoon."

Morgan—"But I've got to see him. He owes me two cents."

—Ex.

AT THE TUG OF WAR

Mr. Reeves tied the Sophomores end of the rope to a Ford.

This didn't mean a thing to the Freshies as Henry Yaggi helped pull and they pulled the Ford apart

Dorothy Hall in General Science says that the railway systems of the U. S. are, N. & W., C. & O., Y. M. C. A., and Penna Lines.

Another for Freshies

Freshman: Did Caesar marry an Irish woman?

Soph.: No.

Freshie: Well the book says Caesar went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget. Ex.—

Freshie: Say, Bill, did you hear about that new prospectus comius of porcupinins that Prof. Vickers has discovered?

Soph.: Yes, I have been thinking of it for a long time.

Midway Midway

SENIOR CARNIVAL

Freaks from the Wilds of Madagascar

Curiosities from the Steppes of Siberia

Do you know what a crust crow-bar is?

You won't need one if you buy your pies at the Bakery.

Mr. Drennan—How much did you pay for that handkerchief, Owens?

Mr. Owens—One dollar.

Mr. Drennan—That's too much to blow in.

Inez—Is your watch going, Fred?

Fred—Yes.

Inez—How soon?

MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!

Tragedy in Rome.

Today in the Forum a great tragedy befell the world. During a heated argument over the result of the games in the Coliseum yesterday, Caesar was foully murdered by some of his colleagues. International complications may develop.

DISQUALIFIED ADS

THE KAYO PHONOGRAPH

Breaks all records.

S—H—S

LET ME WRITE THE INVITATIONS TO YOUR SUICIDE.

Will B. Gaughan.

S—H—S

Weather for Yesterday:—

Hot winds in northern Greenland with tropical showers around the North Pole.

S—H—S

Proverb

Give the lions a chance but don't let them out of the cage.

Patronize Our Advertisers

S—H—S

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE IMPERIAL ARTS INSTITUTE

Prof. Frederick Scipio Hermes Jupiter Zeigler—Manager.

Professor of the Terpsichore

Prof. Clyde Robert Xerxes Rhobasia Bolen.

Professor of Vocal Tremors

Prof. Raymond Henry Mithradates Apollo Wilkins.

Professor of Mouth-Organ Rhetoric

Prof. Morganicius Agamemnon Caesar's Downfall Forney.

Professor of Poetical Psychology.

Prof. Paul Whittier Shakespeare Phidias Bartchy.

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MURDER!

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ALIFIED ADS

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ownfall Forney.

Poetical Psychology.

Whittier Shakespeare
rtchy.

Liber's Auto Top Shop

22 Penn St.

Bell 1015

Mr. Jones—Have you run into
anything with your new car yet?

Mr. Taylor—No—that is, only
into debt.

Do you carrot all for me
My heart beets for you
With your radish hair
And your turnip nose
Your love is as soft as a squash
And your breath like an onion
You are a peach and the apple
of my eye

But if we cantaloupe lettuce
For I know we would make a
good pear.

In English class it was learned
that the Crusades were fought
near East Palestine.

English II (rules for commas)
Soph.—The comma is used to
separate "the wet horse" from the
rest of the sentence.

In shorthand class a pupil was
reading the outline "mug."

Miss Friedrick—(to another
pupil) Where's your mug?

SodaJerker—Do you want this
dip on your ice cream?

Joker—No give it here, I want
to put it in my pocket.

SOUNDS NATURAL

Teacher—Do you want some-
thing?

Wilkins—No, I just came in to
look at the wall paper.

Bolen's favorite expression—
"Don't know."

Verna—There was a bad fire in
New York and fifteen girls were
supposed to have been burned,
but they weren't.

Bolen and Mike passing one of
our local jewelry stores and looking
in the window:

Bolen—Wouldn't you like to
have your pick, Mike?

Mike—Pick nothing, I'd sooner
have a shovel.

Wilkins (in Physics class)—I
threw a ball into the air once and
it never came down.

Mr. Metzger—How's that?

Wilkins—It lit on a roof.

Senior Carnival Dec. 18-19
Monday and Tuesday.

The Kennedy Agency

Automobile Insurance A Specialty

Room 3 - Hemmeter Bldg.

Patronize Our Advertisers

21

High School Auditorium

THE COMMUNITY PICTURE SHOW

THE MOTION PICTURE NEWS rates most of the features we exhibited the last year under 70 per cent in popularity and most of those booked for December at the Auditorium as over 70 per cent.

When there are better pictures we'll get them for you.

Features for December

1 and 2	Charles Ray in "A Tailor Made Man"
7, 8, 9	Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda"
14, 15, 16	Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy"
22 & 23	Florence Vidor in "Woman Wake Up"
29, 30	Special Cast in "Nanook of the North"

A Harold Lloyd Comedy with each Feature.
Special Orchestra Music !

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SHOW

ates most of the
70 per cent in
ecember at the

et them for you.

Made Man"
ner of Zenda"

ma's Boy"

an Wake Up"

of the North"

Feature.

Make Christmas Day the Happiest Day of the Year!

Our Xmas line is LARGER and BETTER than ever

Ever Sharp Pencils
Ingersol Pencils
Parker Fountain Pens
White Ivory
Kodaks
Leather Goods
Fresh Box Candy

and many other articles to select from to
make this a HAPPY XMAS

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

The REXALL Stores in Salem.

The teacher told the children
to bring something to school to
illustrate immaterial.

One pupil brought a small stick
and told the teacher to take hold
of each end of the stick.

"Now then" he said, "take off
that hand."

"Which hand?" said the teacher.

"Oh! That's immaterial. Both
ends have glue on."—Ex.

IN ECONOMICS CLASS

Mr. Bloomfield—Paul, how
about that?

Paul—I don't know.

Mr. Bloomfield—May, what do
you think?

May—I don't know too.

THE MIDWAY IS BETTER
THAN EVER.

WHOOPEE! LET'S GO.

Monday & Tuesday, Dec. 18-19.
High School Gym.

YOU CAN BANK

ON—IN—& WITH

The Citizen's Savings Bank
SALEM, OHIO

Patronize Our Advertisers

(23)

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

William—"Mr. Jones left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were closer."

Jack—"I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Colorado for his lungs."—Ex.

Who is that?
Oh, that's our Pole vaulter.
Does he speak English?—Ex.

My father fell upon the ice,
Because he could not stand
He saw the glorious stars and stripe

I saw my father-land.—Ex.

Some pupil in Sociology says that "A mutation is a man or animal, etc., that differs from the normal in size or shape but still is normal.—Ex.

SHOES and Hosiery in
ALEM means
PEIDEL'S

On Broadway

Green Stamps With All Purchases

The New STATE Theatre

Where one can enjoy a clean show with
nothing to annoy him

750 Finely upholstered Seats

Good music by a merited orchestra

THE LUNATICS' OUTCRY

A satire of the world's short
comings

Issued once in a while.

VOL. XYZABCWZX

Fri. 13, 13 month, 1913

IN DEED OF OWNERSHIP:—

We, the undersigned, do hereby, thereunto, forthwith, whereby, therefore, henceforth and so forth say on this thirty-second day of September nineteen twenty nothing that our united minds have been molded together in order to give the public united thought through the medium of the Lunatics' Outcry and do hereby, thereunto, forthwith, whereby, therefore and so forth state that our paper was classed as third degree murder on this thirty-second day of September in the year three A. P. (After Prohibition).

Signed: Bolen
Forney
Wilkins
Bartchy

We would like to C. U. B. A.
follower of the Outcry.

EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS

Dearest Readers:—

This section of the "Quaker" was founded for the purpose of broadcasting humor over the world and to provide thought food for the feeble-minded. Already we think, results have been achieved, for we can see the dawn of intelligence in M. Forney's eyes.

We cannot help remarking in our Editorial what a great catastrophe has befallen the good citizens of Bolivia. Latest rumors from there say the people are suffering from a lack of shoes, and there are so many nuts there, that they cannot help but walk on burrs and

You

Above All Must Be Satisfied
with our complete line of

**Hardware, Plumbing
Roofing**

The Salem Hardware Co.

16-18 Broadway

Both Phones 95

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Bunn's Good Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

stones. Think! What a punishment for them to go promenading on Sunday afternoon. Think! and let your hearts be melted and your shoes be taken from your feet for these poor mortals.

As the Editors of the Outcry take pity for these destitute specimens of the human race they have appointed C. Bolen to collect all old shoes possible. He will send them to Bolivia by the Y. & O. as soon as possible.

Hoping you think favorably on this sad subject and that we have plenty of onions next season.

Ye Eds

P. S.—Don't shed tears on this Outcry.

Student: Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes closed?

Dad: Certainly.

Student: Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card.—Ex.

HOTEL LAPE

25 ROOMS OF SOLID COMFORT

RUNNING WATER AND PRIVATE BATHS

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

"HALLMARK" Stamped on a piece of goods
is absolute guarantee of quality.

Select that Christmas Gift from the
"HALLMARK" Line.

THE C. M. WILSON COMPANY

Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

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Ye Eds
shed tears on this

Dad, can you sign
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Well, then, shut your
my report card.—Ex.

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LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

—That's all—

Kessel's
FASHION SHOP.

62 Main Street

Salem, Ohio

I stood one day
And watched the world
And in a flash
I saw the truth.
Another moment and
It was gone, lost forever
Leaving only a dream.

Mildred Birch, '24

A little riddle for you to solve
About which many things revolve:
It's written for spirit
It's written for fun,
It's written by all, for each one
Guess????

"QUAKER"

Dorothy Moore '24

Passenger—"What makes this
train run so slow?

Conductor—"If you don't like
it you can get off and walk."
not expected till train time."—Ex.

One: "Where have I seen your
face before?"

Another: "Right where you see
it now."—Ex.

Mrs. Smith: Katie, have you
seen Miss Edith's finance?

Katie: No, indeed, mam, hit
ain't been in de wash yet.—Ex.

Soph: "I suppose your father
will be all unstrung when he hears
about your exam."

Frosh: "No, I wired him last
night.—Ex.

To any one concerned: If you
see Forney coming get out of the
way, his head is harder than yours.

The other day it is reported that
M. T. Forney ran into another
car with his Ford. Wonder what
"empty" was looking at?

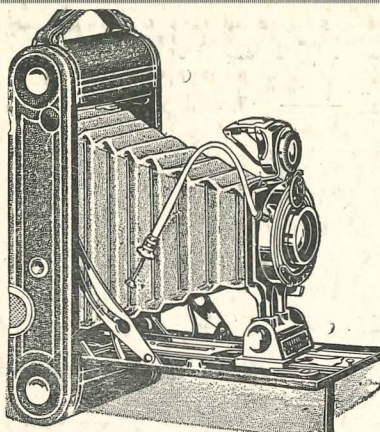
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The BEST place in the city to get your meals.
Open Day and Night Meals at all hours.

METZGER HOTEL, SALEM, OHIO

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KODAKS always make an
acceptable Christmas gift.

TELL DAD

Bennett's Drug Store

—and—

Treat's Drug Store

KODAK AGENTS

The Xmas Store
Santa Claus's Headquarters for

TOYS

The Home Store

China and Kitchen Ware

98 Main St.

Phone

H. B. Thomas

65 Main St.

Auto Accessories and
Vulcanizing

Ladies Hand Bags

Trunks, Leather Goods
and Harness

NOTICE—To all Ford owners—
including Harold Rily—Don't for-
get the "Filling Station" at the
Senior Carnival.

REPUBLICAN LANDSLIDE

The Republican party erupted
today and as a result Bartchy slid
into the White House, by the stu-
pendous majority of one vote.
When his wife heard of his over-
whelming victory she asked him
who he voted for.

STOP!!!! LOOK!!!! LISTEN!!!!

Our very satisfactory "Filling
Station" will be open for business
December 18-19 at the Senior
Carnival.

Never before was there a "Filling
Station" at the Senior Carnival—
Don't miss this one.

Mysteries that astound the civil-
ized world.

For all kinds of

Furnace Work

Roofing & Spouting

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Mounts & Starbuck

at Carr's Hdwe.

SPALDING

Foot Ball & Basket Ball
Supplies

C. S. Garr

HARDWARE

104 E. Main St.

Xmas Store
Headquarters for

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Kitchen Ware
Phone

Thomas
Main St.

cessories and
anizing

Hand Bags

leather Goods
Harness

OK!!!! LISTEN!!!!

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LDING

& Basket Ball
pplies

S. Garr
DWARE
Main St.

Headquarters for Xmas Candy

Big Candy Special!
Watch our Windows

KERR'S

BOB ATCHISON
BONDS & REAL ESTATE

COURTNEY & SCHWARTZ
HIGH-VINE GROCERY

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Free Delivery

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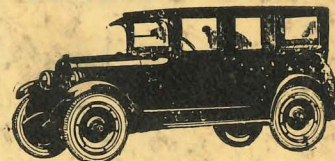
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The Good
MAXWELL

Sales, Service and
General Repairing



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192 EAST 4TH ST.



All Ready for
Christmas Here!

*"Something Electrical for
Everybody"*

THE SALEM LIGHT'G CO.

Phone 48

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**5 Pound Box Assorted Chocolates
\$3.50**

Quality the finest

See us for Christmas Candy

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