

The  
QUAKER

SOPHOMORE NUMBER

Salem High School

JANUARY, 1923



**McCulloch's**



**Greater Salem's Greater Store.**



**Let's All Boost Salem**

**MOORE**

CANDY



ICE CREAM

LIGHT LUNCH

11 Broadway

Phone 567 R

**I. B. TAYLOR**


—OUR LINE OF—

**FRESH FRUITS, VEGETABLES,  
GROCERIES & MEATS**

IS COMPLETE

Phones 248 and 249

We Deliver

 For Particular Persons Our Service  
is worth more than it costs. And we're glad  
to meet any possible emergency of time.

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**FAULTLESS DRY CLEANING**



## HOLEPROOF HOSE

Silk and Silk & Wool

For Ladies

Fitzpatrick & Strain Co.

100 Main Street

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees.

Richelieu Fancy Food Products.

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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



THE GROWING POPULARITY of our Christmas Club — old members rejoining, many new members being added constantly shows that it solves Xmas and Saving problems for those who join.

Make Sure of Your 1923 Christmas Money  
by joining the Club NOW!

Weekly Deposits range from 1c upwards, and bring substantial checks just before next Christmas.

**The Farmers National Bank**  
Of Salem, Ohio

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## THE SPRING-HOLZWARTH CO.

GENERAL DRY GOODS  
GLOAKS - SUITS - MILLINERY  
DOMESTICS - CARPETS

ONE PRICE TO ALL WITH FAIR TREATMENT

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## Photographs at Reasonable Prices

—AT THE—

**REMBRANDT STUDIO**

Opp. First Nat. Bank

Sunday's by Appointment

Phone 157 R

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# ECKSTEIN CO.

**MEN'S WEAR**



r Christmas Club -  
ng added constantly  
s for those who join.  
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and bring substan-

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# THE QUAKER

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

VOLUME III    JANUARY 1923    NUMBER 3

## STAFF 1922-23

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Joke Editor..... Fred Zeigler  
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Sports Editor ..... Harry Sheehan  
Art Editor ..... Donald Woods  
Junior Editor..... Cecelia Shriver  
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Freshman Editor..... Donald Smith

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Mildred Sheehan

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Elisabeth Miller

Lloyd Loop

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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



## HAPPY NEW YEAR 1923

For a complete line of Blank-Books you must see our stock.

Loose Leaf, all sizes, Ledgers, Day Books, Journals, Records, Time Books, Memorandum, Columen Books, up to thirty columns, Bill Heads, Box Files, Rulers, Ink Stands, Fountain Pens, Pencils, Mucilage, Paste, Pen Holders, all kinds and sizes. Only the Best of Inks sold here.

**I. D. & J. H. CAMPBELL**

## BLOOMBERG'S

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Your money will go a great way at Bloomberg's.

The Newest Styles in

## FURNITURE & RUGS

and the lowest prices.

**National Furniture Company**

Bell Phone 121



106-108 Main Street



Salem, Ohio

## The Hemmeter Store

WATCH FOR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR

## Great January Sales

Everything in the store included.



# SOPHOMORES

Katherine Adams—Independent?  
I'll say.

Le Roy Allen—The Comedian.

James Askey—He's only going to  
S.H.S. four years.

Ralph Atkinson—He'd like to be  
quiet a whole period, but its  
not possible.

Ruth Baldauf—The youngster of  
the class.

Edith Barnes—Harmless looking,  
but those eyes can vamp 'em!

Esther Barnes—Clara's chum.

Orville Bates—There's fun in him  
if you can only find it.

Paul Bartholmew—I want to be  
out of sight, but they won't  
let me.

Mary Bates—Anytime, anywhere,  
anyday.

Margaret Becker—Slow, steady  
and precise.

Lucille Bennet—A temper, what  
is that?

Wilford Bennet—I'm a desperate  
man. (?)

Mildred Birch—Curley hair, great  
big eyes.

Stephen Bogar—He'll go to Venice  
some day.

William Bonsall—Quiet looking  
but you never can tell.

Beatrice Bolivar—All business.

Guy Brewer—He wonders what D  
or F would look like in  
geometry.

John Bristol—An interesting talker.

Joseph Bryan—He doesn't waste  
words; what he says is worth  
something.

Sara Bryan—I wonder if folks  
really know I'm around?

Mary Buckfeldner—The "short"  
of the Sophomore class.

Jane Campbell—"The Sheik—  
Ah!"

Lozur Caplan—The boss of room  
200.

Dorothy Carnes—A nice maid in a  
quiet way.

James Cavanaugh—His hair isn't  
marcelled; he said so himself.

Raymond Cobourn—Full of ques-  
tions.

Willa Mae Cone—Like a breath  
of fresh air.

Beatrice Conkle—"Hey.. Beet!"

Wanda Cope—Chewing gum fac-  
tory.

Frederick Cope—Cowboys, rough-  
riders and the west.

Florence Cosgrove—Have you got  
your Caesar?

Hazel Crossely—Dainty as a  
butterfly.

Verda Davis—"Oh! My."

Dorothy Detwiler—"Sonny."

Paul Dougher—His ambition—To  
keep his hair shiny.

Steve Dragich—Ready for service.

Leland Duncan—Say it with a  
grin.

Fred Ebersol—A deep thinker.

James Edwards—Tardiness is his  
middle name.

Isabelle Englert—"Go to it, Izzy."

Margaret Entriken—What's next?

Walter Fernengel—Rubarb Vase-  
lino.

R 1923

st see our stock.

ournals, Records,  
up to thirty col-  
stands, Fountain  
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BELL

RG'S

Boys and

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Salem, Ohio

store

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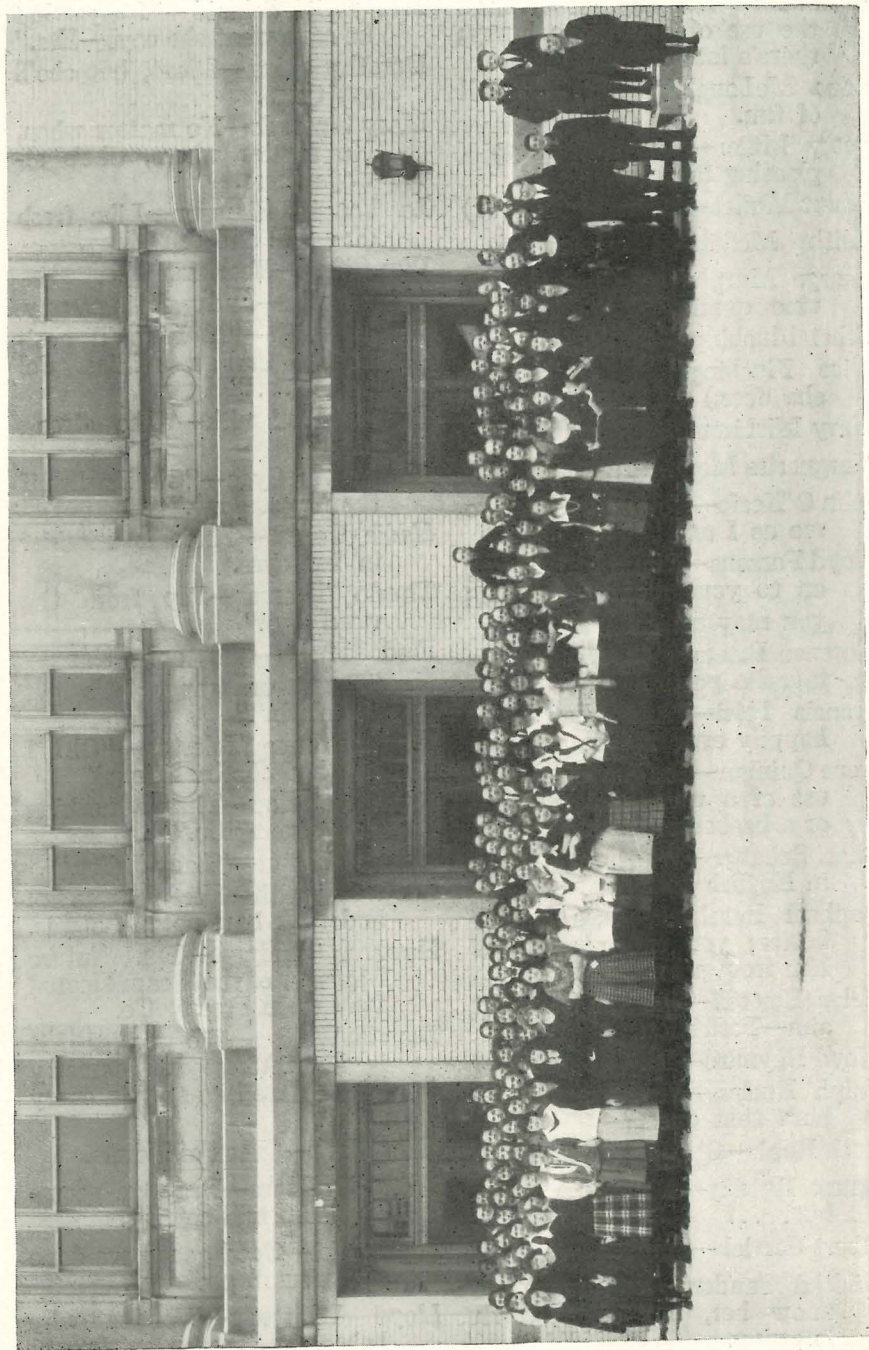
- Andrew Filp—Let 'er go.  
 James Fethers—Some day he'll shock the world and say something.  
 Nixon Fithian—Peace be still! Nixon.  
 Frances Fisher—Silence is golden.  
 Dorothy Flick—Flippity, Flap, Flip.  
 Margaret Floyd—Quietness presides.  
 William Floyd—"Red."  
 James Fogg—The study hall is his favorite abode.  
 Thomas Frantz—Biology Bug.  
 Charles Frantz—Best in the long run.  
 Arlan Fultz—Not on speaking terms with ambitions.  
 Virginia Freet—Oh! those eyes.  
 James Graftan—Keep Smiling.  
 Galen Greenisen—He's going to be a great carpenter some day.  
 Hiram Greiner—The idol of the Freshman girls.  
 Raymond Gunn—Ambition.  
 Lloyd Heacock—A regular flapperino.  
 Ruth Hale—I'm here, where's Sara?  
 Katherine Hagan—Always wanting to do something more.  
 Ralph Hannay—"Aw! quit your teasin', Ralph!"  
 Arthur Hanna—Quiet and sedate, always in late.  
 Ethel Harding—The candy-kid.  
 Emmet Haroff—"Hey, Gunn!"  
 Harold Harsh—Good looking but he doesn't know it.  
 Edward Heck—Our future author of note.  
 Alice Heckert—She'll be famous, someday.  
 Helen Hofmaster—Just Helen.  
 Paul Hill—Of a very good will.  
 Karl Howell—Pep! itself.  
 Ernest Horton—He's always in Ernest.  
 Dorothea Hippley—Unlimited Ambitions.  
 Donald Izenour—Little but full of life.  
 Letha Jackson—"Determination."  
 Clara Janeski—I came from South High.  
 Julius Jefferies—Better known as Caesar or Cicero.  
 Raymond Judge—Raymond's a good kid.  
 Vincent Judge—He studies industriously.  
 Edward Judge—Eddie used to be quiet but now....?  
 Esther Kampher—When she thinks, Oh! how she thinks!  
 Elmer Kerr—I love my teachers.  
 James Kirby—Author of "Eluding my Female Admirers."  
 Camille Kines—Her ambition—To keep the powder on her nose.  
 Ralph Kircher—Good stuff comes done up in small packages.  
 Julia Kleon—Pleasing in every way.  
 Rudolf Kloos—The Bookworm.  
 Theda Knauf—She was blessed with knowledge.  
 William Konnert—Always hard at work doing nothing.  
 Risty Krepps—A second Romeo.  
 Rhea Leipper—Rhea's right there, when it comes to a quadrille.  
 Margaretta Limestahl—Quiet always.  
 George Lewis—Stately (?)  
 John Lippert—If John had lived in Poe's time, Poe would have been a back number.  
 Cessna Macintosh—Veni, Vidi, Vici.  
 Wilfred McArtor—Wil-fred do it? Sure.



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 back number.  
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 Artor—Wil- fred do it?

Alexander McLaughlin—What's  
 the use of bein' in a hurry;  
 there's lots of time.  
 Edna McLaughlin—Fair and full  
 of fun.  
 Betty Miller—Very charming;  
 pleasing to be with.  
 Albert Mullet—Never too busy (?)  
 Edith Mellott—Good-natured.  
 George Murphy—He has the di-  
 vine quality of quietness.  
 Ethel Fluckinger—Vivacious.  
 Alice Fluckinger—I can't (But  
 she does.)  
 Mary Miskimmins—"The Racer."  
 Marguerite Moore—Idealistic.  
 John O'Keefe—You'll have to take  
 me as I am.  
 Floyd Parsons—You'd better hang  
 on to your money, Parsons;  
 you may need it.  
 Florence Peterson—Talking is her  
 favorite pastime. (?)  
 Francis Prici—"And they lived  
 happily ever after."  
 Irene Quinlan—She can make good  
 use of a waste-paper basket  
 or a basketball basket.  
 Chas. Schaffer—What do we have  
 in English today?  
 Raphael Reasbeck—He's getting  
 better; you can almost tell  
 him from a Freshman.  
 Helen Reitzell—She has the right  
 aim—Perfection.  
 Cloyd Reynard—Isn't he funny???  
 Ralph Roelan—Yes, I'm here.—  
 Isn't that queer?  
 Ruth Robb—Oh, did you see that?  
 Ernest Rutzky—A minister's son,  
 but....?  
 Albert Sartick—Spirited.  
 Mildred Sanders—You may not  
 know her, but she's worth  
 knowing.  
 Edward Scott—He's a cute kid.  
 Marguerite Schmid—"I says that  
 he says what she says—Etc."  
 Dorothy Shinn—Silent, but she'll  
 get there.  
 Mary Simonds—No matter when,  
 No matter where, She's al-  
 ways there.  
 La Vaughn Simpson—Like fresh  
 air—cool and refreshing.  
 Wm. Siferd—Fearless.  
 Alden Smith—And make it snappy  
 Helen Smith—"If I could acci-  
 dently find a million dol-  
 lars.....!"  
 Russell Stallsmith—"The strong  
 man."  
 Marion Van Syoc—"Oh! English if  
 thou wert gone."  
 Hadie Talbot—There is mischief  
 in her eyes.  
 Thurlo Thomas—Pep from the  
 word "go!"  
 Fred Theiss—His only slang—  
 "Come on gang, let's get  
 percolatin'!"  
 Florence Jane Tolerton—"Oh! I  
 just had the best time."  
 Oscar Tolerton—There's nothing  
 slow about "Oc."  
 George Vollmer—"Lady-Killer."  
 Leo Wachsmith—Hercules was tall  
 and look how noted he was.  
 Howard Walpert—The future  
 Manager of the Steam Heated  
 Ice Cream Freezer Co.  
 Donald Walton—We wonder if it  
 is his interest in geometry  
 that makes him stay in every  
 night?  
 Elsie Wark—Queen of Hearts.  
 Edith Whitacre—Drag on geom-  
 etry, I'm still coming.  
 Fay Wight—Good goods are done  
 up in small packages.  
 Lloyd Whittney—Wonder why  
 he's almost late every mornh-  
 ing?







Martha Willaman—Allright, Lets' go Danny!

Esther Williams—Oh! how I love public speaking!

Edgar Wilson—He talked! Oh! how he talked!

Mary Yarwood—Wonder why all the little fellows fall for her?

George Yunk—Our aim is happiness!

Margaret Zatko—Honest! I don't know.

Dorothy Ziegler—Gentle, demure and meek.

Sara Mae Zimmerman—I don't care.

Nerr Gaunt—Black hair, black eyes and a grin.

Homer Eddy—Long, lean and lanky.

Leonora Astry—Our Tar-baby.

Francis Simonds—His ambition—To communicate with Mars.

Ruth Isensee—Keep the world smiling!

### SCHOOL NEWS

Nov. 24. The Sophomore party was quite a success. The Gym. was decorated in the class colors blue and steel gray. James Fogg gave a recitation, Mary Miskimmins and Camille Kines danced and the class prophecy was read by Helen Smith. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and games.

Dec. 5. This morning Rev. F. S. Eastman spoke to us about "Morons."

Dec. 6. Rally for Senior Carnival! The chairmen of the various committees were the main speakers.

This morning a very important event occurred. Ask any girl! The "long lost" mirror is down on the second floor again.

Dec. 7. Mr. W. H. Mullins banqueted the foot-ball boys this evening. "Nuff sed!"

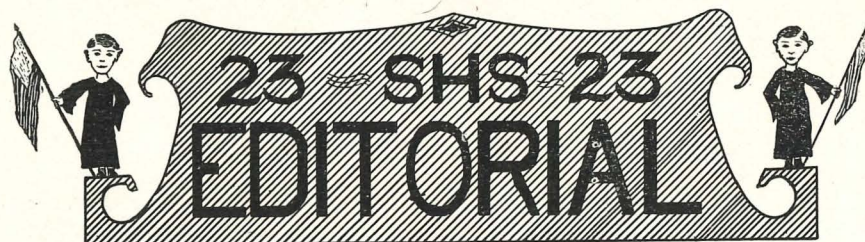
Dec. 8. Open house day. A number of mothers and fathers visited classes this afternoon. After the last class there was assembly. The Faculty Quartette sang, and Mr. Hawley talked about "Education Week." The program was ended with the "Cosack Song" by the girl's chorus.

Dec. 19. Big Christmas Entertainment! The Sophomores gave a Christmas play. This was followed by the presentation of gold foot-balls to the team by Dr. Yaggi. Mr. Vivian then gave the boys their letters. There were fourteen received foot-balls and letters. In appreciation of the splendid work he has done this year, Coach Vivian was presented with a letter. Florence Cosgrove was voted the most enthusiastic foot-ball girl in the high school. She received a gold foot-ball. This foot-ball is to be kept in the school, and each year the most enthusiastic foot-ball girl will be chosen to wear this foot-ball.

### A COMMON SIGHT

As I sat in meditation,  
Wondering what in the nation,  
I should write  
I beheld a sight.  
I looked across the room  
Where I had heard a boom  
The air was full of powder  
And there came a noise louder  
Than the last,  
And a powder puff was moving fast,  
As a girl poured flour on her nose.  
—Wild Holloway.





Many times speakers at assembly have told us that we are the citizens of tomorrow; that some day this great nation will be in our hands. Many of us do not like to be reminded of tomorrow while we are living today, but it is our thoughts now and our choices now that will make the country what it will be tomorrow.

Everyone should have an aim. If you intend to be of some use and value to the country you must prepare yourself for the work you intend to follow. Therefore, it is necessary to choose your life work while in High School. About half of the pupils in this school take certain studies only in order to obtain the right amount of credits. I knew a young man several years ago who took an easy study in his Senior year to give him enough credits to graduate. After he finished school his father died and he was left to support his mother who was in ill health. This prevented him from going to college. In two years there came a chance for a government position. He took the civil service exam.—and failed. He did not have any knowledge of history

and civics. He took a course in night school which cost him money, took his time, and delayed the beginning of his career a year, and received what he could have gotten free in the public schools and for which he would have received credit as well as the study which did him absolutely no good at all.

If a person is undecided about his work and has two or three things in view, he can take subjects relative to all three and no matter which one he chooses, he will have something to fall back on.

The world offers better opportunities and higher pay for skilled people. Those people who have some of this and some of that will find it hard to find a good opportunity for employment.

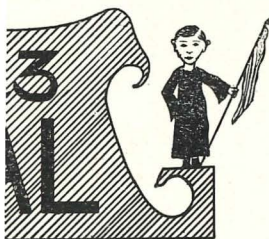
Have you chosen your work? Are you taking subjects relative to that work or are you merely coming to school to get enough credits to graduate?

Many schools are giving courses in the choosing of vocations. In this way the pupil can consider certain lines of work and decide on something he likes.

The world wants people whom they can depend upon in a certain line. In other words, they want professionals and experts. Be one.

—Helen Smith.





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### "A DECEIVING ADVENTURE"

The story all happened like this: If we hadn't lived in a college town where I could trot home for my board and keep I might not have gone to college and then I could never have put my actual experiences on paper. This about putting my experiences on paper is about the only good that I tho't I'd get out of college cause I didn't want to go, in the first place, and in the second, I couldn't see for the life of me, where pop would scrape up the money to send me altho' he had saved some.

Well, I dragged along the first year and about the middle of the second year, this thing I'm gonna tell you about started to happen. I've already told you, I didn't like school and consequently, school didn't like me. I never had a lesson, and whenever I'd pass a professor he'd look at me kinda dense and look as if he was shaking his head inside of him, as much as to say, "What a pity, yet I've done my best," then kinda fold his hands as if he was praying and pass on, then I'd kinda smile and pass on too.

Now, next door to pop and me lived a widow called Mrs. Watson who was about as poor as we were. She had some excuse as she was kinda old but pop tho't he couldn't do anything but act and when a middle-aged man gets that into his head you can say goodbye to his family.

Then, about the middle of this second year, Mrs. Watson got a letter from a nephew who, she said, wanted to come to a larger college having gone for about two years to a small one. So Mrs. Watson, she tells him that he can board there the coming term. So he came. Now he looked to be twenty-six years old and he had coal black hair and little black eyes. He looked kinda sneaking to me but I didn't tell pop cause he'd tell Mr. Jones and Mr. Jones would stretch it a little and so would the next fellow, till they'd raid the house to find stolen clothes or something the next day.

Now Stewart, he's the nephew, got a job working in a jewelry shop from three on, as his classes were over then. He was pretty



smart, Stewart was, and it made me feel kinda funny to think I wasn't. However, I didn't just exactly trust him and it didn't seem so great an honor then.

Well, I began to notice that pop got to goin' over to Watson's a lot and in the spring, when Mrs. Watson asked dad to paint her house, he said, "Sure, no trouble," but when I suggested that he paint ours he said "Ain't I got enuf to do?" Then I noticed that Mrs. Watson started to spruce up, and I knowing the day when she was without anything to eat, sure did open my eyes when she bought a flivver, "Sweet Cookie!" that got me to thinking.

The next day she told me that she was going to go and visit her father and mother at Collinsburg and Mrs. Watson hadn't been twenty miles from home for twenty years. When she returned I noticed the next day that she was sporting a diamond as big as a teacup, Oh! daddy, ten hundred dollars! Then I tho't of Stewart and the jewelry shop.

That night after dad had gone to lodge, I had turned out the lights to go to bed because it was tenthirty. Going up the stairs, I looked out the window over to Mrs. Watson's front porch. She was coming out with a traveling bag in her hand. Her flivver was sitting in the street and a man was in it. So Mrs. Watson and Stewart were skipping out with the jewelry.

I ran down the steps as fast as I could to try and catch them, but I was too late. Then I noticed a note on the front porch. Here is what it said:

Dear Elieen:

Mrs. Watson's uncle died a month ago and left her \$10,000 so we thought tonight would be a good time to get married. We

chose tonight as you thought I was going to lodge and Stewart is dining with his employer who is thinking of raising his pay because he is so trustworthy. Please try and be glad that I have done this.

Dad.

P. S.—Didn't you notice the ring I gave Mrs. Watson?

Dad.

—Helen Smith '25

### "BACK HOME"

Two figures stood near the doorway of the large central station. One was a bit of a girl, slim and vivacious; the other was a fine example of American young manhood, slightly taller than average with a bearing rather more mature than a boy of nineteen usually presents. There was a certain tensity in their attitude, there seemed something sad and yet keenly hopeful in this last moment while they were together. Suddenly the whistle of the coming train snapped everyone to action. The boy glanced at his watch and, with the girl, made his way to the pullman. When he returned, later, to his bench in the station, there was something desolate about him, a sort of spiritual loss. He did not remain there long, however, for soon another train pulled in which the young man boarded, plainly relieved.

"Cherry, dear old Cherry," thought the boy as he sat back in his chair watching the hills and trees fly past. "New York's a pretty big city for a little thing like her. But she'll make good. Sure thing she will, why Cherry never failed in anything she started out to do."

Every hour the miles were steadily lengthening between them.



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He would be at Annapolis in thirty-six or thirty-eight hours. Yes, he was truly going to Annapolis, that great Naval Academy of Uncle Sam's. He had dreamed of it and planned for it and here he was on his way.

His eyes closed and he sat, as though sleeping for many minutes, but Jimmy Westover was far from sleep. He was happy, that he had been appointed to go to one of his country's greatest schools; but what of Cherry, Little Cherry Farrel whom he had worked and played with since the years of his first gumboots and Chery's first pink hair-ribbon? They had lived next door till Cherry was sweet seventeen but last fall the Farrels had moved out to a more aristocratic street, a highly extravagant boulevard on the northside of the city. Warburton was not a large city but it boasted of a very efficient Chamber of Commerce and some other clubs that give our smaller cities the right to be called such. And it was Warburton that had encouraged Cherry to go to New York. Cherry could dance there was no doubt about that, but would New York accept her? Jimmy feared for the life which success might bring as much as he feared her failure. Still, she was to live with some cousins who would care for her, and Cherry was no fool, she wouldn't lose her head, Jimmy felt sure of that.

After eight long months in New York, success did come to Cherry. All Broadway bowed to her tiny dainty lightly tripping feet. Among her most ardent admirers was a certain spendthrift son of a millionaire known to all the great whiteway as, "Reggie" Berkley, the guy with the cash." Yes, he had plenty of money, a Dusenburger,

and good looks, but one must subtract from these, will-power, ambition, and good judgment for he surely lacked all three. Nevertheless, upon Cherry's first appearance as star in Max Linden's big Spring Pantomime of the Flowers Reggie truly "fell" for the first and last time as Reggie himself put it.

In spite of Cherry's disapproval of Reggie and his friends she was carried along in the stream of the real society life of New York City at its gayest.

It was a very persistent Reggie who, night after night doggedly hunted her out after the evening's performance only to whirl her off in his car with a crowd of others to some midnight frolic.

Correspondence with Jimmy had long since ceased. Jimmy's letters of life at the Academy were only repetitions of dull routine, all too monotonous to the gaily flitting butterfly far away in New York. At first Cherry had wished he'd write that he missed her, that he'd like to see her dance—or at least some little thing that sounded a wee bit personal, but no, Jimmy considered her as he always had, just as a little sister, a good pal, nothing more. Did he? Had he never dreamed of a little bungalow with a rose garden—always with a rose garden—and of a fire-place, oh such a big "homey" fire-place and soft shaded lamps—and Cherry? Hadn't he? How did Cherry know he couldn't write the things he felt. More than once he had written to her of his love but in disgust at his own sentimental phrases he had destroyed his letters thinking that she wouldn't understand, that after all she wouldn't care—not that way. Little did Cherry know how one early fall night during a five day furlough Jimmy had eagerly sought her after the delighting



moment of her act when he had seen her dance for the first and only time since her brilliant triumph in that great metropolis, only to see another young fellow leaving with her for—no telling where. His first impulse had been to call to her, to follow her—but glancing about him he was checked by the sight of other young men who had also sought her smile, and he saw the flowers, banks of them outside her dressing room door. Well, perhaps he should not interfere, she was evidently happy, and according to the bits of conversation he couldn't help hearing he felt convinced this Reginald Berkley, whoever he was, evidently had first place. Then disappointed and a little heartsick, he had gone back to Annapolis expecting never to see Cherry again.

But one night Cherry's dance seemed to lag. When Reggie called for her that night she begged that he would take her home. She was very, very tired. The sparkle and vivacity of her eyes was gone and in their place was a wistfulness and yearning for something that the splendor of midnight roof gardens could not supply. Christmas was only a week off. As she and Reggie drove far up along the Hudson, Cherry leaned back and with half-closed eyes recalled that last Christmas at home. She had been in High School then. It had been a wonderful Christmas day. In the morning she and her little brother had gone to the early morning service at St. John's with her father and mother. Then she remembered the dinner, when grandmother Farrel and all her mother's and father's brothers and sisters had come, how she and Bob, her brother, had had to sit on the piano bench together near the end of the table on account of

Aunt Hattie's being so stout that she took up twice as much room as she should, and how Jimmy Westover had run over in the afternoon and all the young folks had gone skating.

Lost in reverie, Cherry scarcely realized that they had turned back toward the city and were nearing her cousin's home till Reggie broke the silence and quite suddenly and without any preamble whatever asked Cherry to marry him. Cherry had long been prepared for such a question but tonight it had been far from her thoughts, so far, indeed that she was decidedly at a loss to answer him. Therefore, as girls have done from time immemorial, she told him that she would give him her answer later, but just when, she would not promise. However, Cherry felt firmly convinced that never would she marry Reginald Berkley. Reggie was impossible. She admitted, to herself, that he was a likable sort of fellow but there really was nothing to Reggie that is, nothing substantial.

Two days before Christmas, Cherry suddenly decided to go home. She hadn't been home for over two years. She realized it with a kind of shock as she was reading her mother's letter that morning.

Meeting Reggie at noon at a favorite luncheon place of their "set" she broke the news and explained how so many times she had disappointed the folks back home when they had expected her to visit.

"But you'll comeback, sure?" he had pleaded that night when he saw her on her train.

But Cherry had only laughed "A Merry Christmas," to his earnest plea, and in her heart had felt that she would never return to stay. She was tired, sick of it.



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She arrived in Pittsburgh on the following morning. One of those busy one-day-before Christmas mornings when rosy-cheeked shoppers and eager home-going travelers jostle one another about in their haste to be on their various ways. Cherry felt rather lonely, lonelier than she had felt since leaving home, except in those first difficult days of her conquest of Broadway's footlights,—when a strong hand suddenly grasped her arm and she looked up to see a pair of shining eyes smiling down at her.

"Jimmy," cried Cherry as she recognized the clear, strong face of the boy whom she had not seen for such a very long time. "Where are you bound for?"

Jimmy looked into her face with a long steady gaze then answered, "Home, Cherry, home for Christmas, and it's the first time since I left for school. Didn't know till a day or two ago that Uncle Sam was going to give me such a Christmas present. My furloughs before haven't been long enough to make it worth while to go home. And you, Cherry? Where are you going?"

"Oh! I guess I'm just going to keep you company from here to Warburton," laughed Cherry, "For I'm going home too."

A few hours later on the fast homeward-bound flyer, Cherry spoke of her last journey over the familiar landmarks she now was seeing.

"Doesn't it seem strange, Jimmy after these two years apart that we should be going home again together?"

For a moment, Jimmy was silent then gravely he nodded his assent and added, "Cherry, little did we think then that it would be so long before we saw each other again, and that when we should meet it

of her old gaiety coming back Cherry shoved Jimmy toward the door, laughing, "Goodbye, Jimmy would be at the very place we parted."

The door-bell rang and Bob Farrel, now a lad of fourteen, opened the door and with a shout, "My gosh, if it's not Sis," rushed upon Cherry and carried her off toward the kitchen where Mrs. Farrel was making plum pudding and cranberry sauce and everything else that makes a real Christmas dinner.

Mrs. Farrel laughing and crying a little together in her happiness at having Cherry home again almost overlooked the handsome young figure in the uniform standing near the door. But young Bob didn't fail to see him.

With a look of hero worship in his eager face he exclaimed, "Gee, Jimmy, you sure do look swell. Why, gosh, Jimmy I never knew you were so goodlookin.' Mother, see what you're missin,' here's Jimmy too."

Mrs. Farrel, radiant in her sudden joy, quickly acknowledged Bob's call for her attention; and after her warm welcome, Jimmy at once made his way to the door. He stood there a moment, uncertain, and a little doubtful whether he should speak or not, when Bob called from the dining room where he stood munching one of his mother's fresh warm doughnuts, "Hey, Jimmy,—Murray's pond's all froze over, skatin'll be great tomorrow, you wouldn't mind goin' would you?"

Jimmy looked down at Cherry, who had accompanied him to the door, and with a questioning look, "Cherry will you go?", waited a moment before answering.

But Cherry had answered for him before he could speak with, "Sure he'll go." And with a spark



Westover, we'll see you tomorrow at three sharp, don't forget." And she called after his retreating back, "Much obliged for bringing me home, Jimmy."

Christmas morning broke clear and bright, with huge banks of glistening snow everywhere. The Farrel home was filled with the odor of pine and roasting turkey. There were holly wreaths in every window and at a large front bay sat Cherry. She wondered vaguely why she had ever left this happy home of hers, New York now seemed far away, some magical dream from which she had just awakened. In her hand lay a string of pearls and the wrapper lying on the floor was postmarked Tiffany and Co., New York.

Though Cherry seemed to ponder over her life of the last two years, still she knew that it had not been a dream, for here were these pearls, pearls from Reggie. She wondered if she had played fair with Reggie, letting him go on caring as she had, and yet it hadn't been her fault, he had been so persistent and had dragged her off time and again against her will. He wouldn't understand,—not Reggie, for he had no home such as hers, but she would try to explain, to make it easier for him if she could, and she would tell him that after all that life in New York had been only a pretense, that it wasn't real, that the real Cherry Farrel, he, Reggie Berkley had never known. And with such words as these, together with the lovely pearls, Cherry made her final answer to "Reggie Berkley, of Broadway, the guy with the cash."

Late that afternoon just as the sun was dipping low, two figures were outlined against its glowing back-ground, as they skimmed the sparkling ice. The slim little girl was Cherry and the other, of

course, was Jimmy. Shouts and laughter rang out from over the pond where other happy youths darted here and there in sheer joy and gladness at being alive.

Jimmy bent low over Cherry and gravely asked, "Cherry, are you glad to be back home?"

"**Back Home.**—Oh Jimmy, I've never been so happy. Never! And I'm never going back, Jimmy. After all, New York's not all it's thought to be and old friends are best, aren't they, Jimmy?"

"I've waited a long time hoping that you would reach that conclusion."

—Mary Helen Cornwall '24

In one class here in Salem High School, within 45 minutes, one member of the class was found cheating in a test and another member turned in to the teacher two ten dollar bills which had been picked up. What a striking contrast between dishonesty and honesty. It is evident that not only our city needs a good cleaning up by the good citizens of the community, but right here in our H. S. all those who are represented by the finder of the twenty dollars should take a definite stand against those represented by the one who cheats. All dishonesty of all kinds should be so frowned upon—all people who are even in the least suspicious characters should be so disapproved of by the good element of the school—that the only course left to the dishonest people would be to drop the bad habits and become honest, upright pupils of Salem High. Let us all, individually and as a school, start an immediate clean-up campaign in Salem High.

LEB



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LEB

## Liber's Auto Top Shop

22 Penn St.

Bell 1015

### THE STAR

Oh the snow flakes were whirling,  
One clear winter night  
And in the far East glowed a star  
Shining bright.  
It shown in one window  
And fell on the curls  
Of May and Alice  
Two nice little girls,  
Who were both dreaming  
Of the wonderful fling  
They would have with the presents  
That Santa would bring.  
It glowed in another  
And as it fell o'er the sill  
It fell on a child  
Lying wan, white and still  
"Oh the wonderful star," it so gently cried  
And then fell back and died.  
These are but two of the marvelous sights  
That the star gazed on  
On that night of all nights.

—Jane Campbell, '25.

### THE CARNIVAL

'Twas a week before Christmas day,  
Everyone was feeling gay,  
For to town they all strayed,  
Each and every lad and maid.  
Dressed up in gay attires,  
They became ardent little buyers.  
To the "Carnival" they all did wander  
All their precious cash to squander.  
They beheld on entering the door,  
A Christmas tree in the center of the floor.  
And scattered everywhere around,  
Booths of pretties were to be found.  
But everyone seemed to hasten,  
To the attractive "Filling Station"

And they must have enjoyed the Midway  
For when they came out they were all  
feeling gay.  
Then they heard that a couple of hicks  
Were trying to be funny in 206;  
And after witnessing their tragedy  
They learned there was still something  
eelse to  
They were admitted to the Auditorium  
for a few nickles,  
But when they came out they were full of  
tickles.  
Soon to their homes they all did stray  
For by heck 'twas almost day.  
—Frances Speidel.

### MEDITATION

Today is fair, the fields, the woods, the  
sky,  
The paths I'm wont to wander by  
Lie all unhidden in the light;  
The faces that I meet are bright  
With recognition's smile, so I pine  
I know it well—this world of mine.

But of tomorrow! O who can say,  
What mood 'twill keep, or dark or gay  
When this day's sun has passed  
When harder lessons, one never guessed  
Are come; can one divine  
What is beyond the border line?  
Far out in the Unseen is surest reality,  
And the tender voice of the Master—  
Entity  
Tells of my bourne o'er the ocean's rude  
foam;  
Teaches these lips to call it my home;  
Tells me that truer my eyes shall define,  
And I shall know better the world I've  
Called mine. —Mary Gladys Gray.

## The Kennedy Agency

Automobile Insurance A Specialty

Room 3 - Hemmeter Bldg.

Patronize Our Advertisers

17



# High School Auditorium

## THE COMMUNITY PICTURE SHOW

When the cold winds blow and most places are uncomfortable, you will find a warm, well ventilated, cozy spot in the Auditorium. There you may sit in quiet and refinement and enjoy the best pictures of the year.

For Jan. 4, 5 & 6 we have another of those wonderful Rex Ingram pictures "Trifling Women".

On Jan. 12 & 13, George Eliot's "Silas Marner". This is a picture made for real entertainment, not for pure education.

On Jan. 18, 19, & 20, a special cast in the great stage play "Forget-Me-Not". This is one of the big pictures of the year.

Jan. 25 & 26, Viola Dana in a gripping story, "The \$5 Baby".

Come and bring your friends and your family. You will find nothing to offend and everything to please and entertain.



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## CANDY!! CANDY!!

Liggetts Little Bits from the East	20 oz.	\$1.50
Liggetts Artistyle Package	1 lb.	1.25
Liggetts Debut Package	1 lb.	1.35
Liggetts Moire Package	1 lb.	1.25
Liggetts Silver and Blue	1 lb.	1.25
Liggetts Assorted Chcolates	1 lb.	1.25
Mavis Chocolates	1 lb.	1.50
Mavis Chocolates	2 lb.	3.00
Bryn Mawr Bitter Sweets	1 lb.	.85

Fresh Bulk Candy at Various Prices.

LEASE'S HOME-MADE TAFFY

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

The REXALL Stores in Salem.

### "JOKES"

Miss Friedrichs—What does gar-  
rality mean?

Shinny—Oh—you talk too  
much.

Miss Friedrichs—Yes, that's  
right.

S—H—S

Mr. Reeves (In Freshman Alge-  
bra class)—Put your names on the  
papers.

Girl—I suppose you want our  
dates, too.

S—H—S

Clyde Bolen gave a theater  
party after the W. H. Mullins  
football banquet. The party went  
well until the manager of the  
theater threw them out for sneak-  
ing in.

## LA PALMA RESTAURANT

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

METZGER HOTEL - - - - SALEM, OHIO

Patronize Our Advertisers

19



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

Harold Riley says he has a quiet running engine in his Ford. No wonder, it hardly ever runs and when it does the rest of the Ford makes so much noise you can't hear the engine.

S—H—S

Mr. Drennan—If I can't control some of you people I'll have to send some of you to the office.

Helen Goodwin—That'll be me.

Mike (to Pat using a worn-out paint brush)—Why don't you buy a new paint brush, Pat?

Pat—What for?

Mike—What for? Why man you could do twice as much work.

Pat—That's so, but see I don't have twice as much work to do.

**S**HOES and Hosiery in  
**ALEM** means  
**PEIDEL'S**

On Broadway

*Green Stamps With All Purchases*



# New State Theatre

Six Hundred Upholstered Seats.

## Best Photoplays Available

SPECIAL MUSIC under direction of Prof. CSILLAG

Watch the Newspaper for our Special Pictures.

Mr. Drennan (In History IV class after asking questions)—And silence reigned over the earth for forty days and forty nights.

Small voice—It's snowing.

S—H—S

"It looks like rain," said the waiter as he brought the soup.

"Yes, but it smells like soup," was the reply.

Ex.

S—H—S

Mr. Drennan—The Einstein theory would not be a good subject for a speech at a farmer's banquet.

Chris (to Mac)—That's that new butter making machine, isn't it?

S—H—S

Shinny—When does the next train leave for Lisbon?

Ticket Agent—Left ten minutes ago.

Rudolph Gunesch—Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?

Esther Frederick—Yes, all of it.

S—H—S

Miss Clark had written on the back of Mary Cosgrove's paper "Please write more legibly."

The next day Mary went to the desk and asked: "Miss Clark, what was that you wrote on the back of my theme?"

S—H—S

Mr. Drennan (In History)—What do you know of the age of Elizabeth, Raymond?

Raymond Lowery—She'll be nineteen next week.

S—H—S

Sticky—Did you see "Butch" this morning?

Forney—Yes, I thought I saw him and he thought he saw me but when we got closer we found it was neither one of us.

## 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



# Bunn's Good Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

Jones and his wife planned to go up in an airplane. The aviator told them it would cost them sixteen dollars for the trip, but if they didn't make any noise it wouldn't cost them anything.

They went up, did some stunts and then came down.

"Very well," said the aviator, "you didn't make any noise so it won't cost you anything."

"Well, I almost said something when my wife fell out but I happened to think of the sixteen dollars," said Jones.

S—H—S

Tom—Did you go to Dick's funeral the other day?

Harry—I'll say so.

Tom—And were you one of the mourners?

Harry—I sure was, some one stole my hat.

## HOTEL LAPE

25 ROOMS OF SOLID COMFORT

RUNNING WATER AND PRIVATE BATHS

### Music Means Victrolas ! Victrolas Mean Victors !

For your Victrolas and Victor Records

—Come to—

**THE C. M. WILSON COMPANY**



Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

almost said something  
wife fell out but I  
think of the sixteen  
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## LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

—That's all—

**Kessel's**  
FASHION SHOP.

62 Main Street

Salem, Ohio

Bill McKeown—I ordered my  
ring for my right hand. I hope  
they don't send a left-handed one.

S—H—S

### True to His Breeding

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" or-  
dered the man. "Good doggie—lay  
down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'Lie down,'  
mister" declared a small bystander;  
"that's a Boston terrier."

S—H—S

"Bridget, I wish you wouldn't  
have so much company. Why, you  
have more callers in one day than  
I have in a week."

"Well, mum, if you tried to be a  
little more agreeable, perhaps you'd  
havs as many friends as I've got."

### A Slight Misunderstanding

The sweet-faced elderly woman,  
who was shopping in a large popu-  
lar priced store, was peering near-  
sightedly at a small cup which she  
had picked up from a pile on the  
counter. Presently she remarked:  
"I can't see very well without my  
glasses. Are these tin?"

"No," replied the salesgirl,  
"they're fifteen."

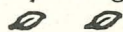
S—H—S

### So Anxious to Study

The two college juniors stretched  
and yawned. "What shall we do  
tonight?" said one.

"I'll toss up a coin for it," his  
chum replied. "If it's heads we'll  
go to the movies; if it's tails we'll  
call on Nan and Bess; and if it  
stands on edge we'll study."

## ACTION AND BELIEF

A MAN is not judged by what he professes, but by what  
he does and in the long run what he believes will be  
determined by his habitual actions. The people that believe  
most in saving money are the people who are actually saving  
it. Begin NOW. This Bank is at your service. 

**The Citizen's Savings Bank**  
SALEM, OHIO

Patronize Our Advertisers

(23)



# Kodaks Printing Enlarging



Bennett's Drug Store  
—and—  
Treat's Drug Store  
KODAK AGENTS

## OHIO TUEC ELECTRIC CLEANERS

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed

"You are certain," the middle aged woman customer said, "that this young century plant will bloom in a hundred years."

"Positive of it ma'am," the florist assured her. "If it doesn't, bring it back."

"George, dear," she said, "I've got something I want to talk to you about."

"I'm glad of that, darling," her husband replied. "Usually you want to talk to me about something you haven't got."

S—H—S

Kaley—I went into this room and there stood an old man, with gray hair, sitting back in the corner

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.



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Kitchen Ware  
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## KERR'S CONFECTIONERY

HOME MADE GANDY & ICE CREAM

HOME COOKED LUNGHERS

CLAIRA FINNEY

BEAUTY PARLOR

MASSAGE & PERMANENT WAVING

Opposite State Theatre

Phone 200

## COURTNEY & SCHWARTZ

HIGH-VINE GROCERY

BELL PHONE 730

Our Motto: "Not how cheap, but how **Good**"

## NEW SYSTEM BAKERY

*For the best in*  
**BAKED GOODS**

*Free Delivery*

*Phone 349 J*



*We wish you a*  
**Very Happy & Prosperous New Year**

**THE GOLDEN EAGLE**  
Salem's Greatest Store For Men and Boys

*The Good*  
**MAXWELL**  
Sales, Service and  
General Repairing  
  
**SMITH GARAGE**  
192 EAST 4TH ST.

**A Heating Pad is Comforting**  
to all the aches and pains of neuralgia and rheumatism that  
seem to appear when cold weather sets in. And in the sick  
room, or baby's room, the Electric Pad is

SAFE—SOFT  
FLEXIBLE—DEPENDABLE—CONVENIENT  
**THE SALEM LIGHT'G CO.**  
Phone 48

— GO TO —  
**CULBERSON'S**  
For Everything Nice to Eat.  
576 Main Street