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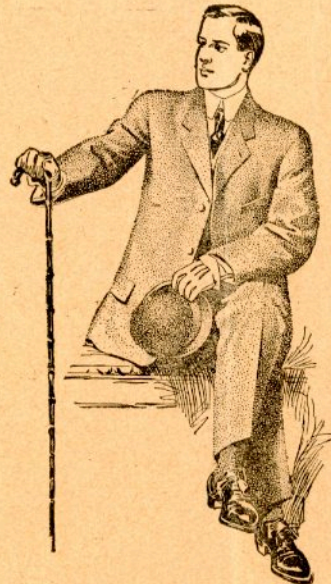
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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE  
POCOMOKE HIGH SCHOOL



... DECEMBER, 1907...



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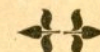
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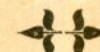
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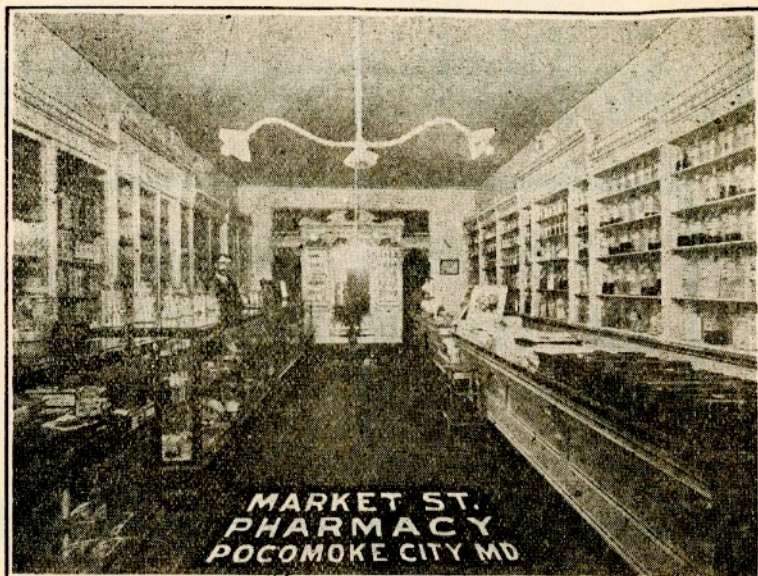
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# Pocomoke High School Monthly

Vol. I.

Pocomoke City, Md., December 15, 1907.

No. 3.

A monthly periodical published by the Teachers and Pupils of Pocomoke High School. It must depend almost entirely upon the alumni and students for its support. These are urged to give it their substantial encouragement and aid. Price 10c a copy, 50c a year.

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## School Improvement.

The Public School of Pocomoke City is an institution that is here to stay. As our town grows so the school grows in number of pupils.

It is an Institution of our own, in order to make it one of excellence, it requires the efforts of trustees, teachers and parents to develop improvements.

The Public Schools of our country are divided into three classes; the city school, the town school and the country school. It is generally conceded that the city school is the Model School, and we think that we ought to imitate something better, if we want to raise the standard of our institution.

The teachers of the city schools are paid by the month, and in this way they are led to be better financiers. We contend that it is a long

time between the last payment of the year in June to the first payment of the next, in November or December, and the pleasure of receiving the pay is lessened in as much as many teachers have to pay it out as borrowed money and are thus prevented from the pleasure of practising the precept, "pay as you go." In the city school

no recess is given except a short one at noon for eating lunch and the hour of dismissal is 2.30 and in some cities 1.30. We think the order in the schools would be better if there was no opportunity for play, then the pupils would learn to regard the building as a place for study and not as a place for play.

There is very much weather in winter that is too bad for out door games, and when four hundred children have the liberty to move around



in their rooms, the room often becomes the place for boisterous conduct; and when one hour is given at the noon recess, disorderly pupils have full sway in the absence of the teachers who are dining in their homes.

Another commendable point in the regulation of the city schools, is that girls and boys are not taught in the same room. In our town, parents allow children as young as even twelve years to attend parties in the evening and when those girls and boys get together in the same school room the following day, the party drives all ideas of mathematics and other branches of study from their minds; and it is with difficulty that the teacher performs the work of the day.

There is also great need of more teachers in our school, for where the

number in a grade is so great the pupil has to pass from grade to grade without being thorough in the studies pursued; for every pupil requires personal attention from the teacher, and when the class is so large, the teacher cannot give what is needed.

We feel grateful to the School Board of Worcester County for their generous help in the past; and we believe that if they find that we are trying to help ourselves they will join hands with us in trying to make improvements in our school. It is our wish that our highly regarded and much appreciated Superintendent, Mr. E. W. McMaster, will long remain with us in the same office: for trustees, teachers and pupils feel that in him they have a loyal friend.

### P. H. S. In The Lead.

The citizens of our country have just cause to be proud of their schools; and surely it should be a matter of genuine gratification to all friends of education to find any school making progress along some untried line of improvement. The recent launching of a school Journal by the High School of Pocomoke City, is, we think, particularly commendable, as this is a pioneer effort and one fraught with much care and anxiety, no doubt, on the part of its promoters.

That this journalistic venture is appreciated by a good number of enterprising business people, both at home and abroad, is evidenced by the excellent advertising patronage of the Journal has at the beginning of its career. Undoubtedly there are others who will be glad to assist the journal to the extent of a liberal ad., when

its claims shall have been properly placed before them. In the acceptance of advertisements, however, any journal may well be careful, especially those journals that appeal more directly to the young people, to see that nothing of a harmful or doubtful character finds commendation or endorsement in its columns, even as a paid advertisement.

In view of the fact that Pocomoke City High School has by far the largest enrollment of any school in the county, and is in all respects a very progressive school, it is not surprising that it should take the lead in this enterprise and issue a very creditable paper. And it seems reasonable that this effort should lead to one of two things, either in making the P. H. S. journal the vehicle in a measure of all the High Schools of the county

in common, or in leading some other of our larger schools to emulate her example in publishing a journal. There are good arguments in favor of either alternative; but for the present, at least, it might be better if the other schools throw their influence and help in favor of the P. H. S. Journal.

It may be a matter of interest to P. H. S. Journal readers to know that Stockton High School also has a Monthly Journal, now in its eighth year, which has never missed an issue, and every number of which is now on file in the School Library. Owing to the small size of the town,

it has never been practicable to print our Journal, so it is publicly read before the school and its patrons regularly each month.

The S. H. S. Journal extends congratulations and best wishes to this newest candidate for journalistic notice, and trusts that its life, so propitiously begun, may be long and useful, and that its editors and managers shall be encouraged and aided in their laudable ambition of extending the sphere of usefulness of the P. H. S. Journal even to all parts of the country.

John S. Hill,

Prin. Stockton High School.

### Will's Christmas Surprise.

#### PART I.

"Say Bob Christmas is only two weeks off. Will there be anything doing here this year?" said Will, a tall, slender, fair haired boy of sixteen years or more.

"No, Will. I am sorry to say there never is anything worth mentioning here. Most of the people are poor and no one takes any interest in Christmas. By the way, I did hear there will be a Christmas tree and a short program at the school house this year, which is all there ever is," said Bob, who was about the age of his friend, but strong and robust.

"Good night, Bob, if you think of anything whereby we poor creatures can have a good time, let me know."

"All right. Good night, Will." Here they separated to go to their rooms.

William Sanders was a New York boy, the son of a wealthy man; but, on account of his health, was spending the winter as a boarder at Mr. Coston's home.

Robert Coston lived, with his father, mother and sister about a mile from the little lumbering village of Long Pine, Michigan. There were only a few clearings, one of which was Mr.

Coston's.

The village school was taught by Mr. Clarke, under whose switch and ferrule some thirty freckle faced children walked the chalk line. He, it was who kept the Christmas spirit from entirely burning out.

"Look here, Bob!" said Will, the next morning as they were busy at some chores about the barn, "I think I have a good plan for Christmas. Guess."

"Can't," replied Bob.

"I knew you couldn't. Well just shut your mouth for about three minutes, and I'll tell you."

"Well, you'd better hurry up, or you'll forget," retorted Bob with a grin.

"Why couldn't I dress up Christmas night as St Nick, and when the program is over at the school house, pay a visit with my bag full of candies and toys? I could take old Nell and the bob sled, and take you as far as Bowers store, and there stay and dress until time. I can go to Bay City this afternoon, get the things, and be back by Saturday. I'm listening for your objections, so fire away concluded Will with a whistle.

Its a fine plan and will give you



and the children too, a lot of fun. I wish I had some part in it, but that cant' be helped," answered Bob thoughtfully.

"I'll try to get something for each child, so please make out a list of names and presents for them as best you can," said Will.

"All right, I'll do it now." They then separated to go to their rooms; Bob to make out his list, Will to put a few necessary things in his suit case as train time was only an hour off. Half an hour later Will went down stairs with his suit case and overcoat. In the hall, Bob met him and took his suit case.

"This list, as regards presents, is only general," he said handing Will a paper.

Bob went with Will to the train, both boys talking as if Christmas night had already arrived. As Will stepped on the train, he said, holding up the list, "I guess I'll try to learn these names before I get back."

"Good bye, my son. Be a good boy," yelled Will as the train started.

"So long" screamed Bob, as he waved a good bye, and started home on a run.

## PART II.

"How did things go in the city," said Bob on their way home from the train, Saturday.

"My son, everything your father does goes right," replied Will.

"Quit saying 'my son' or I will punch your head," said Bob good naturedly.

"The things bought will be down this afternoon on the 5 o'clock express. I went to one of the department stores and bought everything here," said Will.

As they were walking up the road to the house Mr. Coston's welcome came ringing on the frosty air, "Glad to see you back, I've missed your smiles [and jokes these 3 days past."

The dinner bell rang just then, and

the boys hurried into the dining room where Mr. Coston soon joined them.

The express packages were received about three thirty p. m., and as Mr. Coston was in the woods and Mrs. Coston visiting a neighbor, no one saw it come but the boys and a small white boy, whom they made promise never to tell under penalty of something terrible. They carefully took the packages into Will's room, and then, lifting the trap door, mounted into the attic which was hardly ever used.

After having closed the trap door, Will unwrapped the largest and drew from the wrappings a complete suit for Santa Claus from cap to white shoes. Slipping on the suit and putting on the false face he stood while Bob examined him closely.

"How does it look?" impatiently said Will.

"O. K." was all Bob said. Wrapping up the suit, they looked through the other packages, comparing the contents with the list. An hour later they climbed down into Will's room or as Bob put it, "back to earth." They were covered with dust and cobwebs.

They brushed off these tell tale marks before going down stairs.

Never did the ten days before Christmas seem so long to two boys. Boys when waiting for a day to come or an event to happen are never satisfied until it comes, and Will and Bob were not exceptions.

## PART III.

"Hark! What is that sound?" It's the tinkle, tinkle, of sleigh bells. Though sleighs are common enough, there they do not have bells. What can it be? Some child says "Santa Claus." Suddenly the door is pushed open, and in comes a man covered with snow, carrying a well filled bag. He shakes the snow off and then every one yells. "Santa Claus" Santa Claus."

To more than one rough old lumber man, sitting around the stove in the corner comes a picture of the village church when he was a lad. The great big Santa Claus stands out distinctly now, and brings with it many other forgotten scenes of mothers and boyhood days. More than one rough hand is brushed across the face, perhaps to stop a wayward tear that comes running across the furrowed cheeks.

When it was quiet again Santa Claus said briskly, "Now my friends, I am sorry that I cannot stay with you a long time; but there are other boys and girls waiting for me, so I must hurry. I will give each of you children some token to help you remember that God, gave His only son, Jesus, to the world, so that you, if you are good little boys and girls you can go to heaven. Now I want every one here to night to live a better life in the year so soon to dawn."

"Now, as I call your names, come up and take what I give you.—Robert Coston." Bob arose, very much surprised, and was still more surprised when Santa Claus handed him a little black rubber doll which he unintentionally squeezed, and which made a very loud squeak which sent the audience into roars of laughter, and left Bob with a good natured grin.

Mr. Clark was the recipient of a 'Book of A. B. C's' and "How to Tend a Baby" which, as he was an old bach, created a lot of laughter and applause.

After this many things, both for pleasure and for use were distributed. Then Santa Claus went around and gave everyone, from the babies to the old lumbermen, a bag of candy which put every one in a special good humor.

"Now my friends I wish you a Happy New Year; and with a bow he was gone. Everyone sat still as if stunned and then they all rushed to the door and gathered out in front of the school house. The tinkle, tinkle of bells was the only sound that greeted them.

That Christmas was one that was long remembered in those parts because that seemed to have awakened the people from their neglect of the Christmas season. Will felt well repaid for his trouble, having found that it is truly more blessed to give than to receive."

Philip Dore, 8th grade.

## A Christmas Dream.

It was just one day before Christmas, the busiest, happiest day of the year and Gertrude Mitchell, after a busy day sank into a big, comfortable chair which stood in front of the grate.

She had decorated the windows and walls with mistletoe and holly and as her eyes fell on a large bunch of mistletoe she was thinking how beautiful the glistening white berries and dull olive green leaves must have looked when growing in the woods, when suddenly she found herself in a large store filled with people.

In front of her stood a long counter on which were arranged articles suit-

able for Christmas presents. In one hands he held a paper weight in the shape of an ugly little crocodile and in the other a bright red neck tie.

A tired but patient clerk stood at her elbow. She looked at him helplessly and said, "Which of these shall I take? Please tell me, here I have been trying to decide for the last hour and I am sure I don't know any more about it than I did before, its almost time for suggestions too."

"Well, Miss Gertrude" began the clerk, "I think that he would be as well pleased with one as the other," (which was no doubt true.) "Did I say I was getting it for a boy?" she



demanding with a blush.

"Why, no but I—er supposed that as it was a neck tie it was intended for a boy."

"Oh! I was just looking at that. I guess you had better wrap up the paper weight. No, wait a minute, I would like to get this tie, though. It would look splendid with Allan's—that is—I mean with Auntie's complexion. That isn't what I mean either. O! dear! I guess I won't take either one. 'I'll go somewhere else'"

She started for the door but the remembrance of the tie was too much so she turned bravely around and told the clerk to give her the tie.

"I might as well tell the truth about it. I want to give it to Allen Schoolkill."

She turned her burning face away so as not to see his amused look and in a minute he handed her the package.

Again she started for the door but this time she happened to see something very pretty and as she looked up who should she see but Allan Schoolkill.

He was on the opposite side of the store looking about as helpless as she had done a minute before. Although she knew it was not proper she went nearer to see what he could possibly be buying and found to her dismay that he was trying to decide between a photograph album and a pair of lavender kid gloves.

"Gawge, I wish you tell me which to take. I'll be blamed if I know. She's a mighty nice girl, but I don't know anything to give her," he said.

Well I'll tell you Allan, you'd better wait until tomorrow, I'll ask Gertrude tonight, what she wants and tell you

"Who said anything about Gertrude? I'm sure I didn't, haven't I got a sister?"

At this Gertrude felt a little disappointed, in spite of the fact that she

didn't like his choice.

"Now see here Allan, you know its for Gertrude. Who else would you be likely to get it for? Your sister; nothing;"

"Well, supposing it is, which shall it be, the gloves or the album with my picture in it? By Jove, I don't know what size glove she wears, so it will have to be the album. Do you think it will suit her?" This in an anxious tone.

"Sure it will, she couldn't—"

Gertrude heard it but it sounded far away, and then she was in the postoffice trying to address an armful of packages.

"This square package is for Susie, and this little one is for Edith, this envelope is for Mary, but which of these two packages is for Jennie and which for Allan? I'm certainly having a time with this tie, but isn't it pretty?"

She directed the square package to Mrs. Susie Newell, Centerville, Md., and then as she saw one of her friends, she quickly addressed the others and dropped them into a box and hurried out.

The next she knew she was at home it was Christmas morning and she was opening some bundle. She noticed one especially large package and supposing it to be the album she opened it first. It was carefully wrapped in pink tissue paper, tied with blue ribbon and a sprig of holly stuck into it. On top of the box lay a little card bearing these words, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas and hoping you will enjoy the contents."

When she opened it she found it was filled with cigars. "I wonder who on earth sent me this, some one must want to play a joke on me," exclaimed Gertrude.

In a short while Jennie came running in saying, "Oh! Gertrude, you have done the funniest thing imagi-

nable, you sent me Allan's present." her eyes to find her little sister, Margaret, looking at her.

"O! did I? I wish you'd look at this box of cigars," she exclaimed you'd better wake up, Allan's in the hall and he's got a package." She jumped up and ran into the hall. Oh! Allan, you didn't bring the album did you?" she said.

"N-n-no, I brought you a diamond ring if you'll only wear it." "Of course I'll wear it," she answered with a sweet smile. "I'm so glad my dream didn't come true."

Just as she was wondering what had become of Jennie's apron she felt a touch on her arm and she opened

Dorothy Bissell '08.

### Holly's Christmas.

(With Apologies to M. N. T.)

"I'm not happy, I don't want to be happy. Christmas is only for rich people anyhow." Holly pushed aside her papers and smiled across the table at Hazel.

"You ought to be happy because you are living and have such beautiful hair," said Holly.

"Well I am not, and I'm not going out of the house Christmas day, I'll take crackers and cheese up in my room, and stay here, that will be better than eating Christmas dinner in a restaurant."

"Come eat it with me," Holly said suddenly. "With you?" Hazel echoed. "Can't we have a little feast just we two? We could get some turkey and vegetables at the store and buy a plum pudding and make coffee on my oil stove." Holly continued.

"It will be grand," said Hazel her eyes shining. "We must each do our part in the day's entertainment."

"Was that the way you did things at college," Hazel asked cautiously.

"That was exactly the way. No-body dreamed of disobeying the master of ceremonies. We would as soon have disobeyed the president."

"I'll stand by you," Hazel promised. "O, say could Julia French come,

she continued, "It's killing in the laundry, she ought to have a nice proper little home in the country, with a kitchen to fuss in, and flowers in the window. That's what she's made for. I guess she would chip in half a dollar"

"Certainly that would be fine," said Holly.

"I think I'll be going, must put some finishing touches on my dinner gown; good bye," and Hazel was gone. Holly smiled, the departure was just like Hazel. Then she drew a half finished letter from a pile on the desk, and soon her pen was racing rapidly across the paper.

"My Dear People;—

I was blue last night, blue as Diamond Dye Indigo, I couldn't bear the thought of being alone in this cold northern city at Christmas. I knew I'd have a visit from the expressman, and that you would all think of me when the children hung their stockings on the nails above the big fire place, but that isn't like 'bein' an eye witness" as old lawyer Popkins used to say.

Then Hazel came in, I've told you of her. She's at the ribbon counter in Macys; I got acquainted with her one day when I was buying ribbon



there, and she had a terrible headache. She was absurdly grateful in a queer fashion, and came to see me, and has been coming ever since. I don't know why. She is restless and discontented but is very kind hearted. She is coming for Christmas dinner and Julia French, a laundry girl, is coming too. Thousands of wishes for the merriest Christmas, ever,

From your devoted,

Holly."

Early in the morning Holly planned her "menu," and thought of "Jingles" for her dinner cards. On the way home from the office she stopped to order her plum pudding. The shop was a very small one, kept by a little old woman with a little deaf old husband. She often wondered how they made a living, though the pies and cookies were delicious but it took so many cookies to make a dollar and with city rents—Holly smiled across the counter as the tiny eager old woman asked what she wanted.

"I want a very special plum pudding for Wednesday, she ordered, I don't mean an especially large one, but I want some magic in it for three home sick girls, I'm sure you know how to put in a charm".

"Dear child," the old woman cried, "I just wish I could, we had a girl once, and when we see young things passing the door,"—she broke off abruptly. "I'd like to know em all," she sighed wistfully. "But there doesn't seem to be any way. 'Tisn't natural they'd notice old folks like us. You dear are the only one who ever cared to talk any when you came in to buy. Father has taken a real fancy to you, he's always asking if you've been in again."

Holly caught her breath. "Would she dare—would she?" and then Holly dared. "I'm going to ask you a very great favor? she cried. It's about we

three girls, one is in a cheap boarding house, the other gets her meals anywhere, and I, well I'm just hungry for a good home dinner. Would you cook it for us?

Across the counter two pair of eyes, the young and the old, met eagerly. The question was asked and answered between them before Holly's voice put it into words.

"Would you let us take dinner with you? O, you will, you will, I see it in your face, We can have a home dinner after all."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Aren't you going to have dinner here? Where's Julia? Where are you going? Holly Lee what are you up to any way?

All the questions were fired at Holly as she quickly buttoned her long fur coat. "You promised to obey orders," she laughed. "Right about face forward march."

The two girls went arm in arm, down the stairs across the avenue and up Thirty Third Street to — —. "Where are we going? demanded Hazel.

"If you think— —."

"Hush," Holly whispered.

"O, Hazel! look at Julia."

But Hazel was looking at Julia, little frail Julia, who had opened the door and stood before them, aproned, and flour streaked, but with her blue eyed shining like stars.

"O, girls," said Julia joyously, "do come in and help. I've been cooking, just think of it. I've never had such a time in all my life."

Many hands make light work," and the dinner was soon "dished up" and such a dinner as it was!

"My stars!" exclaimed Hazel, as she looked across the table, "I guess some of those swells on Fifth Ave., can't have anything that tastes like this."

The girls were not the only ones,

who enjoyed that Christmas dinner: and other goodies.

how happy the little woman was: "Dear Hearts," cried the little how the little man's eyes did shine, woman, "Do you hear them father, when the girls after wishing them a they're coming back. Isn't this a Merry Christmas, promised to come Christmas for us when we thought in Sunday, to finish up the turkey we would be so lonely. E. L. M. 09.

## Migrations As A Factor In United States History.

History is progress. It is a well known fact that the history of a country begins with migration and invasion, and until those movements are completed we are at a loss to know what to expect.

In studying American migrations, we are somewhat handicapped, as the movement is still in progress; but as history is said to repeat itself, we can give a clearer idea of the causes of migrations and their influences upon the institutions, laws, etc., by making a comparative study of migrations in General History, especially migrations that have been completed and had time to show their effects.

For example, let us compare the history of the following cities and nations:—Ur, a city of Chaldea, now completely buried with the accumulation of centuries, was formerly the home of the Phoenicians, but on account of discontent among the classes, a great scattering took place and the Phoenicians emigrated to Africa where they founded the city of Carthage. The Greeks were taught the idea of migration by the Carthaginians, and they, likewise gave the idea to the Romans. Greece and Rome were invaded by the Celts or Greeks, who carried back ideas of migration and civilization to the country that later became France. Rome was invaded by the Teutons, who carried back these ideas to the country that later became Germany, in this way these ideas have been carried from one place to another until they have spread over the whole world.

The nations that made the first migration to this country have been the Spanish, French and English. Spain, France and England each claimed America on the strength of exploration and discovery, and it became apparent that to make such claims of value, discovery must be followed up by occupation of the country. The first American migration period is the Columbian Era, a movement which touched America in the voyages of Columbus; but which really began with Alexander who had taken possession of a greater part of Western Europe and hampered the trade of Europe with the Indies; and while seeking for a short and more direct route to the Indies, America was discovered by Columbus. The war had just ended between Spain and the Moors and Spain was entirely impoverished but through her commerce with the West Indies rapidly rose to be the most powerful nation in Europe. Spanish America hampered all of South America, except Brazil, Central America, Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States. It was a commercial country, having four navigable rivers and possessing among its natural resources, timber, mines, grazing lands and great botanical wealth, (coffee, cocoa, spices.) The outlook of Spanish civilization in America was very bright, but Spanish Success in America was a disappointment, for instead of dominating the civilization of the whole western world, Spain lost what power she had at the beginning of the period. The purpose in not colonizing America



was selfish. The purpose was to secure gold and silver to enrich the Spanish treasury.

Spain at home lost vitality, although at the beginning of this period, the most glorious nation in Europe. That being the case, Spain could not hope to gain supremacy over the rising countries and, therefore, was less able to control and unify the American colonies. The petty Spanish American countries have failed to create strong governments, and for that reason revolutions are frequent and business men and desirable citizens will not settle; and because the laws are weak, have always held great attraction for the criminal classes.

French America embraced the valley of the St. Lawrence, and to a certain extent, that of the Mississippi River. It was an agricultural land and contained rich mines, furs, timber, fisheries and navigable waters.

Here civilization reached a higher stage and left a large residue in American life. There are many excellent things in our civilization which we owe to the French and which were more highly developed by them than by the Spanish. They were mostly explorers, traders and settlers, who scattered through a wide territory, among the many streams and lakes. They were more successful with the Indians; they succeeded in controlling them and giving them a peaceful government. They intermarried with the Indians, and this had a tendency to weaken civilization. The English were held back in a small territory until they were strong enough to make an invasion, and the French being so scattered about were easily conquered.

English America embraced all of the Atlantic coast east of the mountains. Compared with the resources of French and Spanish America, the river navigation was poor but she had good harbors. The agricultural land

was poor, except in places, but it was rich in lumber, coal, iron and fisheries.

Among the causes of the English immigrations to America were Governmental, religious, industrial and social conditions.

The Plymouth colony was composed of separatists from the Church of England. The settlers in Boston were "reformers" of the Church of England; Pennsylvania was settled by the Quakers; and Maryland by the Catholics; though entire freedom of worship was granted to all classes.

The politics of the northern settlers differed from that of the southerners; the North being settled by the Round Heads or Puritans, and the South by the Royalists. They were attracted to this country, to a certain extent, by the natural resources and stimulated by the commercial corporations, such as the London, Plymouth, Virginia and East India Companies.

Following the Columbian Migration comes the Alleghany Migration. To the early English settlers America had been an asylum or refuge; to the later settlers it was a land of industrial promise. The dominating motive of the next migration was a desire for the land and resources of interior America.

Migration to the west was slow until the Indians had been subdued, but after that the farming lands were opened up and many settled in the West. There being no railroads the trip was made through the various mountain passes, and by means of the St. Lawrence, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. This migration started a long series of western migrations that gave opportunity for the cultivation of large farms.

The territory of the Northwest had by this time been generally explored and settled by the colonists from the eastern states and was claimed by each of these. To avoid disputes over

these claims the government took possession of it and organized it into the Northwest Territory, under the ordinance of 1787. This development demanded a commercial outlet and the settlers gradually began to work for the Mississippi route.

The purchase of the Louisiana territory gave the United States control of the Mississippi River and led to rapid settlement of that part of the west.

Passing over the acquisition of Florida and Texas, which caused small migratory movement, we came to the great migration to the western coast.

Attention had been called to the far west by the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke, and by Fremont's conquest, but the discovery of gold in California was the real cause of the great movement of migration in 1848. While few found the fortune they expected in the gold mines, they found a beautiful, productive country; and the later resources, agriculture, fruit growing, lumbering, fisheries and mining were developed. For the first time then, America was face to face with the Indies.

Our interest in the Pacific began with Commodore Perry's treaty with Japan, and the purchase of Alaska. Frequent visits of trading vessels to the Pacific Islands caused Americans to settle on these Islands, particularly in Hawaii, which after a revolt from the native government, was annexed to the United States. The acquisition of the Philippines in the Spanish-American War has taken many Americans to these Islands. Their possession has great bearing on politics.

The memorable trip of the Oregon from the western coast to Cuba by way of Cape Horn made clear the necessity of a canal through Panama.

The United States acquired the canal zone from Panama, whose independence the United States ac-

knowledged after its revolt from Columbia.

It now seems likely that this feat of engineering skill will go on to successful completion; and the effect that it will have upon the world's commerce, and history in general, is incalculable.

The first American steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1819 and after that time immense numbers of immigrants began to pour into our ports.

New York, the largest city in America is the principal port receiving emigrants. It is the converging and diverging point of immigration in America.

Between 1840 and 1850 the numbers of arrivals averaged nearly 4,000 a week, the greatest number coming from Ireland, Germany, England and France. Now a large proportion are Italian and Russian and Polish Jews, though the present Russian trouble is affecting migrations.

In that early period their labor developed the resources of the country and enormously increased the wealth and prosperity. They are day laborers rather than farm settlers.

From the beginning of the government to the present time more than 23,000,000. have come over in about one hundred and thirty years. During the past twelve months more than 1,000,000 immigrants have arrived.

Every spring brings an increase over the rest of the year and over previous years. This increase is attributed to the unparalleled prosperity of the country and the mild winter.

Not only has American prosperity attracted more new comers but the savings of those already here have enabled them to send for more of their friends. Most of them are ignorant and have a tendency to congregate in large cities, when it would be much better if they scattered through the counties.

Immigration is the best test of the prosperity of a country. It increases



when the country is in a prosperous condition and decreases when it is not.

We think of immigration as merely adding to the population of the country; but these immigrants bring with them a great many new ideas, and that is one reason why American civilization has so many sides.

We have spoken of the movement of American toward the Pacific Islands but this article would not be complete without reference to the migration of Orientals to this country.

So great was the migration of the Chinese to this country and so injurious to American labor, that Chinese were excluded; and the Japanese are

coming to this country in ever increasing numbers claiming all the privileges of American citizens. We hear a great deal of the "Yellow Peril" and it remains to be seen whether these bright energetic people are an advantage or a menace to the United States.

American life is complicated. Migration spins the threads of history but the weaving of life is regulated by government. In our great land the threads are not simply tangled but have been and are still being woven into a fabric that is the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

Vivian Stevenson, '06.

### Around The School And Cam pus.

A Merry Christmas to all!

Santa Claus soon for the P. H. S. boys and girls, and soon after he takes his departure, what? Hush, whisper the terrible word—Examinations

To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question!

Everyone is wearing a happy face these days. Wonder why?

We take this means of expressing our sincere thanks and appreciation to the Pocomoke Orchestra and Band for their kind help in advertising our entertainment. If we can, we'll return the favor some day.

All the country pupils went home for Thanksgiving. Mr. Fontaine went to Philadelphia and Miss Powell spent Thanksgiving at her home in Berlin, Md.

Miss Katharine Pilchard spent Thanksgiving with her parents on Laurel Street. Teaching seems to agree with Miss Pilchard for she is looking quite well.

Mr. Mason Clogg, a former pupil of this school has enlisted in the navy and has since been sick with the measles.

Miss Jewell Littleton '07 entertained Annie Coard and Mary Willis from Friday to Monday just the week before Thanksgiving. It rained all the time but that did not keep the girls from having a fine time.

Miss Annie Coard entertained Miss Littleton, Thanksgiving.

We are very sorry to hear of Mr. Stanley Lambden's illness and hope he will have a speedy recovery.

We have a number of new pupils in our school; among them the following Miss Mildred Collins, from Greenback and now in the ninth grade, Hazel Simpson, from Parnassus, Pa., in the eighth grade, Marguerite Simpson and Minerva Pahlman, also from Parnassus and now in the sixth grade, Walter Pahlman and Cecil McCready from Parnassus and Cokesbury.

During November Miss Emma Parade came first in lessons and Miss Edith Stevenson second in the junior class.

On Thursday evening, November 28th, Miss Louise Smith entertained a number of her young friends. The evening was quite an enjoyable one to all present.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Edgar Child is doing so well at Goldeys.

On Friday evening, November 29th, the girls and boys gathered at the home of Miss Ella Eck and proceeded to the home of Mrs. Redden to surprise Miss Susie. She says she was quite surprised, but whether she was or not the young folks certainly enjoyed a pleasant evening at her home.

On Wednesday afternoon, November 26th., all the grades of the school gathered in the Assembly Hall to celebrate Thanksgiving. The program was as follows; Song by the school, America; Recitations, "A Thankful Girl;" by Myrtle King of the fourth grade; "November" by Maurice Davis also of the fourth grade; "Thanksgiving Day" by Arlington Raleigh of the fifth grade, "Part of Mother Goose," by three boys of the first grade. Then followed a song by the school choir "The World's Creator." After the song more recitations as follows: "Combination Holiday," by Edward Blaine, of the second grade, "How a Burglar was caught," by Jennie Pilchard, of the ninth grade, "The Reason Why," by Francis Lloyd of the third grade. Next came a reading entitled "How Jimmy Tended the Baby," by John Grande, of the seventh grade. The next was a song by the school choir, called "You're as welcome as the Flowers in May." Then more recitations, "Kittie's Thanksgiving," by Lillie Miller of the fourth grade; "Down to Sleep," by William Riddle of the sixth grade; "What Thanksgiving is for," by Evangeline Dewees, of the first grade; "Why don't you answer the Boy?" by Hugh McMichael, of the third grade; "The Bill of Fare," by Dorothy Hayman, of the fifth grade; "Little Pumpkin," by Edith Byrd, of the second grade; "Why do we Keep Thanksgiving," by May Wilkins, of the sixth grade; Dialogue,

"A Slight Misunderstanding," by Georgia Wilson and Olive Fries; "Autumn," by Lillian Townsend, of the fourth grade; "Thanksgiving as a National Holiday," by five girls, of the eighth grade. The program was closed with a song by the choir entitled "He Rules the World in Love." Every one took their parts splendidly and the exercises were heartily enjoyed by all. If it were not for so much noise among some of the pupils we would be glad to come together often in this way but perhaps it would not be enjoyed so much if it were a common occurrence.

We were very glad to have Miss Jewell Littleton and Miss Mary Pruitt with us for the exercises and hope they enjoyed them enough to come again soon.

Miss Clara Payne has been suffering from a burn on her hand, but we are glad to see that she is much better now. Miss Eloise King also has had a slight burn on her arm.

Miss Virginia Dewees and Mr. Frank Wilson, of the eighth grade, who have both been on the sick list are now back to school.

Miss Bessie Townsend has been on a visit, but is now back and has resumed her studies in the eight grade.

Pocomoke was delightfully entertained on the evening of November 27th, by the Eastern Stars of Boston. The company consisted of three ladies and one gentleman. The entertainment was of the highest type and was made up of music and elocution. Any music lover could not help but appreciate the skill with which the musicians rendered their beautiful selections. Miss Laribard, the violinist was obliged to give many encores which were all delightful and Miss Spaulding quite won the hearts of the audience when she came out



dressed in a blue dress and hat and sang some little love ditty. Mrs. Sampson brought her hearers to smiles and tears by her witty and pathetic recitations and Mr. Sampson's performance on the clarinet was very good. It is certain that the program was appreciated by the loud applause which followed every feature.

Beginning with the first of December the plan has been adopted by the teachers of dispensing with the usual fifteen minutes recess period, both

morning and afternoon and dismissing school a half hour earlier in the afternoon, or at 3.30 p. m. This plan will probably remain in force during the winter months and is expected to bring about a higher degree of proficiency and improvement in the regular school work on account of less interruption and also secure better order in the building and on the premises. Thus far the change has been a decided success and will no doubt be permanent.

### Literary Society Notes.

The Bon Ton Literary Society was called to order Friday Oct. 25th the President conducting the meeting. The first selection on the program was a song by the choir, "There's music in the air" The subject for debate was then announced, Resolved, That a Diligent Student Gains more Information from Reading than from Observation. The debaters were Miss Eloise King and Miss Mary Willis on the affirmative, Mr. Foster Davis and Mr. William Paradee on the negative. Those acting as judges were Miss Anne Coard, Mr. Allen Schoolfield and Mr. Guy Cuff.

Immediately after the second round of debate the judges retired and after considerable time counting the points, they finally decided in favor of the negative. After the report of the critic, Miss Louise Smith, the meeting adjourned.

On Friday, November 8th, promptly at three o'clock the Bon Ton Literary Society of the Pocomoke High

School was called to order and one of the most interesting programmes witnessed this term was rendered.

The program opened with a song by the choir, "O come, Come Away. The debate was furnished by the boys, Mr. Foster Davis and Mr. Allen Schoolfield on the affirmative, Mr. Roger Vincent and Mr. William Parade on the negative it was, Resolved, That in the United States the Negro should be Disfranchised.

The papers were especially good and the subject being one they were well acquainted with, their points made a very deep impression on the judges.

After the second round the judges, Miss Lucille, Miss Clara Payne and Miss Carrie Bundick, retired, and with ample time, made their decision in favor of the affirmative. The critic, Miss Dorothy Bissell, then made her report. With a closing chorus the meeting adjourned.

Blanche Justice OS, Secretary.

Never deny the babies their Christmas. It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your religion.—Marion Harland.

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Charles Dickens.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.

This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.—Shakespeare.

### The Nautilus Literary Society.

The Nautilus Literary Society, originally organized by the Pocomoke High School teachers is now in the fourth year of its existence, and is holding meetings regularly at the homes of the different members once every two weeks on Friday evening. Last year, owing to many interruptions due to illness of several of the members, very few meetings were held, but the Society this season seems to have taken on new life, and renewed interest. Several new members have been added, among whom may be prominently mentioned Dr. Alfred P. Dennis, whose seemingly inexhaustible fund of information on literary and historical matters have already made him an indispensable asset to the interest and success of the meetings. The first meeting of the year was held at the home of Miss May Stevenson on "The Hill," and was largely preparatory or preliminary in its nature. The first regular meeting was held on Friday evening, November 12th, the host being our genial friend, Mr. George S. Turner, at his comfortable home on the suburbs of town. Mr. Turner acted as leader and announced the following program with Dr. Dennis as critic.

Subject, The Dutch America: Roll call answered by quotations from Rip Van Winkle. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow: Contrast different Dutch Settlements in America, Miss Pusey Reading, Extracts from Knickerbocker's History of New York, Miss Hearn; Dutch Religions, Miss Jones; Legends of Flying Dutchman Stocks, etc., Miss Bevans; Great Americans of Dutch Ancestry, Miss Long; Dutch Art, Mr. Fontaine; Critic's Report.

Much interest and enjoyment was added to the meeting by the entertaining and instructive manner in which Dr. Dennis, the critic, dis-

cussed the different papers. At Dr. Dennis's suggestion, the Society decided to devote the remainder of the year to the study of important and brilliant eras in History, selecting a different period for each meeting and the various phases pertaining to each epoch being assigned to the members in turn. The meeting adjourned.

A very enjoyable and instructive meeting of the Nautilus Literary Society as held on Friday evening, November 26th., at "The Pines," the home of Miss Florence Long. Dr. Dennis was leader, and led a most interesting discussion on that most brilliant period of French History known as "The Era of Louis XIV." After portraying at length the gorgeous magnificence and frivolities of the Court of Louis, Dr. Dennis pictured in sharp contrast the custom and manners of the Court of Frederick the Great of Russia, who was at just that time bringing the Prussian Kingdom into great prominence. The following members and visitors were present; Misses Mary and Vesta Stevenson, Venice G. Hearn, Annie L. Jones, Ethel M. Dix, Mary B. Pusey, Irma S. Bevans, Miss Marie Mills, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Nelsie Horsey, of Cristfield, Messrs. Alfred P. Dennis, George S. Turner, E. Clark Fontaine, William E. Davis and A. H. Hardesty. After a very pleasant and helpful evening, the Society then adjourned to meet again on Friday evening, December 6th., at the home of Miss Annie Jones on Second Street.

Although the membership of The Nautilus is limited, and quality not quantity are of its principal motives, it ever extends a glad hand and cordial welcome to visitors, and would be pleased at any time to add to its ranks any in our community who are interested in literary work, and who sincerely desire to improve themselves along these lines.



## Athletics.

The college football season of 1907, one of the most brilliant in the history of the sport, came to a glorious and exciting close on Saturday, November 30th at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, when the eleven of the United States Naval Academy of Annapolis surprised the talent and delighted their friends by unexpectedly defeating the soldier boys from West Point in a close game by six to nothing. On the Thursday previous, Thanksgiving Day, Pennsylvania, by magnificent team work, and up to date football, closed the season in glorious style by taking the much vaunted Cornell team into camp by the score of 12 to 4. Both of these games were witnessed by about 27,000 spectators and were worth going miles to see. A fair and just rating of the big college teams is somewhat difficult, as a number of the longer universities have no athletic relations with one another in football. There is practically a unanimity of opinion, however in placing Yale at the top of the list, she having a clear record of victories, and her good live remaining increased until the game with Princeton, whom she defeated by 12 to 10, after the Tigers had a 10 to 0 lead at the end of the first half. Had Cornell won on Thanksgiving Day, second position would undoubtedly have belonged to her. As events terminated, Princeton has perhaps a fair claim to the place, her decisive victory over the Indians, who defeated Pennsylvania, who in turn defeated Cornell, joined to the fact that she played Yale almost to a standstill, earning

her this distinction. After these two, perhaps the Indians, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Swarthmore, Harvard, Annapolis and West Point will come in the order named.

In the Maryland Intercollegiate League, St Johns wrestled the championship from M. A. C. who had held it for two years, defeating Washington College, 31 to 0, W. M. C. 8 to 5 and M. A. C. 16 to 0, as M. A. C. and Western Maryland didn't play, second place is undecided though comparative scores would seem to indicate that outside of St John's Western Maryland had the strongest team in the league.

We notice in the papers that a few games were played during the past season by teams representing the High Schools of Salisbury, Cambridge and Easton of the Eastern Shore and perhaps the time is not far distant when the boys of P. H. S. will attempt this strenuous sport, provided their parents do not object too strongly on account of the risk of broken limbs and other injuries which are likely to occur.

The scores made by the principal games during the latter part of the season are as follows:

Cornell 18, Swarthmore 4, Navy 6, Penn State 4, Yale 12, Princeton 10, Richmond 4, William and Mary 0, Yale 12, Harvard 0, Dartmouth 22, Harvard 0, St. John's 16, M. A. C. 0, Western Maryland 4, John's Hopkins 0, Gallant 5, M. A. C. 0, St. Johns 0, Johns Hopkins 0, Univ. of Pa., 12, Cornell 4, St. Johns 1, P. M. C. 4, Navy 6, Army 0,

The time draws near the birth of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in themist.

—Tennyson.

Heap on more wood; the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep on Merry Christmas still.

—Scott.

## Humorous.

As Christmas is approaching, we all are very anxious for "Santa" to fill our stockings with what we wish so we will take this opportunity in giving him a hint as to what we want.

First we will speak of our principal, Prof. Fontaine, "A doll with dark blue eyes and light wavy hair." Then comes his pupils.

Mary C. Willis, "A switch" (of hair)  
Annie D. Coard, "A pair of stilts."  
Blanche Justice, "A cage for her 'Byrd'."

Gertrude Blades, "The newest style of Boot's."

Emma Paradee, "A 'Guy' chart."  
Roger Vincent, "A 'Pearl' ring."  
Bessie Stroud, "Rules and game of 'Jenkins' up'."

Marion Stevens, "A little 'Peggy' (dog)"

Foster Davis, "A bottle of medicine which will guarantee to cure bashfulness."

Sarah Lankford, "A picture of 'Columbus'."

Jennie Pilchard, "Curling irons."

Louise Smith, "A lemon to use in her 'Squeezer', when necessary."

Margaret Crockett, "Just give me a bow (bean)."

Susie A. Redden, "An 'Ara' to pierce the heart of her 'billy' goat."

Allen Schoolfield, "A knife with sharp 'Blades'."

Carrie Bundick, "Navy' buckle."

Margaret Porter, "A ladder to climb down on the level with the class."

Cynthia Ardis, "New box of paints."

Lucille Payne, "Set of false teeth."

Teacher (of 4th Grade) "What is the meaning of 'homely'?"

Little Boy (after a pause) "It must be one who stays at home a good deal."

Teacher (In Primary Department) "Little boy, what is your name?"

Little boy—"My maiden name is John, but they call me 'Jack' for short."

Conversation from a party on a "rather cool" evening.

George—"Hay, Graham how is it up your way? It's rather cool back here."

Graham—"A genuine north eastern.

Louise (Speaking to George)—"You may have my coat and scarf provided you wish it."

George—"Thank you" (A little later on) Look how beautifully the stars are shining! What is your favorite star?

Louise—"Really I don't know as I have never spent any time thinking about it, but I had an idea that 'Mars'"

George— (Looking upward) "My star isn't shining tonight."

Louise, (Blushingly)—Tee. hee.

Teacher in English—"Ruth, what is the plural of appendix?"

Ruth (ninth. grade)—"Appendicitis."

Prof. F. (in Geometry Class)—"Sarah what are you doing way over there? Wont you come closer?"

Margaret O—"What is patriotism? I certainly dont know the meaning of it."

Professor Fountain (speaking to the Juniors)—"Girls you are talking like a streak."

Teacher—"What ship is it that carries two passengers only?"

Pupil—"Courtship."

Teacher (in Primary Department)—"How many letters are there in the alphabet?"

Scholar, (after a few minutes of thinking)—Well, as you are so smart, how many letters are there in the Postoffice?"

In playing a game of "Forfeits" while sitting on a settee, a pupil of the ninth grade, Lizzie Shivers, turned to the boy (?) and asked him if he meant what he had just said for her, which was—"Love me hon" He answered while blushing—"I hate to tell you."



### Stockton School Notes.

The class of '08, consisting of four boys and six girls is the largest this school has yet sent out, and next to P. H. S. is we believe, the largest graduating class in the county.

Chemistry was added to the Eleventh Grade work this year, and for the unusually long delay in securing the chemical laboratory outfit ordered, has proved quite popular. The class completed physics last year.

We were delighted to have in our audience for the first number of our Star Course of Entertainments quite a good number of the young ladies and gentlemen of Pocomoke, including Prof. E. Clarke Fontaine. Come again.

We feel particularly fortunate in sharing with P. H. S. the valuable services of Miss Lillie Powell in the

Manual Training Department. As to her work and her hold upon the hearts of her pupils, Miss Powell might well say with Caesar, *veni, vidi, vici.*

The P. H. S. Monthly takes this means to express its hearty appreciation to Prof. Hill, of Stockton, for his interest and kindness in sending us the above letter, and at the same time invite cordially any of the other schools of Worcester County to remember us in like manner, either in the way of contributing special articles or by sending us notes of their school news monthly. It is our aim, as time goes by, to bring our modest periodical up to the level of a representative School Journal for Wicomico County, provided none of the other schools in the county decide to publish a similar Journal. The cooperation of all is desired, and would be much appreciated.

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## Parents Write Interesting Letters

"We certainly do appreciate what you have done for our son and the interest you have taken in him."—*Mrs. J. W. Wilson, Pocomoke City, Md.*

(Two sons of Mrs. Wilson have attended Goldey College.)

"I feel that I am doing the right thing when I place my sons in Goldey College, for I know there is no better school."—*R. C. Peters, Ironshire, Md.*

(Four sons of Mr. Peters have attended Goldey College.)

"Goldey College placed my son in a good position when he completed the course, and has done everything necessary to promote his success."—*Henry Davis, Still Pond, Kent Co., Md.*

"I wish to thank you very much for your kindness to my son while he was at school, also for securing him so good a position. When I have another boy to send to a commercial school, I shall certainly send him to Goldey College."—*W. E. Boston, Ironshire, Md.*

"I wish to thank you for recommending my daughter for the position she now holds. I regard your school as the best in the country, both in the instruction it gives and the interest shown at all times in the graduates."—*John B. Dean, Elkton, Md.*

"Please accept my thanks for more than full value received for money expended in sending my daughter to Goldey College."—*W. M. Bergman, Oxford, Md.*

"I feel that it is the policy of your school to take an active interest in all of your students."—*Mrs. Mary W. Nock, Salisbury, Md.*

(Since writing the above, Mrs. Nock has sent a second son to Goldey College.)

*The letters printed above are taken from the Goldey College catalogue, a very interesting book of 64 pages. Write for it; it is free. Address: Goldey College, Wilmington, Del.*

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