

S. H. H. S. THE REPRESENTATIVE S. H. H. S.

VOL. 1. NO. 4

JANUARY, 1923

10 CENTS A COPY

State High School Supervisor

E. C. Fontaine Commends

The "Representative"

From a recent letter in regard to "The Representative," written to Mr. Simmons by Mr. Fontaine, we quote the following: "Please extend my sincere congratulations to the student body, and especially to the editorial staff, for the paper they are publishing this year."

MUSIC'S PLACE IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

I have never been able to understand why any community will readily tax itself to support a school to teach algebra, ancient history, and yet will reject a proposition to teach music. What is Education? To prepare for complete living we are often told. Is there any such thing as complete living without music? If the high school students have an entertainment music furnishes a large part of the program. All our church services are started by music. If we wish to collect a crowd for any purpose, music is the never failing magnet. Social life without music is unthinkable. "In time of peace music is the joy of nations. In time of war it is the safety valve. The physical pressure of mental strain finds relief in music. The antidote for aching hearts is music. Music is an expression of love, the tone of grief, a solace of solitude." These are convincing reasons for including the subject in the curriculum of every school in the country; then, if music can do all these things, we are amply justified in demanding music in the lives of all school children.

Only a few pupils expect to devote their lives to music as a profession, but a large number of children have sufficient musical talent to make it interesting for them to perform music with others as a recreation. They will be more likely to use some of their leisure time in this desirable way if the school encourages them to become interested in music. Although the curriculum seems over-

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY.

Our loyal friend, Mr. Zadok H. Powell, celebrated his eightieth birthday on January seventh.

Mr. Powell was born on a farm near Girdletree on January 7, 1843.

In 1869, when he was twenty-six years old, he entered the firm of P. D. Cottingham and Co., in which he has been and still is an active and valuable member.

Later, he served several years as town councilman. At the same time he was a member of the board of the Maryland Pharmaceutical Association. While on this board he assisted in the formulation of the Maryland Laws of Pharmacy.

About twenty years ago he was appointed a member of the Worcester Co. Board of Education, and very soon was chosen President of that Board.

Mr. Powell has been of incredible value in the school affairs of this county. By means of his wise and sane counsel, the board has performed its duties in a most successful and economical way.

In his church he stands preeminent. He has been a member of Whatcoat M. E. Church for many years and has served on the Official Board and Sunday School Board. He has always been ready to encourage every movement which stands for the advancement of his community.

Mr. Powell married Miss Paynter from New Jersey, in 1872. Mr. Powell has one son, two grandchildren, and one great-grandson.

The Representative, expressing the sincerest wishes of the entire faculty and student body, wishes for Mr. Powell many other happy birthdays.

crowded at present, surely a demand for twenty or thirty minutes of time for music in every school room in the country should not be considered unreasonable.

Why not give music a place in our Snow Hill schools?

Lucie Collins.

Examinations are over!

BETTER ATTENDANCE.

If there is one school problem above all others on which local, county, and state authorities should work this year, it is that of attendance.

Many people do not seem to realize that a child's distaste for school, his discouragement, his reputation as a dullard and his lack of self-confidence are very often due to a poor attendance record. Few children can stay out of school several days of every month and keep up an interest in school. Absence breeds discouragement, self-depreciation, disrespect for law and blissful ignorance.

The law validates but two excuses: (1) bodily or mental condition which does not permit of attendance; (2) satisfactory home instruction by a qualified teacher. Death in the family, contagious disease in the home, and a severe storm should, of course, also be recognized as legitimate excuses for brief absence from school. Out for work, disagreement with teachers, and fear of communicable diseases after the epidemic has subsided were the most common excuses given in December for the delinquents, no one of which should have been accepted.

It is misguided kindness to show leniency for non-attendance because the child is needed at home. All too often parents purchase additional land with the express purpose of using their children to perform the extra required labor and with the full knowledge that their education must be sacrificed for the sake of more acres. Sacrifices are made by many parents in order that children may have better school opportunities, but there are many others who have no vision for their children. School authorities must protect the interests of such children. Theodore Roosevelt once said, "If you are going to do anything for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, and not with the man."

The school attendance records of Worcester County for this year are the best since the Compulsory Attendance Law of 1916 was passed. The latest figures indicate that an increase of 6 percent has been made.

(Continued on page 2)

over the scholastic year of 1921-1922. This continued advance is what we should expect of our people. But our school attendance is not yet what it ought to be. Our children are being deprived of opportunities the State has provided for them. The situation is unjust both to the State and to the children.

Our present concern is to discover where the children are losing out and why, and to direct the strength of the state, as well as of the locality, to the aid of the children deprived, until every American child is given as nearly as possible an equivalent of the best educational opportunity, in stimulus and help. We may be assured that what we do and spend will return to the nation a hundredfold in multiplied ability and service and that what we neglect to do will increase the nation's load and our own distress. We must drive illiteracy to the sea!

DELIVERING THE GOODS

What an ordeal it was to deliver the goods! After a month of hard work—yes, sir, you had worked hard—to think the old teacher had given you two E's—one more than you had last time. And Dad had offered you a dollar if you'd bring the next report card home without an E. And now here you are dreading to pass it over to your parents.

Then suddenly you pass it over while you think to yourself that next time you'll get all A's and Bs'. Now pass it to your Dad, who is reading the paper. He looks at it a minute and then passes it to your mother, saying that he had one more dollar to his credit—not a word about trying to do better next time or anything. Your mother looks at it and then asks for a pen to sign it with.

During this time your mind has been full of thoughts of the times when you played and should have studied. Then and there you promise yourself you will deliver better goods next time.

GLADYS GIBBONS, '24.

A PROFICIENT GRAMMARIAN

It was in the days when every school had a class in English Analysis. Gertie did not usually shine in such work, but this day she was sure of her ground. So she proudly began:

"Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath"—

"'Urn' is the subject and 'can bust' is the predicate!"

—Ex.



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SNOW HILL,

MARYLAND.

of leaving the old familiar High School.

For we have almost reached the top of the ladder. In two short years we will leave behind our easy going school days and begin our walk through life in dead earnest. Now, although we know that sometime we will have to begin life seriously, we don't really comprehend "leaving our school days behind us."

Hereafter we are going to prove to you that we realize the importance of "School days" and so we say, just to warn you, look out for the Jolly Juniors, who will be the class of '24.

LOCALS

The good old Christmas holidays have come and gone, and we are back at school getting down to hard work. But of course we don't mind that, because we just love to work.

Many of the graduates of S. H. H. S. spent their holidays at home.

On New Year's Eve Ernestine Timmons was hostess at a little party given at her home.

Miss Dorothy Yuill, of Newark, N. J. spent the holidays with Emily Truitt.

On Thursday evening several of the young people were entertained by Bessie Stagg Hayman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Branner spent the holidays with Mrs. Branner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore. Mrs. Branner is an alumna of S. H. H. S. Mr. Branner is an "All Maryland Man."

Ruth Moore always seems to have a good supply of Coty's. We Wonder!

One article in the "Representative" has done some good. We have an organized fire drill.

Quite a number of the Newark students have been absent, from school this week because of sickness.

Grace Jones delightfully entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening, January 5th.

We are very glad to see Paul Stagg back at school after his long absence.

J. H. PERDUE

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PHONE 89

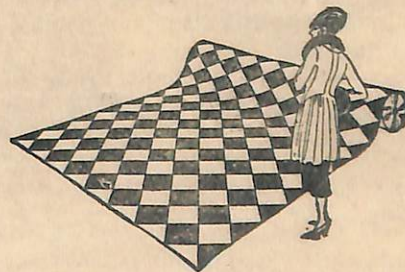
LINOLEUM

—AND—

RUGS

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SNOW HILL, MARYLAND

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Published Monthly by the Students of
The Snow Hill High School.

Editor Bessie Hayman
Asst. Editor Henrietta Bowen
Social Editor Ethel Shockley
Sports Editors
Louise Evans and Robert White
Humorous Editor Olive Mumford
Business Manager Paul Jones
Asst. Business Mgr. Edward Harris

Yearly Subscription Price \$75

LIVING UP TO OUR OBLIGATIONS.

Our obligations are many. How many of these do we fulfill? Perhaps three-fourths of them, but often the most important and the hardest ones are left out.

What are some of these many obligations? First, there's school spirit, second, preparations of lessons, third, athletic dues, fourth help the school in any possible way.

These are only a few of the obligations placed upon us by our school. Many more are there out side of our school life. But, after all, shouldn't our school obligations come first?

The athletic dues aren't paid. Classes, what are you going to do about it?

You can't let this one of your obligations fall short of the standard set for it. Spring athletics will soon start and we surely don't want to lack money just when we need it worst.

Pay your athletic dues if you haven't already done so. Don't put off until tomorrow that which can be done today. Live up to your obligations.

WHAT SNOW HILL MEANS TO ME.

Although I don't live in Snow Hill I have a tender spot in my heart for it. The main reason is I'm getting the biggest part of my education in the high school of Snow Hill.

Don't we feel proud when we hear out of town people praising the town or school? Why, we feel so proud we just feel like going to those people and saying, "I'm a resident of Snow Hill," or "A pupil of Snow Hill High School."

If we have town and school spirit, we will feel insulted if anyone says anything against our town or school.

EXAMINATIONS

Oh! That word, it makes a cold chill run up and down one's back to hear it.

Exams. are about over for this half, but the results haven't been made known yet. When they are there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for some of us; for others there will be smiles, a pride in the work they've accomplished.

About examination time every year, one can hear some pupil say to another, "Good gracious! Those old exams. start tomorrow. Of what use are they anyway? Why can't we have the exemption system? The teachers know what we know."

All of these questions need answering by persons who are really qualified, not by pupils of the high school.

Perhaps the teachers don't know where we stand, but couldn't they easily tell if they watched the pupil a little more?

Let's do away with examinations: the monthly tests are bad enough. We stand for "No More Exams."

LOVERS OF MUSIC

If there is one art in the world which has more followers and lovers than any other, it is music. Few people can be found who do not love it. There are whole families and generations who have musical strain in their being; particularly the negro race seems full of it. As far back as history goes, we find music and musical instruments among the nations.

The power of music may be judged by its uses. In religion it has always been the beautiful accomplishment of worship.

There is hardly a spot on earth, a home or an institution, a club, or society, in which the charms and power of music are not employed. From thousands of our windows we hear music in every way, sweet and full of joy, pour upon the ear and heart of a passing world. We hear music in the theatre, dance hall, park, saloon, the club and various other places. In camp and on the battlefield the band plays to cheer the soldiers separated from home and family, to arouse courage and bravery.

Music brings back our buried hopes and sweetest memories; it sweeps away everyday sorrows and makes us feel better for the work of the next day.

Music is a common property of man and animal, one of the finest talents that can be given to anyone.
VIRGINIA JACKSON '23

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LATHERING

One Saturday afternoon last summer my father was short of help, so he asked me if I wanted to learn to lather. I said I did.

A man got in the chair; I put the apron and towel on him and started for the lather. I mixed it all right and started putting it on his face.

With the first touch of the brush, it slipped out of my hand and landed in his mouth. He didn't seem to till I came to his mustache. I started again.

This time I got along all right until I came to his mustache. I started across in a hurry and filled his mouth and nose full of lather. Then he started blowing and spitting. But finally, after a hard struggle, I got him lathered.

Then came the rubbing. I started rubbing with a will, but somebody got to talking and I got to looking at him, and stuck a finger in each of his eyes. He didn't get time to say a word because I grabbed up my hat and coat and left the shop for that day.

VAN CARMEAN, '25.

RUBBISH!

Empty cans! Empty cans! How they glisten in the sunlight. Where are the tomatoes? The cans are back of the woodhouse. They certainly do show up with their red, white and blue decorations. Never mind! We can look at the decorations, because we are the ones who have eaten the contents. Couldn't they be taken away?

It seems they should, for people might think they represent our heads; and our heads are surely not empty.

EXCHANGES.

We have entered quite a few exchanges on our list:
Bucyrus Community Echo, Bucyrus, Kansas.

The High School Times, Easton, Maryland.

The Carolinian, Denton, Maryland.

The Echoes of W. H. S., Salisbury, Maryland.

Black and Gold, Georgetown, Delaware.

Junior Breeze, Mt. Airy, Maryland.

Henderson Review, Henderson, Maryland.

WHOO--LA!

Teacher—Do you know what is the capital of Alaska?

Jimmie—No'm.

Teacher—Correct.—Nome.

Miss Lucille—Hannah, what is this note?

Hannah (after some hesitation)—Oh, Gee!

Miss Lucille—"G"—That's right.

A Patent Medicine

They say hard study will make you reduce!

How about that, Paul Jones?

Mary—So he is a retired aeronaut?

Miss Sophisticated—Yes, he is a high school graduate!

Said Charles to Mary, who was sharpening her pencil:

"You ought to be an organ grinder."

Mary—"I think I shall, and use you for my monkey!"

Murder in the First Degree

Verdict by the Faculty—

Pupils kill Time!

ZENA SHAGER,

Post Graduate.

ACADEMIC JUNIORS

If the faculty would look back to the year 1920 they would think of it as one of the most memorable in the history of the Snow Hill High school. That year about fifty young, scared, and unsophisticated children entered High School, ready to absorb the little bit of knowledge not yet known, and by the end of the first week we learned that there was yet something to be learned. We passed through the Freshmen year, lost a little of our timidity, and in the Sophomore year looked back at the incoming class as a gang of ignorant little babies.

Now we are the studious and jolly Juniors, sixteen laughing boys and girls, jollying the Sophomores and ridiculing the Freshmen, stepping aside from no one except the upper classmen, who really had the boldness to become Seniors before us.

It seems sort of queer to have such a small class, but the queerest feeling of all is that of being Juniors. Every time we are pointed out as the "Studious Juniors" we feel a thrill of pride; but that soon passes away, and we begin to feel sharp stabs of pain shooting through our hearts at the thought

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ACADEMIC Senior Characteristics.

B—is for Bessie, with pencil in poise,
To help anyone of the girls and the boys.

E—is for Eva, who every day,
Sits like the sphinx, with nothing to say.

E—too, is for Ethel, the musical girl,
Who keeps every one in a continuous whirl.

E—also means Emily, who sometimes will
sigh,
"I wonder why sometimes R-will pass me by"

E—is for Elizabeth, another quiet girl.
She's one of those who's really a pearl.

E—is for Edward, the "Boy of" our boys.
Who tells every one all his sorrows and joys.

F—is for Frances, from Girdletree Hill,
Who likes to ask questions and asks with a
will.

H—Henrietta, the girl with red hair.
When it comes to a joke Henrietta's right
there.

H—is for Helen—although she's stout,
It's really surprising how she goes about.

H—is for Helen, the girl with the "specks,"
Who laughs all the time and makes breaks
by the pecks.

L—is for Louise, the noisy one,
Oh! When with her pranks will she ever be
done?

M—is for Mollie, who sings like a bird;
In charm and in grace she's the very last
word.

O—is for Olive, who spends much of her time
In asking the class for their very last dime.

R—is for Ruth, whose work is well done,
Yet always ready when we speak of fun.

R—is for Randolph, one member of the class,
Who seems to like well a demure little lass.

T—is for Thelma, to whom study is fun,
But always we notice her work is well done.

V—is for Virginia, who lives near the bay,
She can go crabbin' almost everyday.

V—is for Virginia, the girl with the smiles,
To see it, one fllow has gone many miles.

T—helma Carmean
Rut—**H**—Dryden
E—thel Shockley

Lou—**S**—e Evans
H—**E**—len Dennis
He—**N**—rietta Bowen
Em—**I**—ly Dennis
O—live Mumford
R—andolph Supprrier

Mollie—**C**—herrix
E—**L**—izabeth Dryden
Ev—**A**—Brimer
Bes—**S**—ie Stagg
Virginia **Jack**—**S**—on

Helen **B**—**O** Wen
F—rances Hancock

S
Virginia—**H**—arris
Edward—**H**—arris
S

GRAB ON.

You did not expect fortune was going to use you the way it has this past year, did you? When the New Year stuck its head over the rim of January first and shouted, "Good Morning," it seemed to you that this was going to be the best year yet. You forgot all the hard knocks you had received in the last twelve months and stepped right out on the new hopes, the new dreams, and the new determinations, just as if the ice were six inches thick and skating fine.

But here you are, sore from head to toe, where bad luck has kicked you. Not one dream has come true. The grass is tramped at your feet where you have wrestled with fate and been downed every time. And you stand at the gateway of another year, broken in spirit and ready to give up. You are no good as a farmer, anyhow. Might as well stop now. No use in trying again.

Is that what you are saying? Not by a jugful! That is not the kind of stuff you are made of! The worst has not come to you—it never does. Hope is not killed; not by any means. It never will be as long as life lasts. Old Father time may be nearly baldheaded where you have grabbed for his locks, but thank God! there are a few spears left.

Grab on and go ahead! Yesterday was a good day. It brought lots of good things. This is a better day than that was; and tomorrow is going to be the best that ever was.

"I'm all right!" Ring it out! Hold your head up high! Look the world in the face without a doubt or fear! It will do you good and help you to win. And you will win. What is more, you will help smoebody else to win. Grab on, onld man! Grab on and hang on! It will bring you throgh with flying colors.

THELMA CARMEAN.

EXCHANGES.

College Rays, New Windsor, Maryland.

The Washington Collegian, Chestertown, Maryland.

The Western Maryland College Monthly, Westminster, Md.

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SNOW HILL MARYLAND

DO CHEERS AND SONGS HELP?

Tom, with his team, walked from the station to the football field. Today they would play the decisive game with the "Greens."

"If we could only have some of the High School here to cheer for us, I know we would win," muttered Tom, "but I don't know how any of them can come. If only——"

But just then he was interrupted by the arrival of the rival team, followed by a hundred or more cheerers bearing the colors of the school and team.

The whistle blew. The team went out for practice. Then the whistle blew again. This time every man of the "Reds" was in his proper place. Then the "Greens" galloped on the field amidst the cheering of their fellow students.

During the first half neither team made a goal, although the cheer leaders worked hard, never noticing the game, intent only on their own work of making every one yell, sing, and make all the noise possible.

Poor "Reds!" They had no one to back them, none of the school to cheer if one made a good play.

At the beginning of the last half the "Greens" scored. Then the crowd almost went wild. Just as the noise subsided a little, there came from the direction of the station a noise, a clamor like a circus coming to town. As the noise drew nearer the "Reds" knew that it wasn't any circus. Tom's hope, his wish, had been fulfilled, for the girls and boys had taken the next train down and were coming to cheer their team to victory.

As they neared the entrance gate, they burst into their school song, "Red and Black."

The team seemed suddenly to have taken a drink from the fountain of life. The ball went down the field straight through the "Reds" goal, as if there were something besides the teams of breathless, panting boys after it. Again they scored, and again the cheers come over the field from the visitors.

The cheers didn't cease; first a cheer, then a song, then more cheers.

The final whistle blew and the "Reds" had won, leaving the home teams stunned by their loss.

"Oh! Boys! Girls! Ladies! Gentlemen! You saved the school and won a victory today," yelled Captain Tom as he raced towards the dressing room.

Tom afterwards told the Professor that, although the boys seemed to be playing to the best of their ability, the team spirit was not lacking, yet when they heard the cheers

and songs of their school they seemed to find more strength and more vim, and the result was a victory.

Do cheers and songs help? We'll say they do!

ALUMNI COLUMN

Fellow Alumni:

This column is reserved for you! The Representative Staff invites, urges, and insists that you make use of it. Students, Faculty, and Fellow Alumni are watching this space for a message from you. Send us some notice of your present whereabouts and occupation, or a word of greeting for the sake of "auld lang syne." If you want to hear from your friends, let them hear from you!

The Representative is at your service as a means of communication.

BOB WHITE MAKES MYTHICAL ELEVEN

It has been customary for a long time for the Baltimore Sun, each year, at the close of the foot ball season to choose a mythical or "All Star" foot ball team, composed of the outstanding players of the several state colleges. It is considered quite an honor to be chosen a member of this All State team.

This year more interest was displayed in Soccer than ever before on the Eastern Shore. Practically every High School was represented in this sport.

The Wicomico News, one of the leading papers on the Shore, has published an "All State" Eastern Shore Soccer team. It is understood that this team was selected by the P. A. L. referees, who officiated at the games played on the shore, and consequently having seen every boy and every team in action, one or more times during the season, were in an excellent position to choose this honorary team. Eight different schools were represented on this team—Snow Hill being one of them, Robert White was chosen as our best player. White played a strong game at forward all season. He was rather unfortunate in our last game with Pocomoke, having hurt his right arm. He has not recovered this injury and may be unable to fill his regular position at third base when baseball season opens. White is exceedingly popular with his team mates and was chosen Captain of our 1923 Soccer team. The Representative as well as the entire student body wishes to congratulate "Bob" upon his recent honor and wish him a speedy recovery.

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THOMAS P. SELBY, Snow Hill, Md.

SAVE AND INVEST.

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INTENSIVE farming has been made possible thru improved farm machinery, selected seed, thorough cultivation, and commercial fertilizer. The Department of Agriculture, the State Experiment Station, the County Agent, co-operate with the farmer of today to use these means to the best advantage.

The Public School of today prepares the farmer of tomorrow to use these advanced methods intelligently, assuring a progressive farming community and thus a progressive town, state and nation.

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