

FIFTEEN-TWO



S.F.H.S.

FIFTEEN-TWO

Published by the

Class of 1904

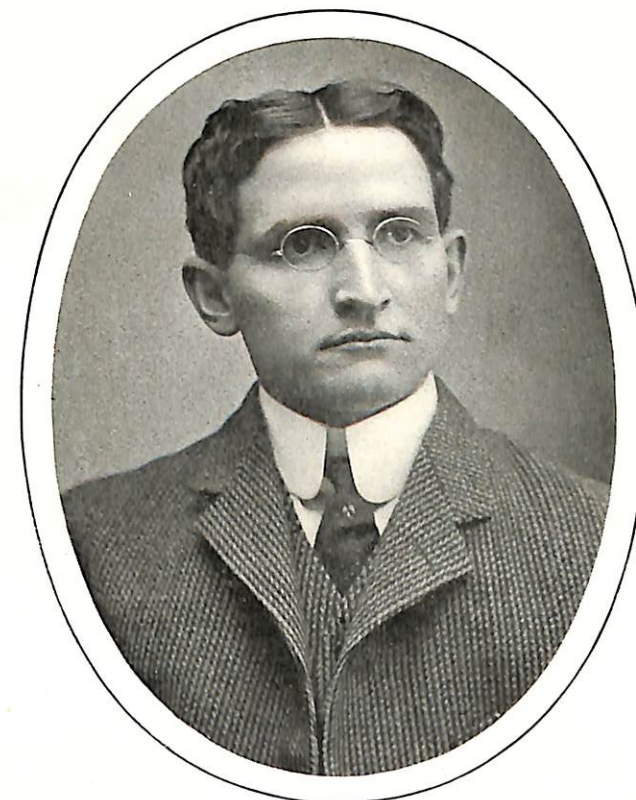
Snow Hill High School.

TO OUR PRINCIPAL,

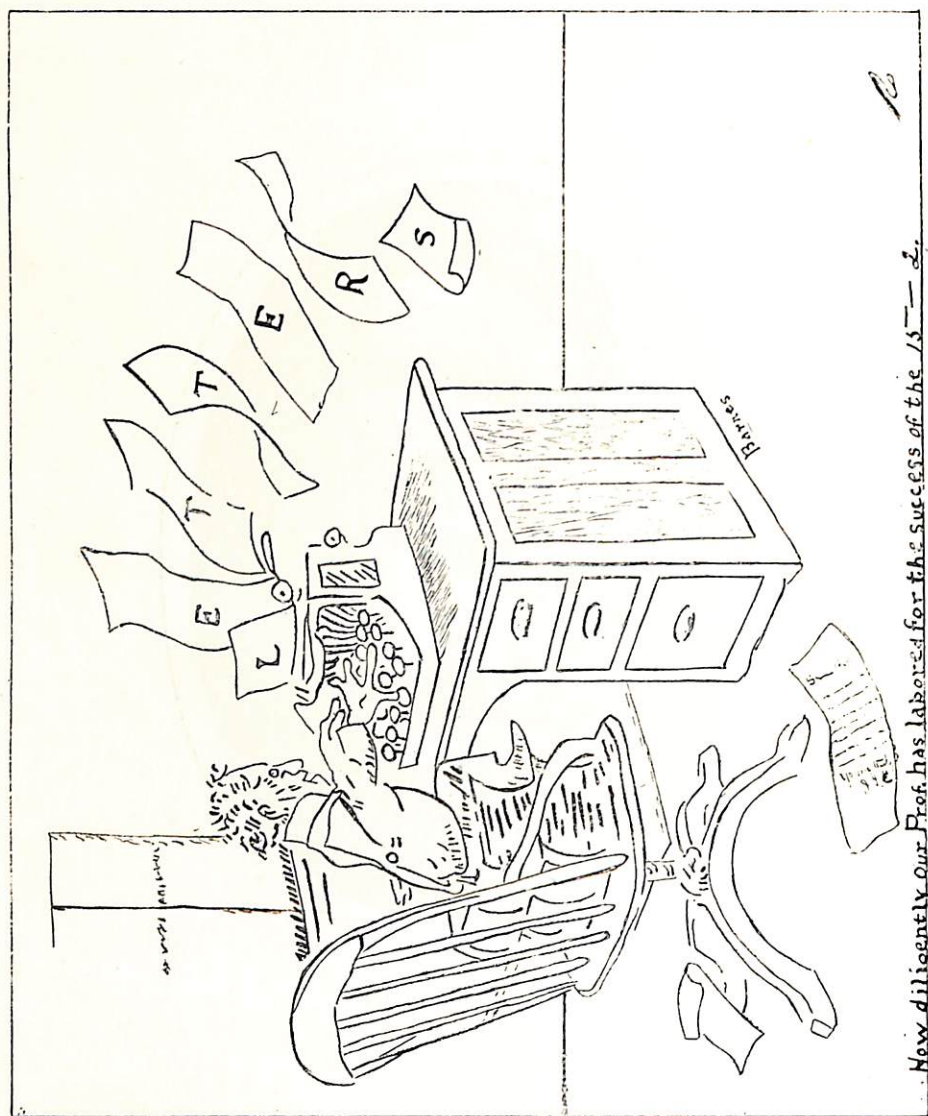
JOHN I. COULBOURN.

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF THE ESTEEM IN
WHICH HE IS HELD BY HIS ASSISTANTS
AND THE STUDENTS.



JOHN I. COULBOURN.



THE FACULTY.

FACULTY.



JOHN I. COULBOURN, A. M., Principal,
Eleventh and Tenth Grades, (Senior 1st and Senior 2d.)

EDNA STATON WHALEY, Vice-Prin.
Ninth and Eighth Grades.
(Junior 1st and Junior 2d.)

LEVIN J. KELLEY, Prin. Manual Training Dept.
Drawing and Manual Training in 11th,
10th, 9th, 8th, 7th and 6th Grades.

JULIA F. BRATTEN,
Seventh and Sixth Grades.

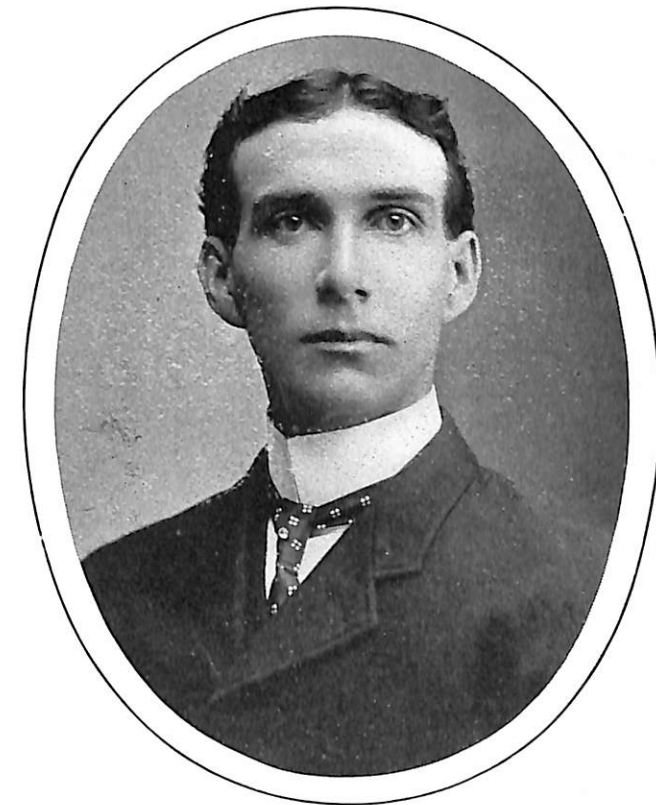
LIDA E. CLAYVILLE,
Fifth Grade.

ELIZABETH S. RICHARDSON,
Fourth Grade.

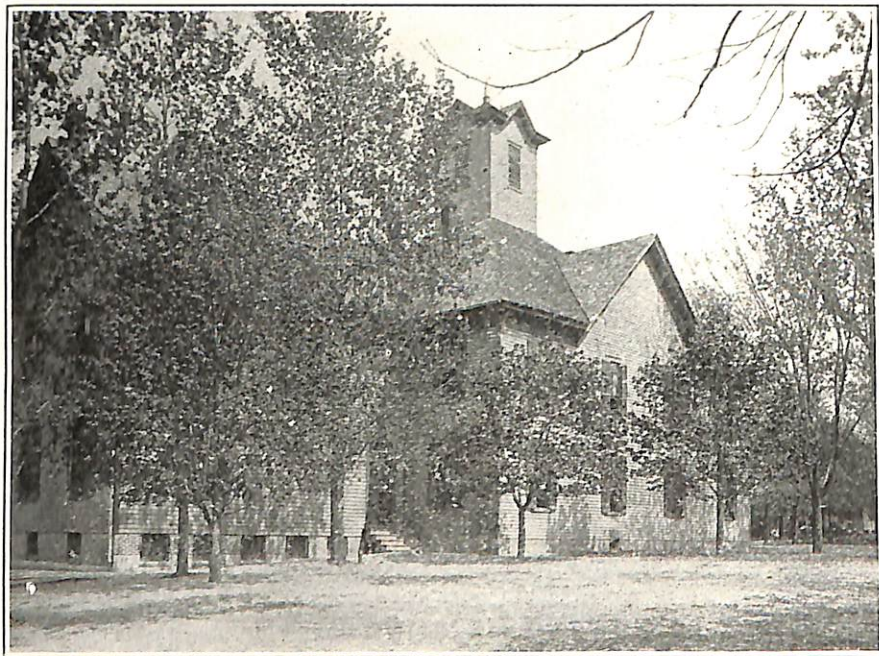
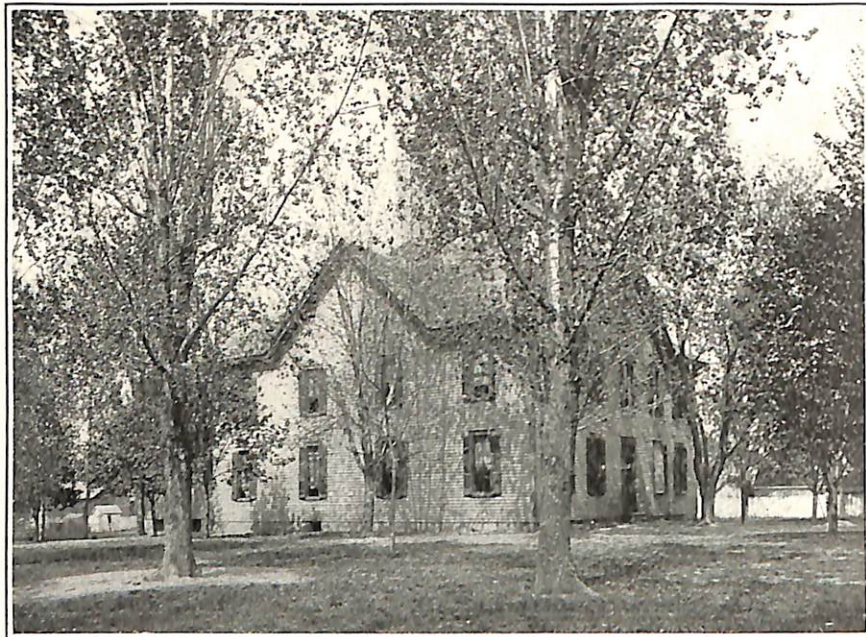
MARY PARSONS,
Third Grade.

HELEN J. TOWNSEND,
Second Grade, and Eleventh Grade History.

LILLIE HEWARD,
First Grade, and Tenth Grade History.



LEVIN J. KELLEY.



VIEWS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

A History of Snow Hill High School

By THOS. H. SPENCE, '85.



WILLIAM A. ECKELS

Were we asked what especially distinguished Snow Hill from her sister towns on our blessed Eastern Shore, we would say her Public Schools. Other towns may have schools in finer edifices; other scholars may have the advantages of more numerous 'ologies, and other classes may be graded even to the highest pitched key of the educational gamut, but OUR HIGH SCHOOL, has pursued its trend with uniformly accelerated progress, and its graduates leave their Alma Mater, whether for Life's struggle or for College finish, with moral and mental equipment second to none. This is due in large measure to the interest, support and pride of our loyal people,—a people who add to their other civic virtues, a confidence in the

value of education. With wise forethought they have seen that the community cannot go backward, if education goes forward, and that upon the bed rock of a liberal Christian education, is built the mighty fabric of our Great Commonwealth.

Did time and space permit the recording of the annals of the Snow Hill School in detail, we would have to all intents a concrete history of the Snow Hill people. Our white-haired and revered fellow citizens in this good old town of neighbors would recall with pride that here was administered that early training which served to encourage this or that youth to grow up to a life of success, of goodness and influence. Men of middle life would recall incidents of their school days,—exciting times for weal or woe, and the gracious matrons, who preside with so much grace over our firesides, would smile at the reflection in Time's Mirror of those girlhood scenes when they so jealously guarded "Love's first sweet dream." Smiles and tears, sunshine and shadow, triumph and regret chase each other across our memory, when we visit in imagination, that arena of our early efforts; the huge obstacles of those days now appear to have worn away to little pebbles on the roadside of life, and the hardships of yore seem now but as gentle reminders of struggles won or failures forgiven.

The history of the Snow Hill High School naturally divides itself into two



THOMAS H. SPENCE

periods,—namely, the Dynasty of the Clergy, 1867 to 1879, and the Dynasty of the Laymen, 1879 to 1904. The first Principal of the school, after it was established upon its present site, was the Reverend William Mackey, who assumed charge about 1867. He was followed in turn by Rev. Mr. Fulton, Rev. Mr. Beach, Rev. J. T. Lassell and the Rev. B. F. Myers. We know little of their respective administrations, but under their guidance, the school thrived and waxed strong. The boys, too, in those days must have been of a strenuous nature, for it is in history that once in a while a passer-by might see some hapless urchin dangling out of a second-story window, supported only by the muscular grip of his clerical preceptor.

In '79 to '81 Mr. R. K. Wimbrough, a graduate of Dickinson College, held the reins. He was a gentleman who lived up to his ideas of strict discipline, but a scholarly man withal, and a most competent instructor.

In '81 our trustees secured the services of Mr. Chas. W. Temple, a graduate of the University of Virginia. Mr. Temple was a man of scholarly attainments. His inability, however, to adapt himself to circumstances was a serious obstacle in the way of his success.

From '82 to '87 our Principal was Mr. George T. Bratten,—“The noblest Roman of them all”—endowed by Nature with a sterling integrity and a keen sense of honor, he soon exerted his influence upon his students, and it is, I think, an unchallenged fact that no boy or girl ever came within the scope of his association without becoming morally and intellectually improved. “Death loves a shining mark,” and Mr. Bratten has given up his mission on earth, but his spirit still lingers in the old High School, for all traditions of evil gave way, under his influence, to practices of good, and honor sits enthroned within its portals.

Mr. William A. Eckels succeeded Mr. Bratten. His reign was one of peace and good will. Mr. Eckels introduced the custom of addressing his girl students as “Miss,” and this innovation, inspired by his retiring and modest nature, they heartily welcomed, nor did they ever give him an unhappy moment,—whether they have done so, since growing up, is not within the province of the chronicler to record. Mr. Eckels materially advanced the standard of the school and deserves especial credit for having organized the HIGH SCHOOL BUDGET, a monthly journal, edited by the students. This enterprise, we suspect, laid the foundation for the brilliant idea which inspired the Class of 1904 to enter upon their most commendable enterprise of a Class Annual. He also inaugurated the High School Library,



J. EDWARD WHITE

which from its well selected shelves disseminates pleasure and instruction throughout a wide circle of families.

Mr. Thos. H. Spence was Principal from '89 to '92. Mr. Spence found the school in excellent condition, thanks to the successful efforts of his predecessors, and with the zealous coöperation of his excellent staff of assistants, maintained its previous high standing. He was favored, too, by having students who know how to do things and did them, and as a result of their efforts, during his administration, the Assembly Hall was furnished with chairs and an organ, and material additions were made to the library. In 1892 the first Alumni Banquet was held, and proved a very successful affair.

Mr. J. Edward White succeeded to the Principalship in '92. Mr. White proved to be one of the school's popular Principals with the scholars, and his natural courtesy gained for him lasting friends throughout the community.

Mr. Chas. S. Richardson succeeded Mr. White, who resigned during the session of '95 to '96. Mr. Richardson had had considerable experience in teaching, and he soon evinced ability in his new charge. He was an excellent disciplinarian, and at the same time exhibited tact to a marked degree. All regretted the loss of this talented gentleman when he resigned in '01 to accept a call to a higher post.

Since 1901 the school has been in the capable hands of Mr. John I. Coulbourn. His success is too recent to require a recorder, but this narrative would be incomplete unless we, at least, make note of the high esteem, great respect and sincere affection in which he is held by both students and patrons.

A glance in retrospect at the list of assistants, who have labored in this fertile vineyard, makes it plain that were I to describe the traits and virtues of them all, in detail, this sketch would soon over-step the bounds of moderation. Some have been my teachers, some my colleagues, others my scholars, and all have been my friends. As Schley gave the credit of our victory at Santiago to the “men behind the guns,” so it must not be forgotten that a great part of the success of our school has, after all, been due to the unselfish loyalty and unswerving fidelity of our Assistants. I wish I had the space to dwell upon the character of that patriarch of the flock, Mr. Jas. R. Townsend, whose term of service dated from 1860 to 1881, but whose personality is still alive among our scholars, for their parents delight to recount to them those strenuous incidents which made the name of the good old Dominie a household word.

I would also mention Miss Jennie Hack, who can, no doubt, recall her scholars



CHARLES S. RICHARDSON

ideas are ever new. He keeps abreast of the times, is a student yet, and every scholar feels that in Mr. Hill he or she has a devoted friend.

As to others of our able band of assistants, we must be content with a mere chronology and leave it to future chroniclers to do them ample justice.

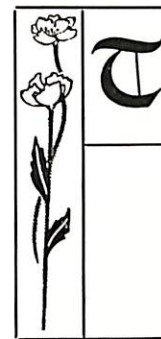
MR. JAMES R. TOWNSEND, '67, '82	MISS MARY M. BRATTEN, '89, '99
MR. W. T. DICKERSON, '82, '84	MISS M. ELLA MOORE, '89, '99
MR. WM. F. JOHNSON, '84, '86	MISS LIZZIE S. RICHARDSON, '96, '04
MR. JOHN S. HILL, '86, '94	MISS JULIA F. BRATTEN, '99, '04
MISS JEANETTE B. DRYDEN, '94, '00	MISS IDA G. MARSHALL, '99, '00
MRS. EDNA S. WHALEY, '00, '04	MISS LIDA E. CLAYVILLE, '00, '04
MISS ANNIE V. DIMOCK, '79, '88	MISS HELEN J. TOWNSEND, '01, '04
MISS S. VIRGINIA HACK, '79, '96	MISS LILLY DUFFY, '00, '01
MISS ELLEN M. HACK, '81, '89	MISS LILLY HEWARD, '02, '04
MISS ELLA L. PURNELL, '88, '99	MISS MAMIE PARSONS, '00, '04

MR. L. J. KELLEY, '02, '04

The development of the school made it necessary to replace the old building of 1867 with the present structure in '85, and this in turn received a much-needed addition two years ago. In 1902 a Manual Training Department was added to the curriculum, and this departure has achieved great success under its capable instructor, Mr. Kelley.

This comprises the story of our good High School,—marked by constant development and steady improvement. Let there be no retarding of the wheels of its progress. Let the people see to it that its equipment be modern, that its teachers be properly recompensed for their labors and receive the hearty support of its patrons, that its scholars be regular in attendance, and thereby they will keep the best of Snow Hill's many good institutions in the vanguard of progress.

Editorial



O do credit to our Alma Mater we feel that the wrong class has been chosen to present the first volume of her Annual. However, the task having been assigned us, we have entered upon the work with zeal and a steadfast determination to do the best in our power.

It is not our purpose to mention all the occurrences of our school life, but those which we think may be interesting to the readers of "Fifteen-Two," and those that later in life will inspire the class of 1904 with childlike love for the old school and teachers. Everything has been prepared with care not to wound anyone's feelings, or show partiality to anyone; and we hope the little jokes will be taken in the spirit in which they were written.

Dear readers, on examining our book do no drop it in disgust when you



STAFF DURING

observe that the Editorial Staff is composed entirely of girls; the boys have enlivened its pages.

We trust that this book will be a source of pleasure to the Alumni, recalling to each one the happy days in the S. H. H. S. halls.

To the people who have so willingly aided us in this work we wish to extend

our heartfelt thanks; especially to those who very kindly contributed advertisements, thus enabling us to publish our book. May this feeble beginning grow to be such a power in promoting the advancement of our dear school that they may not feel that their assistance was in vain.

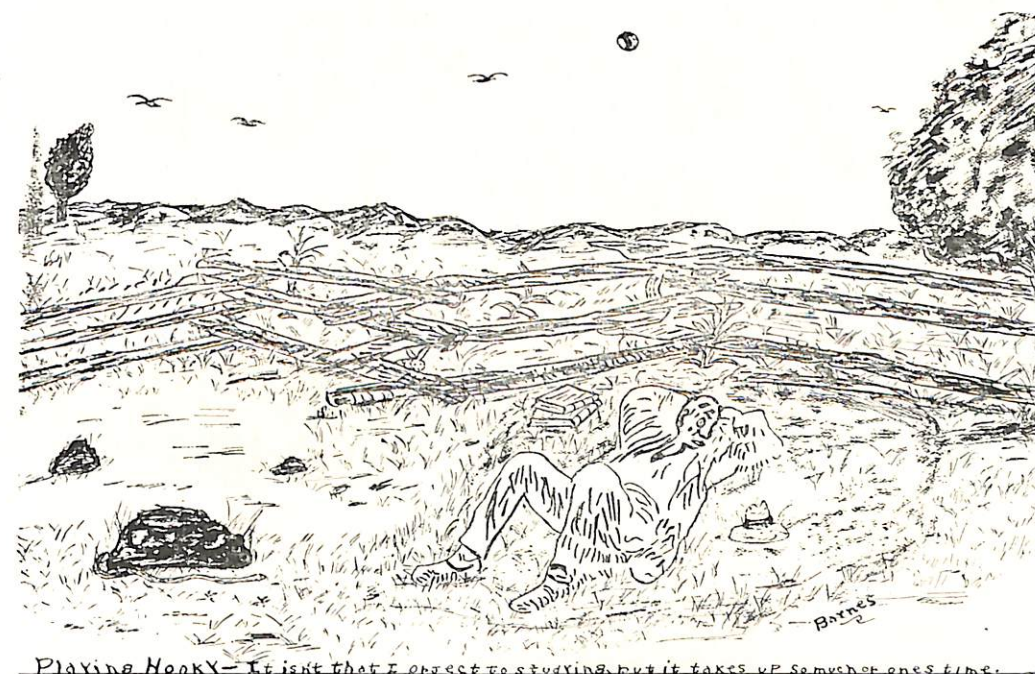
We feel greatly indebted to Professors Spence and Richardson for the History



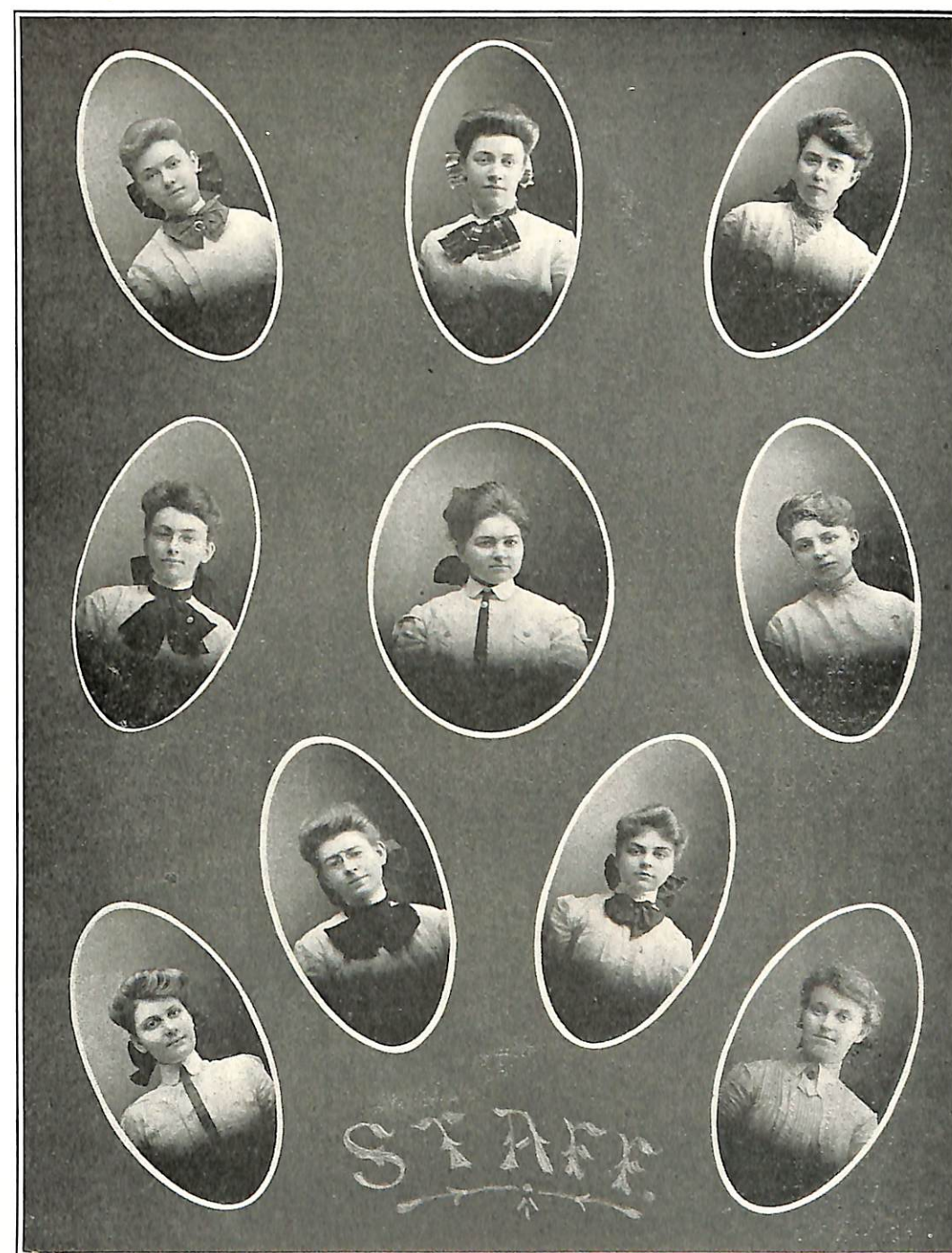
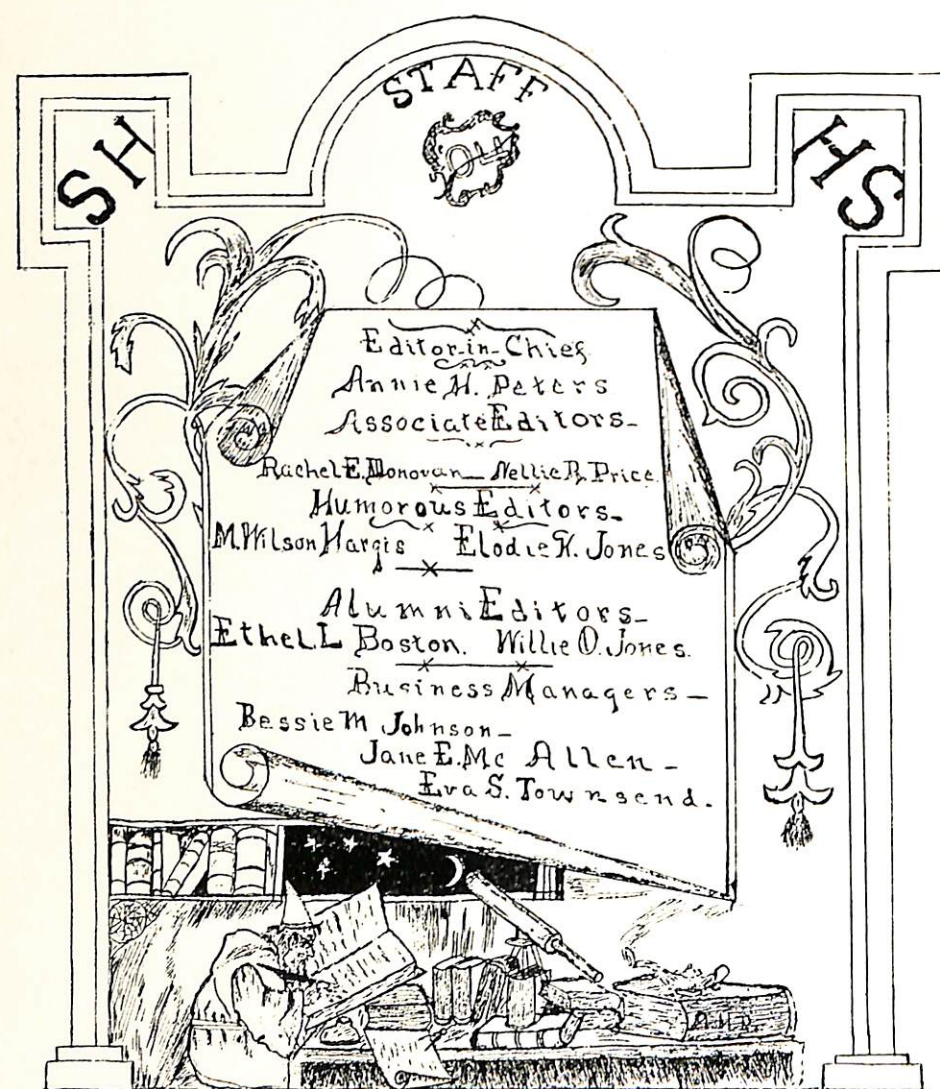
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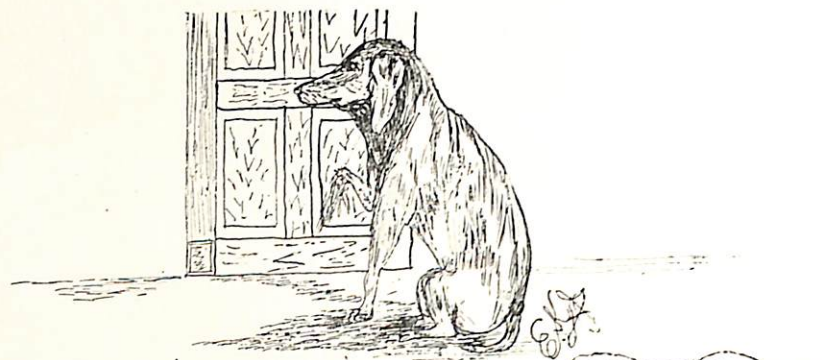
of the School and the Alumni article which they so kindly prepared for us, and wish to express our deepest gratitude.

For the many suggestions which they offered, and the aid they so willingly tendered we desire to thank our teachers, Mr. Coulbourn and Mr. Kelley; also to thank Mrs. Whaley for superintending the work for the Grammar School Department.



Playing Hooky—It isn't that I object to studying, but it takes up some of one's time.





We are known by our scratches—

Olin B. Barnes

Viola E. Bonnevill

Ethel L. Boston

Rachel L. Donovan

Elodie K. Jones

Daisy E. Ellis

M. Wilson Hargis

Bessie M. Johnson

Etta Jones

Willie A. Jones

Jane E. McAllen

Annie H. Peters

Nellie P. Price

Bessie L. Purnell

Asher R. Smith

Eva S. Townsend

Edith S. Stanford

Class of 1904

Motto:—REQUIRIMUS ET REPERIMUS.

Officers

President, BESSIE PURNELL.

Vice President, VIOLA BONNEVILLE.

Secretary, EDITH STANFORD,

Prophet, OLIN BARNES,

Historian, DAISY ELLIS.

Poet, ASHER SMITH.

Orator, ETTA JONES.

Flower:—ROSE.

Colors:—BLUE AND BLACK.

Yell:—Zickety Zacks, Zickety Zacks,
We're the S. H. H. S. Tacks;
We will yell forever more,
Snow Hill High School, 1904.

Class Roll

OLIN BARNES
VIOLA BONNEVILLE
ETHEL BOSTON
RACHEL DONOVAN
DAISY ELLIS
WILSON HARGIS
ELODIE JONES
ETTA JONES

WILLIE JONES
BESSIE JOHNSON
JANE McALLEN
ANNIE PETERS
NELLIE PRICE
BESSIE PURNELL
ASHER SMITH
EDITH STANFORD

EVA TOWNSEND

Class Song

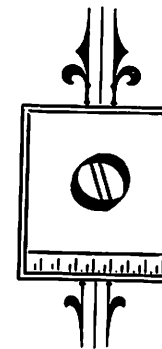
TUNE: "'Neath the Elms."

Words by Asher R. Smith.

How our school days have been flying!
They are gone to come no more
To the class of nineteen-four!
How the best joy has been dying
Of the class that's nigh a score!
May God help us as we go
O'er life's waters to and fro!
May he keep our pathway bright
By His ever shining light!
Till he calls the Fifteen-Two
At His sacred holy will,
We will sing with joyful hearts
Songs of school-and-of-dear-Snow Hill.

Stars of night are brightly shining
In the town of old Snow Hill—
In the town of old Snow Hill—
They're to cease our heart's repining,
As we sadly say farewell.
Now our happy voices flow
For we greet you as we go.
May our friendship ever last
Through the tempest and the blast!
Now the end is drawing nigh,
And once more we'll say farewell,
And once more we'll say good-bye
To our friends of dear Snow Hill.

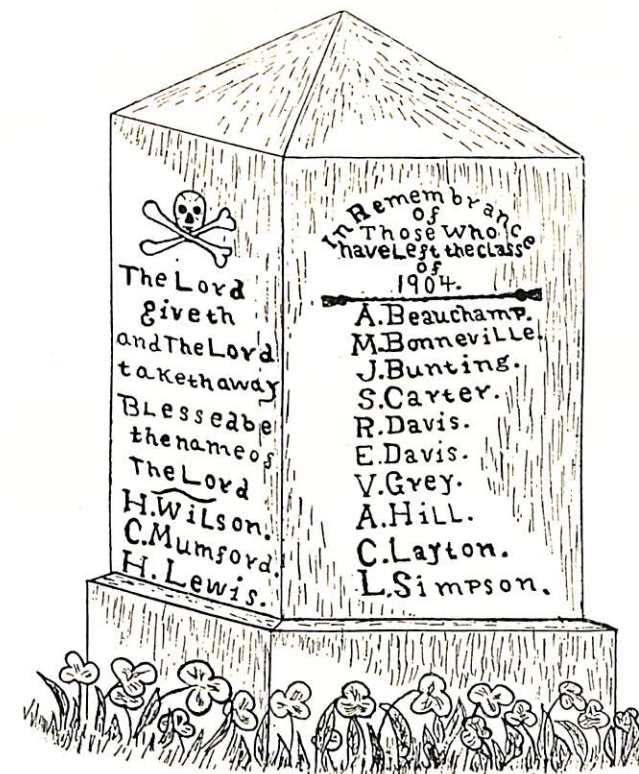
Class History of 1904



NCE upon a time," long, long ago, when the class historian was a little girl, the history of the Class of Naughty Four (but not Naughty Seventeen) began. Had we numbered one girl more we might have chosen "Sweet Sixteen" as the title of our Year Book, but as we had two boys with us to break the spell, our appellation is "Fifteen-Two." This seems to be about the usual ratio, at least in high school circles—fifteen girls to two boys—but we look hopefully forward to that golden age when there will be enough boys to go around. Our class, in its infancy, consisted of Jones, Smith, (and I was about to add the proverbial Brown), but if memory serves me aright, in addition to Etta and Asher there were "two little girls in blue,"—Bessie Purnell and Daisy Ellis. At least they were "blue" when they entered, but when the teacher permitted them to sit together they soon forgot their troubles. It was a case of "love at first sight," and though they played tricks upon each other which threatened again and again to destroy their friendship, the quarrels were "love spats," and they soon "made up" again. I thought Bess was the nicest little thing that ever lived, and it would not surprise me if somewhere in this wide world there might some day be found someone of the opposite sex who holds the same opinion. But how sad for me to contemplate that the place which I have occupied by the side of the dear girl from the first grade to the tenth may be usurped by a handsome young man! After two years had glided by our good little friend, Nellie Price, who had been compelled, on account of poor health, to relinquish her studies, rejoined the class. In this grade our teacher was not strong, or, at least, we did not think so until one day when she caught a number of us making doll clothes when we should have been studying our lessons. For this the offenders were rewarded with rosy cheeks, not by the application of any rouge, but by the sudden contact of our teacher's hand upon our jaws. You will notice that some of the class still have the color upon their cheeks, but no one has taken up dressmaking in school hours since. During our sojourn in this room a little golden haired girl—Wilson Hargis—joined the class. Everyone admired her pretty hair, but one morning when she came to school minus her lovely locks we could not resist the temptation of calling her *boy*, for we were, as usual, short of boys; but, alas! for us, Wilson's hair soon grew long

and beautiful again and we were conscious of the same dearth as before. Our next promotion took us to the third room, where our number was augmented by the advent of three new scholars, Bessie Johnson, Eva Townsend and Jane McAllen. When they came to us we did not know whether we would like them or not, they seemed so solemn. Actually they *looked as solemn as preacher's daughters*, but we soon found them to be the jolliest kind of girls, and from that day to this they have been up to their eyes in pranks with the rest of us. One of the girls, however, did something we did not like (and am sure that Etta did not like it, for he had been paying pretty close attention to her), allowed one of the boys to treat her frequently to candy. The rest of us wanted some, but we did not get it. Owing to the addition of another grade we remained only one year in this room. The next year our tall, dark-haired, sparkling-eyed friend Willie Jones came in to be one of the jolly members of the class. Her name might have suggested to some that a boy was about to join the class, but no such good luck; the addition of Willie simply swelled the number of girls. After one year's stay in this grade we marched upstairs to the sixth grade (where the "big folks" were), and I tell you we felt pretty "big" going up those steps. We called the little children downstairs "kids." During this term our friend Viola Bonneville became a member of the class. Viola is an ambitious and industrious girl, and, although she has been teaching in a country school this year, she has also kept up with her studies and graduates with us. The next term we entered the Grammar School—(we thought we were "right in it" there). Our teacher's name was the only formidable thing about her, for she did not "whale" any member of our class, but proved herself to be a pleasant teacher, and we left her room with a degree of regret, for we were about to brave the ordeal of a man teacher. During our tutelage in this room our merry friends, Rachel Donovan and Olin Barnes, came to us. One day one of the boys hurt his finger, and how Rachel did sympathize with him! she's a preacher's daughter, you know, and that probably makes her so sympathetic. Whenever you get an opportunity ask Rachel how she cured the cut finger. Edith Stanford, our studious and painstaking secretary, came from a Philadelphia school to cast her lot with the Class of Naughty Four during our sojourn in the Grammar School. In the studies of this term a shadow fell across the pathway of our class by the death of one of our members,—Bertha Bonneville. She laid aside her books and was promoted to that class which we all hope to join some day,—in the "Heavenly Father's House of Many Mansions." We cherish tenderly the memory of her association with us. Having devoted the bulk of the time allotted me to ancient and mediæval history, we will now come down to modern times. Veteran scholars:—Asher Smith, Bessie Purnell, Etta Jones, Nellie Price, Wilson Hargis, Bessie Johnson, Eva Townsend, Jane McAllen, Willie Jones, Viola Bonneville, Edith Stanford and Daisy Ellis. Recruited last year:—Annie Peters, Elodie Jones, John Bunting and Ethel Boston. John was with us only one year and left for college to study for the ministry.

We all wish him much success in that exalted calling, and wonder if any member of the class will ever need his services in the "knot tying" line. We all have to keep a pretty close watch on our classmate from Newark, for she has been very friendly with John this year—we don't know why she is, but we all have our thoughts. We have had many social pleasures as a class. It is out of the question to refer to them all here, but I may be permitted to speak of two: "Our Feast" and our "Trip to the Furnace." While the Professor was at Annapolis attending to "affairs of state" it so happened that the class, being greatly fatigued by the severe mental and bodily strain attendant upon passing through (or over) a



Latin test, decided to renew their strength and at the same time celebrate the absence of the Professor by holding a Feast in the Basement. Bill of Fare:—Canned Beef, Pickles, Molasses Cake, Cucumbers, Sour Balls, Pickled Cucumbers, Plane Trigonometry (seventeen piled in centre of table for use in case one of the teachers should become possessed of a sudden desire to visit Manual Training Department); Cucumber Pickles, Potted Tongue, (girls voted that this dish be reserved for exclusive use of the boys; boys strenuously objected and asked for pickles, but were overwhelmed by numbers); Pickled Cucumber Pickles. Toast

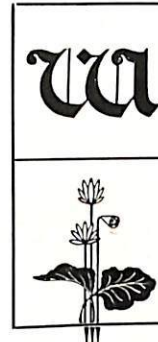
to the Professor, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," drunk amid great applause from beef-cans, paper bags and potted tongue tins. (Applause was by the class, not by the cans, tins and bags).

Truth compels us to add that the applause was all in a whisper, as only ten feet and one floor separate Manual Training Department from the Recitation Rooms above. The Feast came to an end (everything eaten up), as all good things do, and we had plenty of hard work to aid us in getting over the ill effects of the pickles and the Plane Trigonometry. Our trip to the Furnace occurred during last year's Teachers' Institute. We drove to the Furnace in two wagons, (eight girls and one boy in one wagon and seven girls and one boy in the other). The girls prepared the lunch. The boys did not do anything, (they were put up as ornaments, since they were so precious). We arrived at the Furnace about noon, and we were nearly exhausted. When we reached there we were all very thirsty and we had to walk about two miles before any water could be found. The boys would not go by themselves; they said they were afraid to leave us alone, and the distance would not be so long if they could just have some girls with them. We thought that mighty foolish, but we went—to get the water. When we came back we viewed the historic site and drank grape juice until some of the girls were staggering. The boys "wanted to drink some of it so bad that they did not know what to do," so they did nothing (they were too modest). It was nearly dark when we left there, and we had a delightful strawride home; it was better than the strawride going (I do not know why, but if you will ask two of the class, one a girl and the other a boy, they perhaps will give you an answer). We lacked only one thing to complete our happiness. Can you guess what it was? For answer, think of our class title—Fifteen-Two. We call this history, but it has been a charming pastime. We now stand upon the threshold of the real history of our lives. When it shall have been written may it contain few sorrows, and as many joys as the happy days now coming to such a cheerful end.

DAISY ELLIS.



Class Prophecy



WHILE walking through a beautiful meadow about dark my attention was attracted to a man with his eyes raised to the azure vault of heaven. On approaching and engaging him in conversation I soon found that he was an astrologer. As I desired to know the future of my class, I soon got up enough courage to ask him to inquire of the stars concerning the destiny of the members of the class of nineteen hundred and four, to which question I received an answer in the affirmative, and was told to meet him at the same place the next night and he would find out that which I desired. The future is a great land; how the lights and the shadows throng over it—bright and dark, slow and swift! Pride and ambition build up great castles on its plains,—great monuments on the mountains that reach heavenward and dip their tops in the blue of Eternity! Then comes an earthquake—the earthquake of disappointment, of distrust, or of inaction, and lays them low. A man cannot go around this great land of the future in a day; he cannot measure it with a bound; he cannot bind its harvests into a single sheaf. It is wider than the vision and has no end. Yet always, day by day, hour by hour, second by second, the hard present is elbowing us off into that great land of the future.

On the night that was appointed I met my friend in the meadow and he dictated to me the following destiny of my class: "All the members of your class, it seems, were born under a lucky star, and therefore shall be glorious and admired in life. Don't understand me to say that their lives are to be without perils and misfortunes, but wonderful will be their resources amidst every combination of difficulties. Love and glory are at last to crown their toils, if their courage and vigor surmount every trial. Ethel Boston, Willie Jones, Viola Bonnevillie, Daisy Ellis and Edith Stanford are to become teachers in the schools of Worcester County; having chosen their occupation, these young women of proper ambition will not be long in securing for themselves an honorable position. They are women who have an aim in life, and will attain it by sticking to it. Concentration of purpose will carry them through, and no young woman need be ashamed in these days of special accomplishments—of having decided to follow a certain calling in life. In my opinion there is no better way for the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given us than teaching school.

A great orator, Asher R. Smith, will be found practicing in the Circuit Court of Worcester County. He possesses a mind, strong and well informed,

which, united with a benevolence of spirit and a courtesy of manners, shall never fail to attach every heart that may approach him. He will be found ready for any subject as soon as it is announced; his speech will be so copious, so rich, so mellifluous, set off with such bewitching cadence of voice, and such captivating grace of action, that while you listen to him you will desire to hear nothing superior, and, indeed, think him perfect. In fact, his style shall bear a striking resemblance to that of Webster, the great statesman. The wife of this great attorney is to be none other but the sweet little Annabel Lee (as he calls her), the heroine of many of his schoolboy poems. Her loving ways and kindness of heart shall gain for her many a friend. The poor will draw near her without awe or embarrassment; they will come with filial confidence, for they will never fail to find in her a sympathetic friend and a willing helper to those in need.

In the majority of the States of the Union, laws are enacted providing for the appointment of short hand reporters in the various courts. Etta Jones is to



obtain a position similar to this. The salaries earned in this way range from one thousand to three thousand dollars per year. The reporter is required to take in short hand the oral testimony of witnesses and to give briefly all objections of counsel and rulings of the court in the transcript of his or her notes.

It is well and creditable for the world that some men and women are never forgotten, but of all there is no lifework brighter, truer or loftier than that in the service of humanity, and the service of humanity is perfected in the dignity of Christian efforts. Among the securest favorites of history, the worthiest are those who live for others, and love and labor under the impulses of the Gospel. Such a woman is Bessie Purnell to be; she will do great good in missionary work. Elodie Jones and Jane McAllen, by their graces and persuasive powers, as well as executive ability, will attain the zenith of their ambition. The sweet, fair, little Jane we will find presiding over the Woman's Suffrage movement of

Worcester County; while the graceful and beautiful Elodie is to be President of the Old Maids' Convention of Snow Hill, Maryland. We find that she will gain fame not only on the Eastern Shore, but her name will be pushed afar as a great manipulator of affairs, and her wonderful executive ability shall entitle her to be called the little Napoleon. Wilson, too, is to attain the height of her ambition. We find her travelling in Europe, and after months of delightful travel with dear friends she meets her "fate" and becomes Countess Costilla, of Madrid.

In the Johns Hopkins Hospital, bending over the sick and suffering, we will find Eva Townsend and Nellie Price. These two women will meet with great success as Trained Nurses, and will be of great benefit to their country during war as members of the Red Cross Society. The Conservatory of Music of Boston will boast of the honor of graduating Rachel Donovan and Bessie Johnson. These women, who possess such rare talent, will become great pianists. After completing the course of study Bessie will appear in many of the Academies of Music, while Rachel will become an accomplished music teacher."

Thanking the astrologer for his kindness I went my way. To the members of my class I will say: "If you are not pleased with your future as it has been portrayed to you, I beg to be excused, as it is as the astrologer has read it to me. Nevertheless, you should be satisfied with your lot and make the best of it, for it has been said that—

'Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.' "



Worcester County School Board



It affords us much pleasure to be able to present in this Book half tone engravings of the members of the Board of School Commissioners and of Mr. E. W. McMaster, our County Superintendent.

We are always glad to have the Commissioners and Mr. McMaster visit our School, for we feel that in them we have friends who are ever ready and willing to help the Class and School.

We have heard that Examiners' visits are often dreaded by teacher and pupils, but not so with those of our Superintendent, who always makes it manifest that he is interested in us, and who has the knack of making us feel at ease. Teacher and pupils soon get over their nervousness and act naturally; the school work proceeds as usual, and Mr. McMaster has an excellent opportunity to learn something of the teacher and his methods and to judge the work being done.

The members of the School Board have always done what they could to advance the cause of education in Worcester and to help the people of Snow Hill in their efforts to have a High School second to none on the Eastern Shore. Especially is this true of the President of the Board, Mr. Zadok Powell, of Snow Hill, who, during four years of service, has worked earnestly to build up our High School, giving liberally of his time and, on more than one occasion, of his means to furnish the High School comfortably and neatly. In all his efforts he has been ably seconded by Messrs. Quillin (whose term of office expires just as we go to press), and Onley. Mr. Vincent, the newly appointed member of the Board, will, we are sure, prove as true a friend of the schools as have his colleagues and predecessor.

Worcester has always been fortunate in having cultured and capable gentlemen at the head of her schools. We give below the names of the School Examiners for Worcester County since the enactment of the Public School Law in 1864.

GEO. W. COVINGTON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

REV. S. K. STEWART, *County Superintendent*

1865-'67

E. K. WILSON, *Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner*, '67-'68

CLAYTON J. PURNELL, '88-'89

CALVIN B. TAYLOR, '90-'96

GEO. M. UPSHURN, '74-'87

DR. THOS. Y. FRANKLIN, '97-'98

GEO. W. COVINGTON, '72-'73

DR. W. D. STRAUGHN, '99-'00

IRVING SPENCE, '68-'72

E. W. McMASTER, '01 —



HON. EDGAR W. McMASTER.

THE SCHOOL BOARD



ZADOK POWELL
PRESIDENT



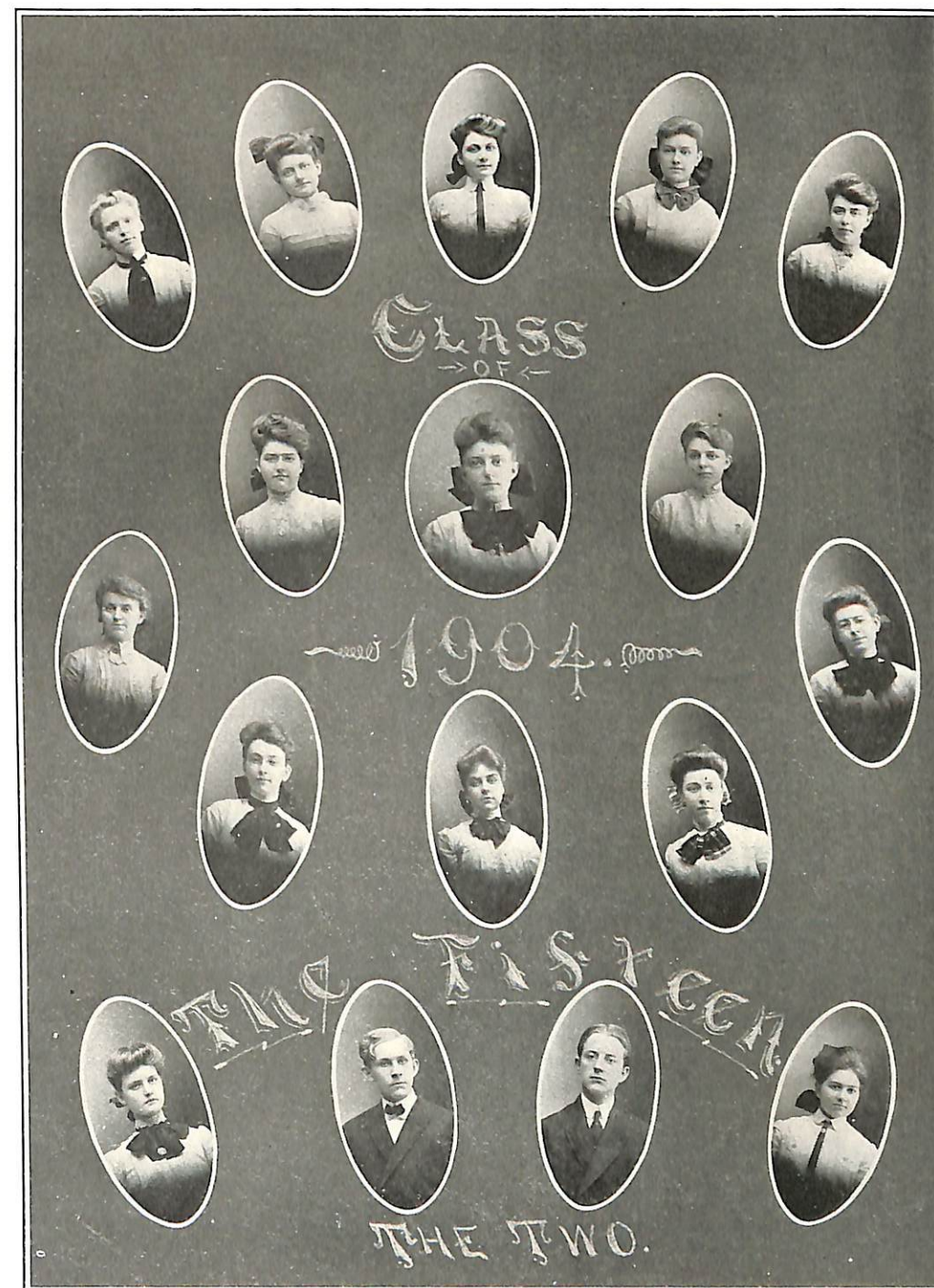
LEMUEL W. ONLEY
MEMBER ELECT

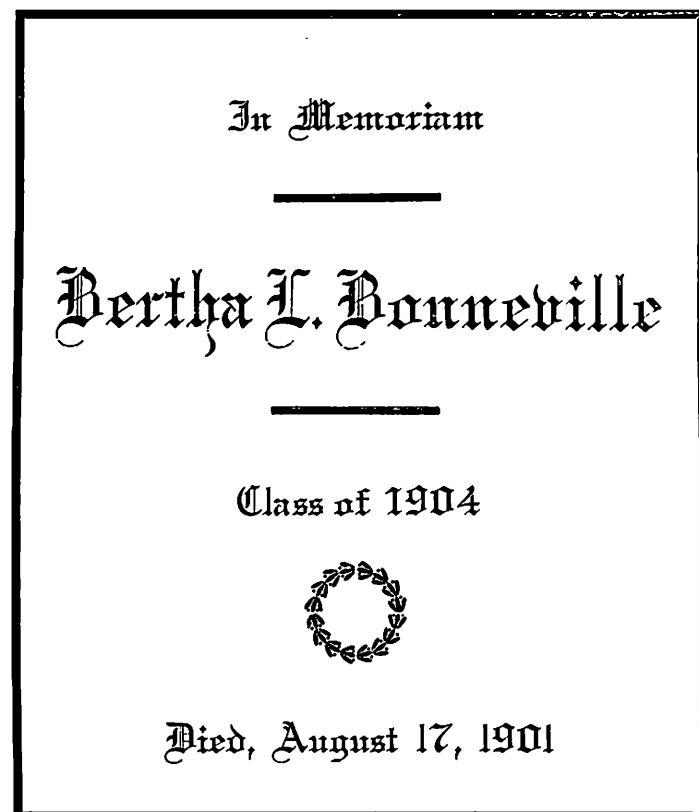


LABAN T. QUILLEN
RETIRING MEMBER



JAMES H. VINCENT
MEMBER ELECT





Class Poem

"Thorns and Roses"

<p>Now dawns the morn of the class of Nine- teen-four, The class who have worked together for nine long years or more; Now on life's waters we must start, From some soft turf or stony shore, And though none of us wish to part, We know our school days now are o'er, And we say good-bye to the class that's nigh a score.</p> <p>Ah! 'tis said to say farewell, yet all of us know we must. We know that joy like costly ore And other things doth rust; But let us leave with cheerful hearts, Let not our joy be ashes and dust, And let us all take well our parts And cheer the class who have served us first,— Those critics who, at all our work must either laugh or "bust."</p> <p>Now we must leave and say bood-bye, "as other birds have flown before," But for the girls I have to say just a dozen words or more. "Full many a gem of the purest ray serene The dark unfathomed" schemes cover o'er; Don't wish for any of them 'till you've seen The brilliant pearls of the class of nine- teen-four, The fifteen girls, the brilliant pearls of the class that's nigh a score.</p>	<p>Though "their charms may strike your sight," speaking on the whole, Converse with them and you will find their merit will win your soul; In Solomon's path they wisely keep, They follow strictly the Golden Rule; (?) They silently think and seldom speak— Unless is turned professor's stool,— Unless, by chance they say a word when he steps out the school.</p> <p>But never did a brighter bunch of daisies ever cluster 'round a dell Than these who have thronged together at the "donging" of the bell,— They're a perfect bunch of American roses, Brighter than e'er tongue can tell. But when they puff up high their noses, And when their jaws begin to swell,— Oh, they're just off a little, they're not feel- ing very well!!</p> <p>Tessy was a maiden with a sparkling eye, this we all admit, But sparkling Tessy was far behind these brilliant girls in wit,— Their minds are like the broad, broad land, Their thoughts are like the ocean, Their aims are high and good and grand; They are full of true devotion; And better still, their judgment's sound— they haven't a foolish notion (???)</p>
--	--

Thus one might continue relating things so true,—
 These girls could fill you brimmin' full, and fill you fuller, too;
 But there's such a thing as "sayen" enough,
 Or "bein" told that, "that will do,"
 But many a man rubs too much snuff,
 And "chaws" too many a chew,
 So hold your breath and swallow a wise word
 mōre or two.

Now come the "Thorns," as you have heard so much about the "Roses" bright and fair;
 Now, come those not born to waste their sweetness on the desert air.
 They are tall and thin with foreheads pointed;
 Long and bony with knee-bones bare,
 Lean and lank and double-jointed;
 With rough and ropish hay-like hair,
 But the "Thorns" ever jibe with the American "Roses"—those gems so rich and rare.

One more word we have to say—the boys and maidens, too;
 A little prayer we have to pray as we say good-bye to you.
 Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,—
 Trusting Thee always to keep our hearts true;—
 Thou ever hath helped us and now doth divide us;
 O! ever watch o'er us—the Fifteen and Two.
 And dear Lord we ask Thee to help us, for we know Thou will carry us through.
 —A. R. S.



We understand that this book is to be "preserved." Ask Professor how many pounds of sugar are required.

SMITH.—"Mr. Coulbourn, who wrote Virgil?"

The Editor-in-Chief has decided on a "peace" of poetry for "Fifteen-Two."

NELLIE.—"Professor, do you take the square root in Latin like you do in English?"

PROFESSOR.—"With movable pulleys and no allowance for friction, how many minutes will it take one horse to lift twelve hundred bricks, weighing four pounds each, 150 feet against force of Gravity?"

MEMBER OF '04 CLASS.—"Depends on your horse."

L. O. D. says she has a pin with a blue turquoise in it.

DAISY contends that June apples come in July.

TEACHER.—"What is Latent Heat?"

STUDENT.—"Heat what won't burn you."

EVA.—"Polly did you bisect this board in three or four parts?"

PROFESSOR.—“Bessie Johnson, what is the first proposition in lesson?”
BESS.—“To circumscribe a triangle inside a circle.”

Wilsie wants to know do “cat” like fish?”

There was a Bessie of great renown,
On her knoweldge of Physics we could not frown;
She asked the Scientific Teacher man
How high the Specific Gravity of water “ran.”

TEACHER—“Jane, how are these two lines drawn?”

JANE—“Parallelly.”

One of the Associate Editors is going to send Bessie Johnson to the “*Conser-
vatory*” for being bad.

“Bill” says: “You can prove that the ‘medians’ of a trapezoid bisect the legs.”

The President of class of '04 says: “utor fruor, fungor, potior and vescor
take the *Genitive*.”

Daisy wants to know the Specific Gravity of heat.

WILSON—“Mr. Coulbourn, this is not a monthly annual, is it?”

ONE OF THE BUSINESS MANAGERS—“Mr. Coulbourn, what is the date of New
Year’s Day?”





CLASS OF 1905.

Class of 1905

Motto: MULTUM LUDIMUS: PLUS DISCAMUS.

Officers

President, MARSHALL WILSON

Vice-President, CHARLES BISHOP

Recording Secretary, OLIVIA DENNIS

Corresponding Secretary, HOWARD CORDDRY

Treasurer, HERMAN HANCOCK

Historian, WALTER HASTINGS

Prophet, HARRIS CORDDRY

Poet, WALTER PRICE

Humorist, EDWARD DASHIELL

Flower: CHRYSANTHEMUM

Colors: DARK BLUE AND WHITE

Yell: Rickety-Rive!

Fizz-Boom! Sizz-Boom!

S—H—H—S

Nineteen-five!

Roll

CHARLES BISHOP
HARRIS CORDDRY
HOWARD CORDDRY
EDWARD DASHIELL
OLIVIA DENNIS

VIOLA WILSON

HERMAN HANCOCK
WALTER HASTINGS
WALTER PRICE
LENA RIGGIN
MARSHALL WILSON

Class History, '05



THIS history of our class may be supposed to have begun in the Primary Department of the Snow Hill High School, but probably there are only two or three in the present class that have the distinction of having started from the very first and kept along together. We all remember how we drifted together, few by few, and not until we reached the Fourth or Fifth Grade were we a class. It seems as if we were always in trouble, and the few (?) boys in our class were never satisfied until they were in some scrape or tangle, which either the teacher or the principal had to "un'tangle. Unfortunately for a few of us, we heard of the old-time custom of locking the teacher out on Shrove Tuesday; when the boys had fixed the old school-room so that it was almost impregnable they were overjoyed. But afterward, for some time, they remembered the severe reprimand and the ruler broken over the unfortunate "kid," who was being shown what would happen the next time, if he repeated the offense. Everyone in our class had at least a half-dozen nick-names, and when once applied, like the well-known plaster, they never came off. It was not until we reached the "upstairs" rooms that we realized what hard work really is. The long, hard lessons in parsing and Geography will be remembered for a great while. Physiology was a "bug-bear" to most of us, and a few had curious conceptions of their internal organs. One little girl, upon being asked the length of the alimentary canal of the human body, innocently replied, "About thirty-two miles long, ain't it?" One day the teacher was making a statement, and ended it by saying, "If I don't, I'll—I'll—" "Eat your hat, won't you?" said a little lass. All school boys and girls have their troubles. We have had our share in many ways, but when we look back and think of them we do not regard them as troubles, but as real pleasures in different form. After long vacations and holidays we always feel sick when it comes time to go to school, and the little story of the boy who was ill at 9 A. M., some better at 10.30; a great deal better at 12 M.; a relapse at 1 P. M.; better at 3; and at 5 P. M. perfectly well, may be applied to some of us. The boys are very fond of athletics. In football they can go so far as to break a leg or two, and in base-ball a few always hunt the window-pane (smash). When the Manual Training Department was introduced into our school, the first year was spent in making pasteboard models. Most of our scholars were stuck all over with glue, and everything was glued tight (except their mouths). This year is devoted to wood carving, but we were

all experts at that before—our desks speak for themselves. The year we entered the Grammar School quite a number of new scholars came into our beloved class, and as we were so small in number we gladly welcomed the newcomers. But we felt sorry when, on February 23, 1902, two unfortunate members of '04 took a return ticket to our class. '05 had some very good civil engineers among its ranks in the Grammar School, for the "infernally" (the word is used literally) machines showed careful study and served their purpose (making a noise) splendidly. Some of our class know "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" by heart, for one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, and even a thousand words from it were imposed upon them for using the organ of speech too freely during school hours. Our class has suffered greatly from sickness and accidents—broken arms, legs, and collar-bones, and severe duckings—all tell the story.

Upon entering the High School we settled down to be a very sedate class (we had to), and it is here that we are still toiling.

WALTER SCOTT HASTINGS, *Historian*.

CLASS PROPHECY, '05

Written in 1931, A. D.

A few weeks ago I was in Baltimore, and by a series of coincidences saw everyone in our old class of '05. My principal business in Baltimore was with the wholesale drug firm of Bishop & Co. Strange as it may seem, not until my recent trip did I know that the head of the firm was Byrd, of '05. He and I were walking down the street when we saw an aermobile. I looked up as it passed over our heads and observed that it was one of the U. S. Government machines. It stopped at a hotel a short distance in front of us. Just as we were opposite the hotel a man came out and said, "Hello fellows! Where have you started?" We saw that he was Marshall Wilson, Secretary of the Navy. He said he was going to Washington, so we went with him. When we arrived Marshall said he had to go down to his offices, and made an appointment with us to meet him in the evening to go to the theatre. As we were on our way we heard a voice say, "Look here now, I won't stand any more of that!" The voice sounded familiar, so we walked across the street and there we saw "Price." "Hello, what are you doing over there?" "Byrd" said. "Well, whose business is this, yours or mine?" was the reply. "Why, it's 'Byrd,' but"— "Hello, all of you! Well this is great! Wait a minute and we will go get 'Ed' and 'Spot!'" "Go get whom?" "'Ed' and 'Spot,' they came over with me. We are going up to hear Madame Rignerinne and Madame Denan in their musical dialogue." "Who are they?" I asked. "Well, to tell you

the truth, fellows, they are nobody but Lena Riggin and Olivia Dennis. We heard 'em' up at Philadelphia, and we came down here to hear 'em again." "Well, hurry up and bring the others along and we'll all go up together." So "Price" went in, and after a short time came out with Marshall and Walter Hastings. "What are you doing now, 'Ed?'" said I after we had exchanged greetings. "Why, I'm playing shortstop for the 'Phillies' now," said he. "I thought Johnson was 'short' for them," said "Byrd." "Well, that's me," said Edward. "My name is Johnson when I am on duty." "Price" said he was *only* captain of the ocean liner "City of Washington;" "Spot" professor of English in Yale.

We six then started down to the theatre in which Lena and Olivia would give their great musical dialogue. This was very good, and there was great applause at the end of each act. After it was over we six then went back to see Olivia and Lena and to congratulate them. When we found these, there with them were Viola, Herman and Howard. These said they were getting ready to go out to supper, so we all agreed to go out and have a regular banquet. Viola is the World Renowned Madame Jumberino, the only living woman that can make any wild beast obey every motion of her arm. Herman is the president and chief owner of a large company manufacturing aermobiles. Howard is owner of the American Boy Publishing Company, and has interests in several other companies publishing magazines.

Our whole class was here, and we went ahead and had a banquet.. When we broke up about 3 o'clock we decided to have another banquet next July, 1931.

Fizz, Boom! Sizz, Boom!
Rickety—Rive!
S—H—H—S—
19—05.



Class Poem

Our school year now is ended,
And soon we'll be at rest;
With our little troubles mended
We'll part as friends the best.

We think we've studied very well
And often lost our sleep,
But what a tale our marks would tell
If we would at them peep.

Our class is famous in this school,
We're famous, one and all;
Together we've broken many a rule
Laid down by our principal.

But since we're in our Junior year,
Such things have ceased to be;
Trembling no more we wait to hear
"This Class report to me."

We've past such things, I'm glad to say,
Such frolics now are done;
But gladly we recall the day
When we were in for fun.

But now we're in for study-hard
The battle's half way won;
In time we'll win our just reward
If we but struggle on.

We're on the road to learning,
From learning thence to fame;

In our hearts there is a yearning
To win ourselves a name.

The paths to wisdom are not lined
With pleasure and with ease;
The further in you go, you'll find
You can't "do as you please."

But always striving with a will,
With never a halt or stop;
We toil and labor on, until
At last we reach the top.

But work of all kinds now is through,
Our rest is fairly won;
We'll not forget the White and Blue
And our own Chrysanthemum.

Our life at school is passing fast,
Our work will soon be done;
A year is yet to come and pass
And then we will be *gone*.

Vacation with its joys is here,
And quickly will it pass;
But we'll enjoy without a tear,
It all, until the last.

The time will soon be here and then
Old friendships we'll revive,
And come into these halls again
As the class of nineteen-five.

Toast to the Class of 1905

We, as the class of 19—4,
Will be seen in these dear old halls no more.
Soon to follow us will strive
The *charming* class of 19—5.
To you we wish many joys—
To the girls as well as the boys.
May you all succeed in your senior year
As did we,—but not without a tear,
And leave behind no stain
To mar your *perfect* name.



PROFESSOR.—“Charlie, what is deemster?”

CHARLIE.—“One who drives a team.”

Did Marshall say it was two hundred or six hundred snakes that he, aided by the surveyor, killed?

Howard says he doesn't care what we write about him, he has a right to get mad if he wants to.

HASTINGS.—“Mr. Coulbourn, I think it would be ‘more better’ if the pictures were separate.”

Jumbo prefers to stand between board and class while working examples for their benefit.

PROFESSOR (one day).—“Viola, you make an excellent window,”

A '04 GIRL.—“Edward, you can send me a dozen La France roses for the commencement.”

EDWARD.—“All right. What color do you want?”

PROFESSOR.—“If Newark is eight miles north of Snow Hill and Girdletree is”—
OLIVIA.—“Oh, Mr. Coulbourn! Newark is fifteen minutes out of Snow Hill.”

HANCOCK.—“Mr. Coulbourn, please ask if anyone has seen my English. I haven't seen it since the last time.”

“Byrd” says that a-n-g-l-e spells angel.

WALTER.—“Nellie, there are no sheets on this bed.”

NELLIE.—“Yes, there are.”

W.—“No, there are not; here is just the bare chinching.”

N.—“Walter, that's not chinching, it's ticking.”

W.—“Well, I knew it was some kind of bugging.”

H. S. C.—“Bessie, I hate to doubt your truth and veracity, but”—

“Marshall, we haven't heard any more about that Pocomoke trip we were to have had during *the* week.”

Oft' when the crowd's invited out
And goes with many a jolly shout,
Howard at home doth stay,—
But no one pines away.



"In the Sweet Bye and Bye"

"In the Sweet Bye and Bye"

You can hear those '05 boys cry:

"Where! O where! have those dear girls
gone,
They'll ever be the topic of our song."

The "Friday nights" have no more charm
For the boys of 19-5.

But once in a while one goes to the farm
Where Cupid's vows do thrive.

This year the busy (?) boys are hard at their
work

In the town where the roses bloom,
But when "Xmas" comes, my! the duties
they'll shirk
Just to give the girls a boom.

For Auld Lang Syne they well remember,
And the days of 19-4;
All of the "Friday Nights" so "tender"
That will come back never more.

We do not think of the future to-day,
But the time is drawing nigh
When we'll dream of old schoolmates far
away
And heave a heavy sigh.

For while most of the crowd in town may
live

Who together might be each day,
There are girls who elsewhere their pres-
ence give,

"While the poor boys pine away." (?)

For reunions are few and far between
Since the dear school-days are no more,
And secretly in the great serene,
The boys long for a day of "'04."

And wish the old crowd with its many joys
Might unite as of old with fun brimmin'—
But the old crowd which once was of girls
and boys
Is now of men and women.

For the days roll on as we older grow,
And have taken our college degree,
But (to the girls) they're no happier than
the days of '04,
And to the boys than the days of '0V.

—E. K. J., '04.



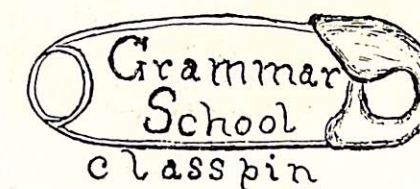


CLASS OF 1906.



CLASS OF 1907.

Class of 1906



Motto: VINCIT OMNIA VERITUS.

Officers

President, MOLLIE COULBOURN
Vice-President, CORINNE DENNIS
Secretary, LUCY STAGG
Treasurer, DOLLIE SPENCER
Historian, GEORGIA BONNEVILLE
Prophet, MARGARET DAVIS
Poet, CHESTER HOLLOWAY
Humorist, WILLIAM LONG

Flower: CARNATION

Colors: RED AND WHITE

Yell: Halolite! Kalolite!
Hurrah for red and white.
Rah! Rah!
Rickity Rix! Rickity Rix!
Class of 1906.

Class Roll

GEORGIA BONNEVILLE
 ELWOOD CAUSEY
 MARGARET DAVIS
 MOLLIE COULBOURN
 CORINNE DENNIS

ANNIE DUNLAP
 CHESTER HOLLOWAY
 WILLIAM LONG
 SALLIE PARSONS
 LUCY STAGG

DOLLIE SPENCER

Class History



CAN it be possible that five years have elapsed since the Historian of the class of 1906 first entered a class of thirty-six pupils, fifteen boys and twenty-one girls? Alas! there are only two of the original thirty-six that entered the assembly hall that eventful morning. All along, from the first grade, old pupils have been dropping out and new ones taking their places. At the time of this writing the "glorious" class of 1906 numbers eleven. I would like to palm off the whole bunch as Cherubim and Seraphim in disguise, but, as there are so few "angels" in the class, I cannot afford to tell a lie, for we all believe in our motto, "Vincit omnia veritas." On September 15, 1902, there came into the Grammar School Department a light haired, blue-eyed girl, very "Bird"-like in her movements, who became a general favorite of both boys and girls. In the preceding Spring there chanced to come into our school a fat, chubby fellow, who "did not know his name," but, judging from the teacher's looks, thought it would be best to tell his name, and now we all know it is "Longfellow." Our class affords only one model boy, and that is, as you have all guessed by this time, "Happy." We have some very curious specimens of humanity in our class, although we could not do without them. One of the class is noted for her excellent average in Algebra, and is always ready to help her class-mates,—"Judy." We have a very serious "Accident" in our class. We must say that she will do "most" anything for her classmates to save them from getting into a scrape, even to telling a few "truths." I believe that Annie still thinks Eutaw Springs is in Utah. Don't you, "Accident?" "Mincy" is our pious little girl, who never gets out of her place in class, nor disobeys the teacher's rules when her eyes are on the student. Dollie and Sallie are both very studious. Next on the list comes poor "Tumpy," who can never avoid being caught when she is trying to play some tricks on her teacher. "Tumpy's" highest ambition is to become a "popular school-marm." She has excellent prospects now, don't you think? Elwood, our future preacher, tries to be the best little boy in class, very suitable for his anticipated occupation. One day, four years ago this past April, there entered the sixth grade a little Baltimorean, whom we all know as "Shubby." We do not see how we could do without Margie, for she is always thinking of some plan to make us laugh. Last of the honorable class of 1906 comes the Historian, who is noted for her profuse abundance of hair ribbons. Georgia is very partial to Caesar—puts all her "odd chances" on it.

Now we are about to enter upon a brief period of rest before taking upon our shoulders the heavy responsibilities of High School students. The class of 1906 may rest assured that it will be represented on Commencement Day by as many if not more members than any class that has yet graduated from the doors of our Alma Mater.

Class Prophecy

One night in my dreams a vision came to me,	While I was looking the scene became shifted,
Of the wonderful things my class-mates will do;	This time 'twas laid at a beautiful ball,
And now that I've seen this vision so plainly,	There were young beauties there in the greatest profusion,
I'll make an attempt to tell it to you.	But my classmate, "Corinne" was queen of them all.
I thought that I found myself in a theatre,	She was certainly lovely, and she had grown older,
Where soft lights and jewels were flashing so bright—	She was a young lady, had just made her debut;
As the audience seemed so very impatient	I wanted to see her and started toward her,
I said to an usher: "What's on for to-night?"	But the scene again faded, once more it was new.
The usher respectfully answered my question,	This time 'twas laid in a large crowded school hall,
While I stood looking around at the sights;	A lady was speaking, I looked at her well;
And as I was looking the curtain rose slowly,	I at first did not know her, she raised her head quickly,
And my old classmate, "Annie," walked toward the footlights.	I saw her face then and at once I could tell
I knew it was Annie; I could but perceive it,	'Twas my dear classmate "Georgia," and she was a lecturer,
She had not changed much, she was nearly the same;	She had always a talent in days long gone by;
Her old school-day dreams were fulfilled most completely,	She was known far and near by her wit and her wisdom,
She was a great prima donna of opera house fame.	And so great was her fame that it never could die.

Once more a new view of the future came to me,
This time 'twas seen in a New York music hall;
A lady was playing upon the piano,
And a dead silence and hush had fallen o'er all.

I listened a moment and then the pianist,
Amidst the applause and the shouts of the crowd,
Arose from the seat and came toward the audience,
And while they were clapping, most gracefully bowed.

I knew who it was then, 'twas my old school-mate "Mollie,"
And she was a pianist of very great fame;
And all of the people who lived in the city,
Were discussing her beauty and talent and name.

And "Lucy," another of all my dear classmates,
Assisted by "Sallie," was teaching school;
And all of her pupils I saw loved her dearly,
Although they must carefully mind every rule.

Once more I found myself in an art gallery,
Where beautiful paintings were hung around with care;
And off to themselves were three large oil paintings,
And these were magnificent, beautiful, rare.

In a new view I thought I was a doctor,
And then with a start I quickly awoke,
I had had a strange dream of future development;
But I said: "No more of it," and thought it a joke.

I asked of a boy who stood close beside me,
"Who painted those pictures hung opposite the door?"
And he answered: "Miss Spencer, the famous new artist,
Whose name has been heard this whole city o'er."

And once more a new vision it saw very plainly,
This time 'twas seen in a large New York store;
And I saw a young man whom I thought looked familiar,
Though I was not sure I had seen him before.

I asked who he was and found it was "Chester,"
Another old classmate who was always so bright;
And I found that he was sole owner and manager
Of the beautiful store about which I write.

I went out of the store where I had seen "Chester,"
And as I was walking down Fifth Avenue,
I saw a young sport whom I knew to be "Willie,"
With high silk hat, cane and Prince Albert, too.

And "Elwood," another of all my old classmates,
Had become what many young men should be;
He was a minister, good, kind and noble,
That he had much talent was easy to see.

—MARGIE DAVIS.

CLASS POEM, '06

We, the class of 1906,
Sometimes get in a fix.
In Mathematics and English we're often perplexed,
Then, too, with our teacher we often get vexed;
But where there's a will there's always a way,
And this is the maxim we're using to-day.
Our fertile minds always plan to do the work
That surely some classes would willingly shirk.
So while under our colors, "Red and White,"
May nothing happen to blight
Our future happiness
By remarks thoughtless.

Eleven forms our class,
Our exams we hope to pass,
For when we write compositions we're it;
It is then we're sure to make a great hit,
But when we are to have work impromptu and declamation,

On our faces you will surely see great consternation.

We do great work down at Manual Training,
For there we can work whenever it's raining.
There we have never been beat
In the winter's cold or summer's heat.

We are the Sophomore Class,
Watch us as we pass!
While of victory we never stop despairing,
Don't think we are boasting by this declaring.

If you will notice you will see as a class we are a model,
Don't, for goodness sake, laugh at this peculiar twaddle.
So in our footsteps we advise you to follow,
For if you don't you will get beaten all hollow.

It's a heap sure thing
For girls wear the ring.

—CHESTER HOLLOWAY.

CLASS HITS

Sinecure, without a cure,
Austria's in Asia sure;
Ejaculate, Bill does declare
Means to throw up in the air.
In Utah is Eutaw Springs—
This the message Annie brings.

Our teacher working very hard one day with her class,
Explaining substitution in Algebra did ask:
If you were to substitute for a teacher what would you do?"
And Sallie quickly answered: "I'd find their value, too."

Two students of the Grammar School were sitting in the sun,
Basking in its light and warmth, their day's work all undone.
When their teacher, grim and glaring,
chanced to cast a glance that way,
As the fact just dawned upon her that Professor was away.

Corinne to Wilson's would not go,
Because the Byrd had flown, you know.
The story's done, you know the rest,
"There are no Byrds in last year's nest."

From the High School in the annex; and his boys as boys will
Were hanging out the window casting sheep's eyes—all was still,
Then that teacher, strangely solemn, put the girls all in a flutter
By walking down that Grammar School and fast'ning up that shutter.

Then did Mollie, ever ready with a question on her lips,
Say unto that ireful teacher as back to her place she trips,
"Did the sunshine in the window? Tell me truly now I pray."
" 'Twas the son who's in the High School," said the teacher, "o'er the way."

Class of 1907

Motto: HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Officers

President, LORELLE WHARTON

Vice-President, MARGARET WILLIAMS

Secretary, EDGAR McCABE

Treasurer, CALVIN GUMM

Prophet, ALBERTA BURBAGE

Historian, LOLA TAYLOR

Poet, MATTIE HAUBERT

Humorist, FLOYD JONES

Flower: DAISY

Colors: BLUE AND GOLD

Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

The very best class you ever saw;

Our colors are true,

In gold and blue.

Hurrah for our Two! Hurrah for our ELEVEN!

We are the class of nineteen-seven.

Class Roll

ALBERTA BURBAGE

GRACE CAMPBELL

MARY GORDY

CALVIN GUMM

MATTIE HAUBERT

FLOYD JONES

MARGARET MADDOX

EDGAR McCABE

ESTHER NELSON

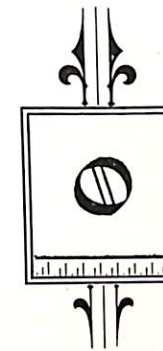
LOLA SHOCKLEY

LOLA TAYLOR

LORELLE WHARTON

MARGARET WILLIAMS

Class History, '07

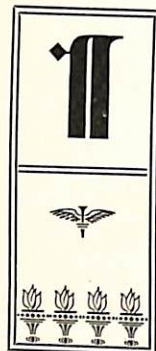


ON a bright September day thirty-five little tots marched up to the school. A tall, young lady, Miss Ella Purnell, with whom we all fell in love at a glance, was presented to us as our teacher. After school was called some of us thought we wanted a drink of water, as most children do. We went to get it, and as it was the misfortune of our vice-president to turn the bucket over we did not get any more water till recess. We remained with Miss Ella Purnell for three years. Our next teacher was Miss Ella Moore. I wonder if our humorous collector remembers the day she was having a nice little chat with one of the boys of our class, whose seat was just in front of her. To punish them for talking in school, Miss Ella told the boy to sit with her. Of course this was too much for both of them. He sat on about four inches of the bench, she on less than three. She clung to the seat as long as she could, but was gradually slipping off. At last she went. Her dignity could not withstand such a fall, so she left the room as quickly as possible. We remained the same thirty-five till we entered Miss Lizzie Richardson's room, when our number was decreased to thirty-one. We spent a very pleasant year with Miss Lizzie, and have often wondered since we left her how she endured our mischievous ways, for we were about nine or ten years old—too young to realize how much trouble we caused our teacher. We spent the next year with Miss Ida Marshall, and a very pleasant year it was. We were about the age when trouble sat lightly on our shoulders, and although we felt our sorrows very deeply for perhaps a day or two, they were then forgotten. I vividly recall to mind my birthday that year, when the class presented me with a delicious looking apple. I am sure our poet remembers the expression on my face when I took a bite and found it was filled with sawdust instead of apple. But, as has been often the case, a good beginning resulted in a bad ending. Although they had passed me the apple without Miss Ida seeing it, she could not help hearing their laugh, and it became a very serious matter when she told them to remain after school and write three hundred times, "I laugh too much." Our class advanced to Miss Julia Bratten. We had often watched the older students going upstairs, and looked forward to the time when we should go, too. Now the time had come. We spent a very pleasant year with Miss Julia, and were sorry to leave her. Then we passed on to Mrs. Whaley.

Now, dear classmates, let's join hands under the gold and blue flag and march steadily upward until the end is reached.

HISTORIAN

Class Prophecy, '07



It is beyond the power of man to foretell with any degree of certainty the events of the future. One beautiful night in April, while sitting alone in my room absorbed in deep thought over the one question, the futurity of my class, a strange feeling came over me; everything around me seemed changed. I felt my power of vision expand and the scenes of the future of my classmates passed before my enlarged vision. The first scene was in Philadelphia, in a music hall, crowded to its utmost capacity. I occupied a seat in the centre of the room. All around was a buzz of pleasure and excitement; every eye seemed gazing intently upon the platform. Presently the whole assembly seemed moved by the person advancing to the front of the stage. I turned to the occupant of the seat next to mine, and asked who the great musician was that was to play. "That is Calvin Gumm, the greatest pianist this country has ever produced." This picture vanished and another took its place. I was seated in the gallery of the House of Representatives. The Speaker brought down his gavel and all was silence. The question of the day was whether there should be an increase in the teachers' salaries of our public schools. One of the most earnest advocates of an increase was a man of medium height. I was impressed with his deep interest in the cause of education. He grew very eloquent, and his speech was most heartily applauded. At the close of the session I made inquiry, and was surprised to find that the earnest advocate of education was my classmate, Edgar McCabe.

The next scene was in the wilds of Africa. A throng of swarthy natives were listening with close attention to the words of a speaker who stood on a raised platform in the centre of the crowd. I approached the throng and listened. The first words I heard were these: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The beautiful story was told with tenderness. The dark listeners bowed their heads and wept. The speaker was a woman in the truest sense. She had devoted her life to the work of saving the world. My classmates will recognize in the missionary our highly esteemed friend, Grace Campbell. She told me she had recently seen Margie Williams, who had been a missionary in India, but had since come to Africa, and was doing a great work for the Master. The pictures now came and went in rapid succession. I was walking along a street in Chicago and saw a large sign in front of an immense building,

on which were these words: "Misses Mary Gordy and Lola Shockley, fashionable milliners." I wondered whether it could be my classmates. I entered the large store and was delighted to find the friends of my school days. I accompanied them home and enjoyed a pleasant evening. I learned from them that Lorelle Wharton was one of the teachers in a Western University. Another picture was placed before my wearied eyes. An immense crowd had assembled in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. The attraction was a large painting by Miss Mattie Haubert. She had acquired a high reputation throughout the country as an artist.

While in Philadelphia I visited Wanamaker's store, and there I found our friend Lola Taylor in charge of the Paris salon. She has progressed rapidly in the last few years. She told me that Maggie Maddox was principal of a select school for young ladies in Wilmington, and that Floyd Jones was assisting her in preparing the young ladies for their life-work. The scene now shifted to old Snow Hill. There in the railroad station I found our friend and classmate, Essie Nelson, to meet friends who had failed to come. She insisted that I should accompany her to her home. I found her home about two miles from the station, and if you could have seen the smile of welcome from her husband as he assisted her from the carriage you would be sure that her future is one of happiness. In the last scene I saw myself in a hospital in Philadelphia bending over apparently the lifeless form of a young soldier, administering to all his needs. I had reached middle age and devoted my life to others.

It has now been twenty-five years since graduation. I have gazed upon faces once more familiar; sweet memories of our dear old school days crowd into my mind.

Class Poem, '07

Somewhere

Though here the leaves have fallen,
And woods are sear and still,
And gloomy tints of autumn rest
On meadow, vale and hill,
Somewhere in leafy forests
The wild deer roam and sleep,
Somewhere the gorgeous butterflies
Fly in valleys deep.

Somewhere the birds are building,
Somewhere the robins sing,
Somewhere the startled insect speeds
This flight on jewelled wing,
Somewhere the fragrant violets bloom,
Somewhere the streamlets run,
And somewhere grow the roses sweet
Beneath the summer sun.

—L. M. H.

'07 Scalds

"Do you see that pretty girl over there named Grace?" She's connected with the best families of the town."

"A society bud?"

"No; telephone girl."

Once there was a little girl not so very tall—
Who said to Herr Professor, "Is there any ball
Going on in our school, so we all may see
What our boys are going to do for their country?"
Said Herr Professor, smilingly to the little lass,
"We will have a ball team."
And it came to pass
On a certain Friday,—day of days for luck,
Snow Hill battered Pocomoke.
Hurrah for their pluck!

"Mattie, does the question bother you?"

"No, ma'am, it's the answer that bothers me."

The Pet of the class,
A sweet little lass,
With eyes and hair so brown,
A pudding did make,
She knew what 'twould take
To make it the best of the town.

The Belle she did ring,
The Gypsy would bring
Great Scott! I don't know!
Can't do it, will mix it,
With Gumm she will fix it,
For the Baby to play with just so

There was Old Woman Easter as I have heard tell
Who said she was sure that she knew very well
If from a horse a hair you would take
And put in a bottle, 'twould turn to a snake.

Then Anglicized Floyd the story took up,
The Professor assured them he'd give them a cup
If they'd try the experiment, Gumm instead
Would stick to a sweet little Josie so red.

A la Edwin Lear.

There is a small student who moans
In very lugubrious tones,
"The children all guy,
I cannot see why,
At the Anglicized writing
Floyd—Jones."

Fifteen-Two

The girls, how they triumph!
This the boys can't do,
For they are outnumbered
By Fifteen-Two.

One, the class poet
We've chosen to be.
The other the prophet,
As here you will see.

The former, with locks
So curly and fine,
Is admired by the girls
From one up to nine.

For oh! how he flatters them
With his fine phrases!
Not one type only,
But girls of all phases.

The other, the prophet,
So full of "plain fiction,"
That we all are alarmed,
We fear his "prediction."

It seems such a pity
To impose on the boys!!
But the girls always do it,
The result—many joys.

For who wouldn't care
Just a little to tease
The stars of the class
And have them on their knees?

Just to throw out a hint
At ball games or study;
To watch their eyes shine,
And faces grow ruddy.

It's a shame
That these two *dear little* boys
Haven't any comrades
To share with them their joys

And sorrows as well,
For they are a plenty—
When fifteen girls get 'round—
It seems more like twenty.

But shortly we'll leave them
To study and dream;
But sometimes they'll think
Of the merry Fifteen.

And perhaps wish for the times
Of 19—0—4,
When we all were together,
Writing editorials galore.

But soon we shall part,
So now say farewell,
And as for our fortunes,
Father Time, "he" will tell.

—E. K. J.

THE INEVITABLE STATISTICS

NAME	HANDLE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOW WE KNOW THEM	CHIEF OCCUPATION	MOTTO	LOAFING PLACE	HIGHEST AMBITION	PROBABLE PROFESSION
Olin Barnes	"Bill Pike"	"That's just what I said"	Graceful walk	Preparing Latin	Do others before they do you	Where work is wanted	Become a noted gentleman	Stump speaker
Viola Bonneville	"Stiffy"	"O my gracious"	Stiffness	Combing hair	Respect the teacher	Before glass	Become "limber"	Athlete
Ethel Boston	"Got None"	"For pity sake"	Talkativeness	Disturbing class	Silence is golden	In the sleigh	Live on farm	nun
Rachel Donovan	"Cousin Sally"	"My lands"	Melodious laugh	Learning new music	Strong language lightens work	On piano stool	Walk erectly	Member of minstrel show
Daisy Ellis	"Wiggles"	"I spise him"	Pulling hair	Making faces	Any time will do	Nowhere	Be an artist	Star soloist
Wilson Hargis	"Little Willie"	"Dear! Dear!"	Puns	Playing old tricks	Playing ball stren-gthens muscles	At card parties	Make a good first baseman	Captain of base ball team
Fitta Jones	"Polly"	"Shan't do it"	Winning ways	Fishing	Oh for a man	On Green street	Catch a fish	Pharmacist
Elodie Jones	"Biggy"	"That takes the rag off the stick"	Laughing	Rolling eyes	Laugh and grow fat	In society	Be a society belle	Hair dresser
Willie Jones	"Bill"	"Tell me, tell me"	Tears	Giggling	Tears will soothe you	Over dictionary	Wear long dresses	Mechanic
Bessie Johnson	"Hixie"	"Honest to good-ness"	Flirting	Loafing	Make goo-goo eyes at all boys	In school library	Take advantage of leap year	Comic Star
Jane McAllen	"Peach"	"Good gracious"	Lips	Tossing head	Do as you please	In old Virginia	Have little feet	Giving whistling lessons
Annie Peters	"Grandma"	"By jingo"	Preaching	Eating philopena	Defend your rights	At school during noon hour	Have her own way	Preside over a parsonage
Nellie Price	"Little Nell"	"Bless Peter"	Size	Defending pro-fessor	Best goods come in small packages	At school	Grow two inches taller	Cartoon artist
Bessie Purnell	"Little Len"	"You old dog"	Fibbing	Riding black sheep	Dress makes the girl	In bed	Always be on winning side	Vocal instructor
Ashe Smith	"Smitty"	"Certainly! Cer-tainly!"	Hen scratching voice	Owling	Wise men seek wise things: owls	Where owls hide	Be a poet similar to Poe	Orator in medi-cine show
Edith Stanford	"Rare Beauty"	"Blame it"	Low, soothing voice	Flirting	Singleness is bliss	Over books	To be an old maid	A noted harpist
Eva Townsend	"Evil"	"Ain't it hateful"	Bow on hair	Drawing carica-tures	Never worry	In parlor	Be a nurse for Army	District school marn

Tears and Laughter

Plaintiff and Defendant.

When the class begin to argue
"Little Nell" gets on her "ear,"
For fear something detrimental
Will be said of Professor dear. (?)

Not always do they do it,
For then "Grandma" comes with might,
And with big brown eyes a-sparkling,
Defends the class aright.

For even when this happens,
How fondly she does shield
Our dear Professor's virtues,
Till she thinks the class will yield.

She always has been spokes "man"
For the Class of 19—4,
And until we leave forever,
She'll defend it as of yore.

Eva is getting up a Latin Grammar (to match Bessie Purnell's), where verbs of mental action take the genitive case.

FIRST TEACHER.—"We don't have a holiday on Whit-Monday this year."

SECOND TEACHER.—"Why?"

FIRST TEACHER.—"Because it comes on Sunday."

"Biggy" says she can't see out of the eye with the bandage over it.

A Warning to Boys Sweeping

When Marshall begins to sweep
The girls begin to weep;
For when caramels are nigh
His broom flourishes high,
And they think of the night (with a sigh)
That "Biggy" got them in the eye.

We wonder if Mr. Coulbourn will have to visit Annapolis next winter, and if that year's Eleventh Grade will have a feast, too!

Charles Byrd Bishop

There was a young Druggist named Byrd,
Who in Dr. Paul's store was the third,
The fourth was named Boehm,
Who to Bishop did seem
Very smart in his language to Byrd.

MISS HELEN, Senior's History Teacher [coming in, after going back several times to shut the door as it came open].—"What is the matter with your door?"

MR. COULBOURN.—“It won’t stay fastened.”

Ask Barnes when “*colour*” became c-o-o-l-e-r.

There was a young fellow named ——,
Who to Wilsie did seem very strong;
When she hurt her crown
Oh! how he did frown,
Then quickly beside her down in the sand
He hurried to take her dear little hand.

Why are Harris’ initials like Mary’s little lamb?

Because wherever Harris goes “H. S. C.” is sure to follow.

O. B. B.

I like to make a show
When down the street I go,
And I know my coat and gloves are trim and
neat.
Of my looks I can’t complain,
Yet I do not think I’m vain,
But I’m absolutely certain that I’m “IT.”

J. E. W. told “Grandma” she was afraid they wouldn’t get seats at the entertainment because they didn’t have preserved seats.

William Howard Corddry

There was a young “Captain” named “Stagg,”
Who sometimes *always* would brag,
He was thin as a rail,
And looked somewhat pale,
This gallant young “Captain named Stagg.”

Charlie wears a hat so much like those of the Grammar School girls that
they often get mixed.

Bessie L. Purnell

There was a young lady named Bess,
Who was exceedingly great on dress,
She was once maid of honor,
And had rice thrown upon her,
Was she pretty? Well I guess.

FIRST “HUMOROUS EDITOR.”—“Why is Marshall like fried chicken?”

SECOND “HUMOROUS EDITOR.”—“Can’t imagine.”

FIRST “HUMOROUS EDITOR.”—“Because he often swims in ‘Good Gravy.’”

Our Class Pin

Looks well on black,
Looks well on blue,
Looks well on me,
Looks well on you.

Elodie K. Jones

There was a young girl from the Isle,
Who always came with a smile,
It could not be beat,
In the sun and the heat
She still wore this radiant smile.

Toast to Prof. L. J. Kelley

Here's to our Manual Training Teacher,
May his memory never fade,
And his work, the dearest feature
Of our school-days, by, be laid.

Find out from "Business Managers" what kind of letters they have written on the "Fifteen-Two" paper.

There was a wise hunter named Asher
Wise things he always would seek—
For example, the owl,
Who always would howl,
When Asher would down the street streak.

HUMOROUS EDITORS.



BENJAMIN T. TRUITT.



DR. WILLIAM D. STRAUGHN.

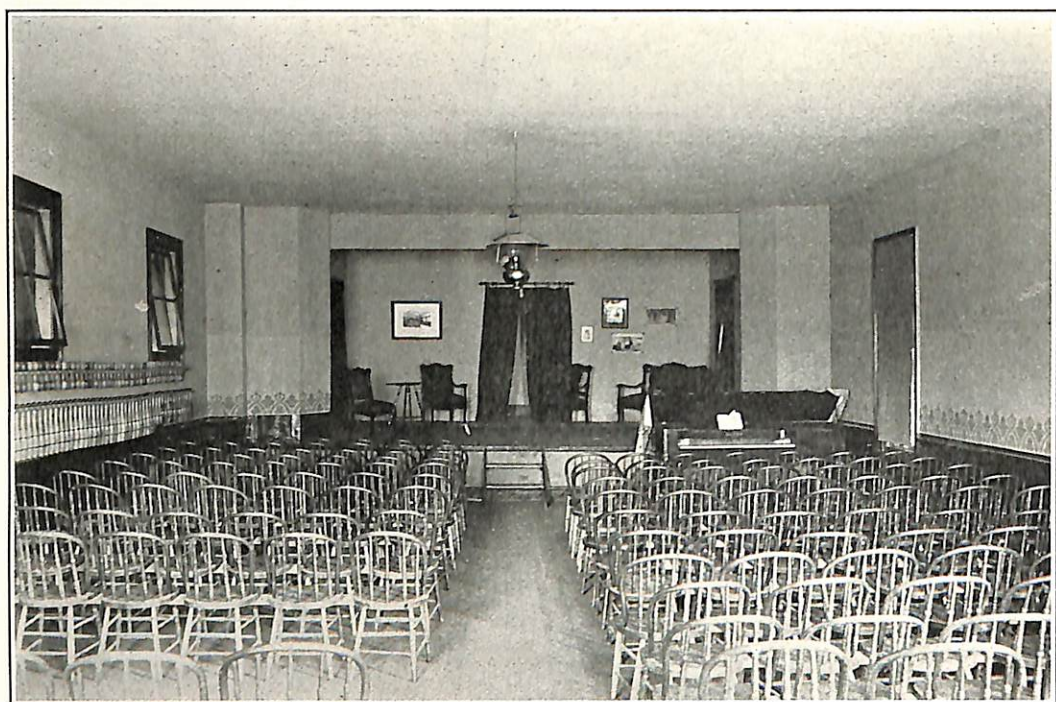


MARION T. HARGIS.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

The gentlemen composing the Board of School Trustees are all live, progressive men, and are well fitted to guard the Educational interests of the town. They are always ready to advance the interests of the School, and to help the students. They are not too old to remember that they once were boys. The students in the High School take this opportunity to thank them for the half holidays they granted last winter for skating,—while they may not have given quite as many as the students asked for, yet now that the ice has gone, the pupils see that they got as much time off as was good for them.

Three years ago the Trustees made a decided stand for an addition to the High School Building and, largely through their efforts, the Annex containing wash rooms, library and cloak room, recitation rooms and Manual Training Department, was erected.



1. MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT. 2. ASSEMBLY HALL.

Class Criticisms

OLIN BARNES:—

There's Olin, who's written bright speeches,
And delivered them always without pieces,
The orator of the class would suit his name,
But instead prophet has won him fame.

—Lowell.

VIOLA BONNEVILLE:—

So stiff is her bearing,
So stately her array,
You might think she would break
Before the end of the day.

—Mrs. Browning.

DAISY ELLIS:—

And still the wonder grew,
How such a little personage
Could carry what she knew.

—Longfellow.

BESSIE JOHNSON:—

I sat me down and thought profound,
This maxim true I drew;
It's easier to love the boys
Than make the boys love you.

—Miller.

ETTA JONES:—

Woman's tantrums are like summer storms—
About as violent, more frequent, and easy to
perform.

—Joanna Baillie.

JANE McALLEN:—

Oh! Ann, you may talk of your writing and
reading,
Your music and Greek, but there's nothing
like feeding.

—Moore.

ETHEL BOSTON:—

She that never breaks a rule
Always likes to go to school,
Her idle moments she never fools,
But is always learning the use of tools.

—Shakespeare.

RACHEL DONOVAN:—

Her step was music and her voice was song,
This like truth doth seem;
Her voice was sweet and her step was long,
And that's no holy dream.

—Bailey.

WILSON HARGIS:—

Wilson is famous among us for wit,
A Leyden jar, always full charged, from
which flit
Electrical tingles of hit after hit.

—Lowell.

ELODIE JONES:—

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

—Suckling.

WILLIE JONES:—

She nerved her larynx for the desperate
thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a
spring.

—Lowell.

NELLIE PRICE:—

Two inches of growth! two inches of growth!
A kingdom for two inches of growth!

—Shakespeare.

ANNIE PETERS:—

I don't see the harm in using a pony,
As oft the Professor has feigned;
For in other rides you lose a ten,
But in this a ten is gained.

ASHER SMITH:—

Night's candles are burnt out,
To-morrow's lessons are undone,
But as you pass the window
You may see him snoozing
'Till the rising of the sun.

—Shakespeare.

EVA TOWNSEND:—

On thinking of my future life
I just think this out of sight:
To handsome grow,
And have a beau,
And to the bridal altar go.

—Mark Twain.

BESSIE PURNELL:—

Boy wants but little here below,
Nor is he hard to please;
But Bessie, bless her little heart,
Wants everything she sees.

—Goldsmith.

EDITH STANFORD:—

Her voice was ever soothing,—when you
heard it,
A most excellent thing in woman, though
not in student.

—Shakespeare.

PROF. COULBOURN:—

As he wonders as waiting these long years
through,
As he sits in his old arm chair,
May he turn his thoughts to the Fifteen and
Two,
Whom he taught with his tenderest care.

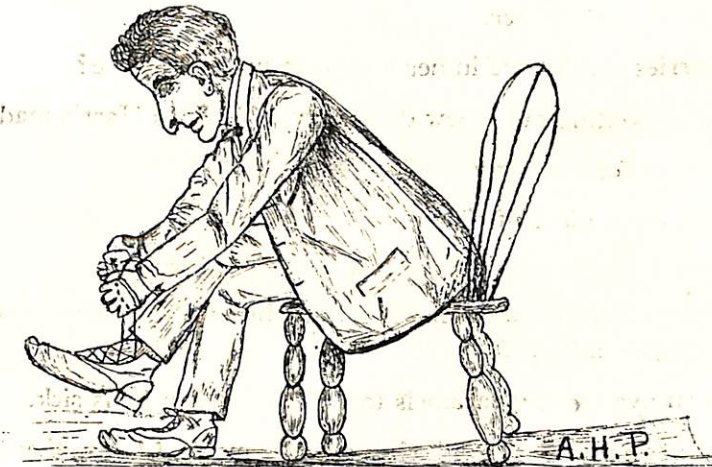
—Eugene Field.

Classmates, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through stormy
weather;

'Tis hard to part when mates are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Now steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time.

Say not good-bye, but in some brighter clime
Bid each other good-morning.

—Mrs. Barbauld.



It Is Rumored That

Professor hasn't time to lace his shoes before school.

Rachel is going to have her laugh patented.

Viola is acquiring Grecian Bend.

The next time the Professor goes off for a trip he will take the Senior Class with him, or ask the merchants not to sell them any more pickles while he's away.

Elodie is an expert ball player.

Etta's escort goes to sleep in church.

Smitty's hand was so warm after leaving one of the girls that Annie felt it through her glove.

Ethel likes sleighing pretty well.

Annie never sees a joke,—her eyes close when she begins to laugh.

There is to be a trolley line from Snow Hill to Chincoteague. Author:—"The Virginian."

Price had been in swimming the other day and hadn't finished his toilet when the rain came.

Nell is sporting a diamond ring.

Bill hasn't time to write love letters until school closes.

Secretary was so "flustrated" when she ordered the class pins that she forgot to sign her name to the letter.

"Evil" carries love letters in her waist—to make it blouse?

Little Len is getting out a new dictionary. She says Harris made a b-r-a-k-e.

Viola is very fond of "gum" (?)

Annie has lost a piece of ribbon.

Jane's ribbon-box is going through a process of invoicing.

Wilsie hasn't time to wash her hands—when taffy sticks to them while she is pulling it she just licks them.

E. K. J. enjoys feeding caramels to a "Byrd" when he is sick.

Bessie was so regally splendid when she was maid-of-honor that it "flustrated" Harris, and he wrote she was "made-of-honor."

There are probably two or three in the Senior Class who could make 50 per cent. or more on a test in Latent and Specific Heat. (We feel inclined to doubt above report. Eds.)

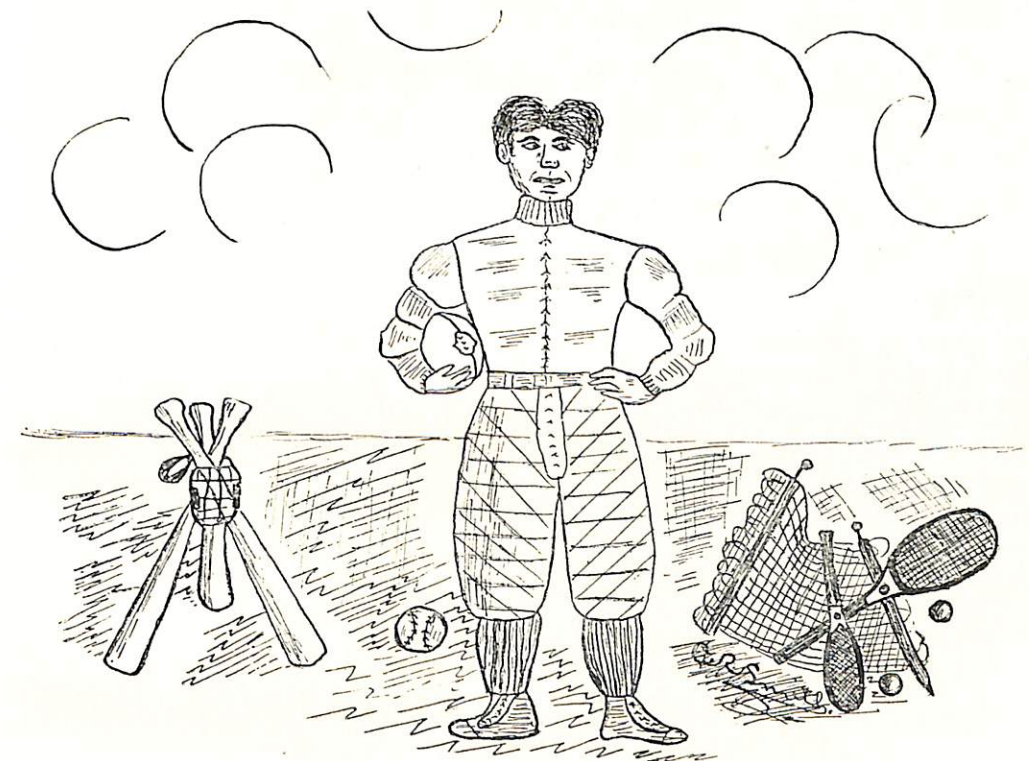
None of the girls have yet answered Olin's invitation to "O!—B"—Barnes.

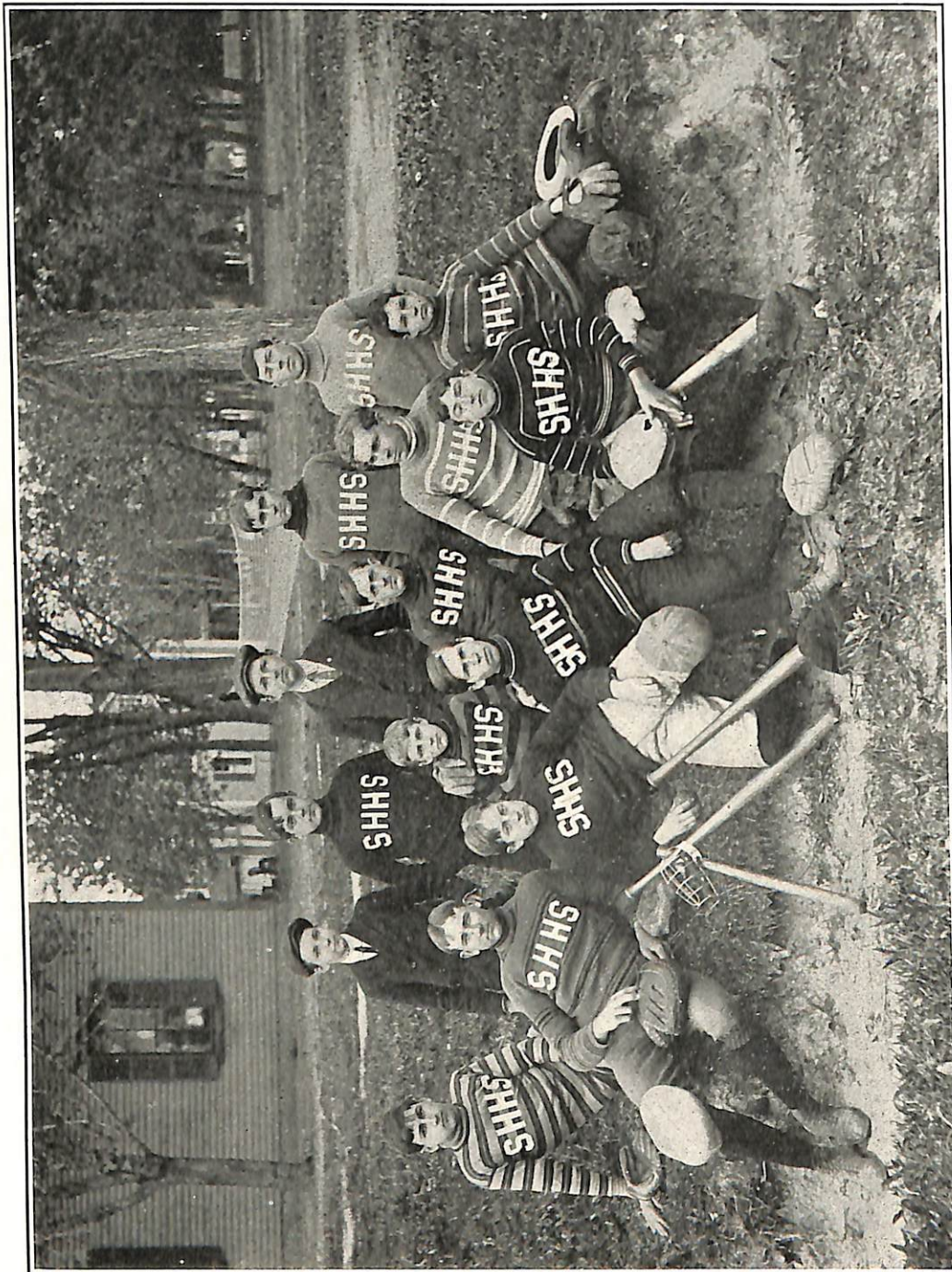
On Saturday night one of Asher's socks said to the other, "I'll be darned."

Hastings is getting over his bashfulness. Proof: He had a long talk over the telephone the other day with one of the girls.

J. M. W. has found a new way of playing hookey, i.e.: Going down the river in a boat, getting stuck on a stump, and having to stay all afternoon.

Seven curiosities of class of '04:—Asher's curls, Edith's rare beauty, Rachel's laugh, Nellie's height, Jane's will, Ethel's tongue, Olin's oratorical abilities.





THE BASE BALL TEAM.

Athletics

Base Ball Team

J. MARSHALL WILSON, *Manager*

EDW. DASHIELL, *Captain*

HARRIS CORDRY, *Score Keeper*

THOS JOHNSON, *Catcher*

OLIN BARNES, *Pitcher*

ASHER SMITH, *First Base*

WM. LONG, *Short stop*

CHESTER HOLLOWAY, *Second base*

JESSIE GOODMAN, *Right Field*

CHAS. BISHOP, *Third Base*

EDGAR MCCABE, *Centre field*

EDWARD DASHIELL, *Left Field*

Substitutes

C. GUMM

W. PRICE

H. CORDRY

H. HANCOCK

The base-ball team has been very successful, having played to this date (May 15th) three games, and won all of them. As we go to press the manager has arranged a return game with Pocomoke High School, to be played in Pocomoke, Whit-Monday.

Athletics, when properly indulged in, may be made an important part of school work. Instead of taking the time of the boys from their studies it keeps them in shape to do more and better work in the class room. Friendly contests between sister high schools bring the schools into closer touch, and arouse in the students a proper feeling of school pride and desire to excel.

We are proud of our base-ball team and its record, and we hope succeeding years may see even stronger teams in the High School.

Lawn Tennis

The teachers in the High School have fitted up a first class tennis court on the campus, and have very kindly extended the privileges of the court to the students. Teachers and pupils spend much time pleasantly in playing tennis during recreation hours, and our tennis court is very attractive with girls in white, tripping across its green surface, overshadowed by tall and waving poplars.



Our boys have shown much interest in field sports, and held a very interesting contest in May.

The following students were successful:

Standing broad jump.....JOHNSON, '09
 Running broad jump.....LONG, '06
 Standing high jump.....SMITH, '04; HALLOWAY, '06, tie
 Running high jump.....JOHNSON, '09
 100 yard Dash.....SMITH, '04

Above was open to all students in the school. In contests open to boys under 16 years, Dashiell, '05, won all the events.

Class Opinions

Babies—"The Two"

Athlete.....WILSIE HARGIS
 Artist.....EVA TOWNSEND
 Brightest.....RACHEL DONOVAN
 Cutest.....NELLIE PRICE
 Fattest.....ANNIE PETERS
 Greatest Giggler.....ELODIE JONES
 Guardian Angel.....PROF. COULBOURN
 Handsomest.....ASHER SMITH
 Most Conscientious.....EDITH STANFORD
 Most Inquisitive.....ELODIE JONES
 Most Nervous.....WILSIE HARGIS
 Most Popular.....BESSIE JOHNSON
 Most Studious.....ASHER SMITH
 Most Stylish.....VIOLA BONNEVILLE
 Most Talkative.....BESSIE PURNELL
 Mimic.....JANE McALLEN
 Neatest.....ETHEL BOSTON
 Pet.....NELLIE PRICE
 Shortest.....DAISY ELLIS
 Stiffest.....VIOLA BONNEVILLE
 Slimmest.....WILLIE JONES
 Songster.....BESSIE PURNELL
 Wittiest.....OLIN BARNES
 Most Noisy Thing....."THE FIFTEEN"



Coming! Coming! Coming!

!! SNOW HILL HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB !!

The only Living and Genuine Glee Club that executes its programs (and audiences) without notes,—depending only on the inspiration of the moment for the tune.

Wonderful! Unique!! Soul-moving!!!

Music Books used only as a rest for the Kettle Drum!!

Special Features of every Performance—Medley by the whole Troup, carrying eighteen tunes at one and the Same Time!!!!

Listen to the Entrancing Sounds of the Slender Fog Horn!!

Hear the Mellow Bellow of the Graceful Megaphone!!

Witness the Triple Performance of the Jewsharp Virtuoso!!

See the Base Viol Picker Crawl inside her Viol and never use a Pick!!

Watch the Pianissimist blow his Blower!!

Hear the Flutist Toot the Flute!!

The Greatest Glee Club on Earth Strikes this Burgh April 31st, 19004.

Show Begins Promptly at 12.32 A. M. Don't Miss It!!

Program of Public Exercises of 1903

SUNDAY, June 14th.

10.30 A. M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON, BY REV. J. B. NORTH, D.D., Pastor
Makemie Memorial Presbyterian Church, Snow Hill, Md.

TUESDAY, June 16th.

10 A. M. EXHIBIT OF WORK BY STUDENTS: Department of Drawing and Manual Training.

8 P. M. CLASS DAY EXERCISES in High School Assembly Hall.

9 P. M. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES. Address to Graduates by PROF. WM. J. HOLLOWAY.

WEDNESDAY, June 17th.

10 A. M. MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT (Continued).

8.30 P. M. ALUMNI BANQUET in High School Assembly Hall.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Tuesday, June 16, 1903

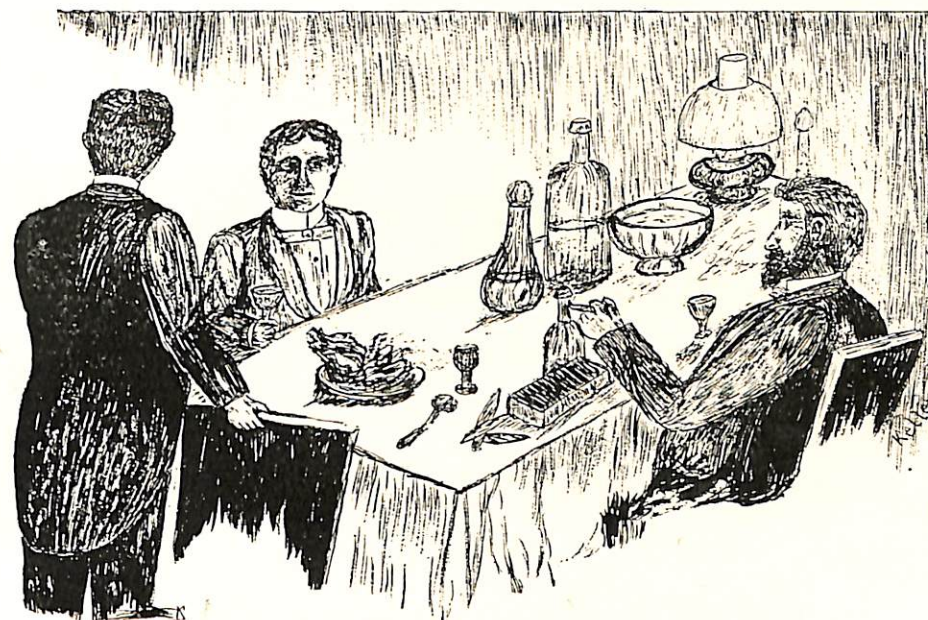
Prayer.....	Rev. Aloysius Green
	Music
Greeting by the President.....	Mr. Ralph Truitt
Roll Call by the Secretary.....	Mr. Rue Truitt
	Music
Class History.....	Miss Bettie Mumford
	Music
Class Prophecy.....	Miss Ada Purnell
	Music
Presentation Oration.....	Mr. Oscar Coulbourn
	Class Song



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Tuesday, June 16, 1903

Essay and Salutatory.....	Miss Bertha Beauchamp
Essay, "Night Brings Out the Stars".....	Miss Lida Maddox
	Music
Essay, "Music".....	Miss Margaret Vincent
Essay and Valedictory.....	Miss Bessie Bowen
	Music
Announcement of Honors.	
Conferring of Diplomas.....	Mr. Zadok Powell, Pres. School Board
	Music
Address to Graduates.....	Prof. Wm. J. Holloway, Prin. Salisbury High School
	Benediction



Alumni Banquet

AT THE SNOW HILL HIGH SCHOOL

June 17, 1903

TOASTS

Toast Master, Jno. I. Coulbourn

EARLY DAYS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.....	Mr. E. Hance Fooks
THE STRENUOUS LIFE.....	Mr. John W. Staton
THE CLASS OF 1903.....	Miss Mary A. Townsend
THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND.....	Mr. Oscar Coulbourn
OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLBOY.....	Mr. Rue Truitt
OUR CLASS.....	Miss Bessie Bowen
U S.....	Miss Mary Scarborough
OUR HIGH SCHOOL.....	Dr. Wm. D. Straughn
OUR FUTURE.....	Mr. Ralph C. Truitt
REMINISCENCES.....	Mr. Wm. C. Powell

Salisbury vs. Snow Hill

Inter-High School Debate

High School Hall, Snow Hill, Md.

Friday Evening, January 17, 1902

PROGRAMME

Instrumental Solo.....Miss Beulah Vincent
Prayer.....Rev. Avery Donovan
Song.....High School Chorus
Debate—"Resolved, That the United States should interfere to stop further
destruction of property and life in South Africa."
Affirmative (Snow Hill): Messrs. Archibald E. Barnes, U. Oscar Coulbourn, J.
Heston Duffy and Glenworth Sturgis.
Negative (Salisbury): Messrs. William A. Sheppard, Cecil V. Goslee, Howard H.
Ruark and Marvin V. Holloway.
Quartette—Misses Rachel Donovan, Mary Townsend, Beulah Vincent, Margaret
Vincent.
Instrumental SoloMiss Rachel Donovan
Judges—Mr. Jas. E. Ellegood, Mr. L. Atwood Bennett, Salisbury; Mr. Jno. W.
Staton, Dr. W. D. Straughn, Snow Hill; Mr. Calvin B. Taylor; Berlin.

(Note—The decision resulted in a tie, two of the judges voting for Salisbury,
two for Snow Hill, and the fifth voting "tie." The debate was very entertaining
and instructive. We hope our School may again meet Salisbury in friendly
rivalry. The Salisbury H. S. students make gallant and generous foes.—Eds.)

High • School • Yells



Razzle Dazzle! Hobble Gobble!

Sis Boom! Bah!—

Snow Hill! Snow Hill!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

We Roar! We Roar! We Roar! We Roar!

For the very best school on the Eastern Shore!

Snow Hill High School Evermore!

Rickety Rack! Rickety Rack!

Snow Hill High School,

Red and Black.

One Zip—Two Zip—Three Zip—Za!

S. H. H. S.

Ra Zip!



WHEN THE PROFESSOR'S AWAY THE STUDENTS WILL PLAY.

"ADS."

WANTED AT ONCE.—STRONG, ABLE-bodied nurse, to look after two babies, Barnes and Smith. Send references, with age and past experiences, to the "Fifteen," S. H. H. S.

LOST.—BALL OUT OF EYE. IF FOUND please return to "BIGGY."

WANTED.—A BRAIN. APPLY TO "COAL ASHES."

WANTED.—A PENCIL. PENNY KIND, with end chewed off, preferred.
PROF. S. H. H. S.

LOST.—A "KING FISH." ETTA.

WANTED.—SLEEP.
"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF."

"A PONY! A PONY! MY KINGDOM FOR a pony." One with leaves not torn out preferred.
BESSIE P.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A PONY. When last seen one of the boys got a lift.

FOUND.—IN THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILD- ing, a white "gumm." It will not be returned to owner with my permission. "STIFFY."

WANTED.—SOMETHING TO HELP DI- gest Professor's lectures. CLASS '04.

LOST.—ON APRIL 15TH, PROFESSOR'S equilibrium. If found you will greatly oblige the class by returning same to HIM.

LOST.—HAIR. IF FOUND RETURN TO "Little Willie" and receive reward.

LOST.—CONTROL OF TEARS. IF found, please return to "BILL."

DROPPED.—THE LETTERS I—N—G. IF found please return to "NELL."

FOUND.—LONG STRAND OF HAIR ON coat. Owner apply to C. C. B. BISHOP.

FOR RENT, LEASE OR SALE.—A TWO-story pompadour, all ready furnished, with servants,—no rats. Apply to THE FIFTEEN.

Diary

JANUARY

- 4.—School opens after the Xmas holidays. We all resolve to settle down to hard work.
- 5.—Lecture from Prof. "Hard study from now to June 15." (?)
- 6.—Howard receives two hat pins through the mail. Girls hope he won't steal theirs now.
- 7.—Biggy kept her tongue still for three minutes. Eight inches of snow.
- 7.—Have mathematics. Olin absent.
- 8.—Leap Year party at Rachel's. Girls had no idea takes boys so long to dress. (Nell thought Asher would never get his hair curled.) We made (almost) a night of it. When we passed Professor's home brought him to the window by yelling "1, 2, 3! J. I. C!"
- 9.—Take a stroll in woods. Charlie and Marshall meet with an accident. They return in rear of procession until they happen to think caps will serve as patches.
- 11.—Bessie J. turns her desk into a postoffice. How you girls do bother her!
- 11.—Rent library to Bessie and Edgar.
- 12.—Didn't sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
- 12.—A Junior gives a swell party.
- 13.—Prof. asks both classes if they think it pays to attend parties on nights before school days.
- 14.—Edith tells Olin he can't come to see her any more. (He went home with Bessie Sunday night.)
- 15.—Olin very sick. All other members of class present.
- 18.—Exam. in literature. Some of the pupils sick.
- 19.—Day off to prepare for exam. to-morrow. Blinding hail storm; can't see anything out the window, therefore we *have* to study.
- 20.—Latin exam. Prof. tells us what will happen if anybody "cheats."
- 21.—English exam. How much did the "Naughty-Four" study last night?
- 22.—Eva didn't get a letter.
- 23.—Eva got a box of writing paper.
- 25.—Ancient History exam. The class "very" disappointed when Prof. Coulbourn, instead of Miss Townsend, gives exam.
- 26.—Trigonometry Exam. girls tell Nell she won't have any tears left to shed at her friends' funerals.

- 26.—Etta goes to the drug store.
- 27.—Another day off to prepare for exam. to-morrow.
- 28.—Exam. in geometry. Through at last!
- 28.—Exams. over! Jane and Annie gave a masquerade party. All in for a "hoppin' big time." The Editor-in-Chief charmingly attired in yellow and red as a negress. During evening was ignored by all except African gentleman. (Edward was it done purposely?)
- 29.—In physics recitation. Prof: "What happens when a ball, dropped from a third story window, reaches the ground?" Class thinking earnestly. No answer. Prof. (very incensed) "It will stop, of course."

FEBRUARY

- 1.—A "scorching hot" lecture from Prof. "More study and less going out nights."
- 2.—The indigestible lecture from Prof. yesterday awakes class, which after seeing its shadow, falls asleep again for an indefinite time. (Ground Hog Day.)
- 3.—Asher chases two "coons" down street, thinking one of them was Annie.
- 4.—Elodie puts her feet on round of stool in M. T. D. Round breaks. Prof. Kelley: "Elodie, did you expect it to stand those weights?"
- 5.—Prof. introduces new lesson in observation, viz: lacing his shoes.
- 5.—John Bunting visits school.
- 6.—Prof. Kelley didn't go fishing. Big freeze to-night!
- 8.—Heavy snowstorm. One session. In the afternoon girls and boys build a snow fort in Court House yard. Girls hold the fort, boys the street. When Prof. Coulbourn comes past both forces are one.
- 9.—Several girls and boys in senior class take afternoon off to go skating. Prof. calls on their parents to learn reason. Finds they all have the "permission required by law."
- 10.—"Terrible time" lecture from Prof. about taking days off. Without satisfactory notes will give zeroes during absence.
- 11.—Rachel and Nellie fail to giggle in physics class. Believed they were asleep.
- 12.—Prof. teaches boys relay racing.
- 12.—Edith misses her history lesson.
- 13.—Saturday. No school.
- 14.—Sunday, so couldn't lock Prof. out.
- 15.—Edith studies history, waiting for her example at arithmetic board.
- 16.—Prof. goes down to M. T. D. On his return finds room in bad order; chalk all over floor. Gives us a short indigestible lecture in which he tells us he will excuse us if it occurs again.
- 17.—Experiments in physics. Make ice-cream from water. Boys bring stick and gum candy to illustrate brittleness and elasticity. Girls eat apparatus.

- 18.—Prof. Coulbourn acts as groom in a mock wedding, secretly witnessed by "Naughty-Four."
- 19.—Prof. ascends stairs amid showers of rice. Result, a short, indigestible lecture.
- 19.—Senior class doesn't go to the board in trigonometry. Blizzard expected in two hours and a half.
- 20.—Prof. Kelley how many fish did you catch to-day?
- 22.—George Washington's Birthday. One of the "Babies" uses shoe polish.
- 23.—Prof. gets three pencils in the mail. Who sent them? Not the "Naughty-Four." (?)
- 24.—Prof. Kelley compliments (?) senior girls upon their records in writing and scroll sawing.
- 24.—Both classes have half-holiday for skating. Asher decides he doesn't need any skin on his knees.
- 25.—Prof. speaks to Ethel in class. Wonder why? She says she doesn't know.
- 26.—The drum beats the "flunk" march, and seniors march to arithmetic class.
- 29.—Prof. gets a new pair of gold framed glasses.

MARCH

- 1.—Prof. goes to Annapolis. Prof. Kelley substituting during his absence.
- 2.—Test in Latin. Prof. intends that we shall work while he is away.
- 3.—Test in geometry. Prof. Kelley compliments class very highly on their honesty.
- 4.—Trigonometry test in afternoon. In the morning Prof. Kelley gives us permission to go to Manual Training Department. We have a big feast! Things spread on large lumber table. A pile of trigs served as centerpiece, tablets and pencils at each place for "ever ready" purposes. (See menu on page 24.)
- 7.—Prof. returns from Annapolis with a new spring overcoat.
- 8.—Eva prayed very reverently. While on her knees she was heard to say "I got mine, boys."
- 9.—Hon. E. W. McMaster visits school. Prof. gives him some of the mid-winter exam. papers to inspect.
- 10.—In Latin recitation. Prof.: "What does *includo* mean?" Rachel: "Shut up!" (?)
- 10.—Asher receives a letter in which love is so warm it scorches the envelope.
- 11.—Humorous Editors meet at Elodie's. Editors at Nellie's. They all happen to meet on corner at 10.30 o'clock (P. M.). Have a pleasant chat concerning "Fifteen-Two" (?) Girls scatter in all directions when they think they see Prof. coming down the street.
- 14.—Physics class. Prof. didn't have to tell Bessie P. to close her book.
- 14.—Olin's lady friend visits school. Prof. proves very entertaining by giving Olin a lecture in trig.

- 15.—250 students in assembly room, four of whom sing.
- 16.—Another lecture about poor singing.
- 17.—Singing *extra* well. Was it because of the visitors?
- 18.—9.10 o'clock A. M. Prof. runs upstairs, two steps at a time. Bell hasn't been rung.
- 18.—Prof. has had his curls cut. So sad!
- 21.—(A.M.) Prof. gives recess. Silence among seniors for 30 seconds.
- 21.—(P.M.) Prof.: "School may take rec — — —" ! ! ! !
- 22.—Only "Naughty-Four" have arithmetic problems worked. Why, Elodie?
- 23.—Wilsie doesn't wear a new collar to school.
- 24.—Juniors feast off seniors' ginger snaps while seniors are in M. T. D.
- 25.—(P. M.) Wonder of wonders, the bell rings on time.
- 26.—This sign appears on M. T. D. door: "Catfish, with small dainty mouths, for sale!" L. J. Kelley.
- 28.—Asher loses his curling irons.
- 29.—Discussion between the "Fifteen" (the most noisy things) and the "Babies," as to who can make the more noise. Bedlam!
- 30.—Walter falls down stairs. Quickest way always best.
- 31.—"Evil" receives a letter from — College. Is very despondent.
- 31.—Nell 5 feet tall.

APRIL

- 1.—(Good Friday) Nell 5 feet 1 inch tall. (Has on high heel shoes.)
- 2.—Nell 5 feet.
- 3.—The "out-of-town" members of class go home for Easter—all except the financially embarrassed.
- 4.—Pupils return to school after spending Easter at home.
- 5.—Seniors read their spring Theses.
- 6.—Reported that Elodie has the mumps.
- 7.—A memorable day! No lecture from Prof.!
- 8.—Prof. gives us five minutes to practice class song. Hail storm before night.
- 11.—Olin makes an engagement with Edith to go to the class festival two weeks hence.
- 12.—Prof. Kelley tells Etta the shadow of her sketch looks like it has fallen off a precipice.
- 13.—Prof. gives juniors a lecture in geometry, in which he tells them to bisect the given line, and get three equal parts.
- 14.—Prof. loses his equilibrium, but after a careful search finds it on the floor.
- 15.—Seniors plant black gum trees for the benefit of coming classes of S. H. H. S.
- 18.—Prof. corrects last of mid-winter exam. papers.
- 10.—Annie buys a pencil. About the first this year.

- 20.—Etta has an escort to a play to-night. He goes to sleep.
- 21.—Professors Coulbourn and Kelley invited to sing in Childrens' Day Exercises. Both accept.
- 21.—Juniors elect class officers.
- 22.—Pupils on row No. 3 in class all make 100 in physics. Prof. faints, regaining consciousness after two hours.
- 23.—Some of the pupils go home to spend Institute holidays.
- 25.—Teachers' reception given at School. Juniors and seniors invited. Asher recites "The Raven," which was much enjoyed.
- 26.—Prof. Bible gives an entertainment at School. Glad Biggy enjoyed it so much, as she laughs very seldom.
- 27.—Seniors hold festival for benefit of "Fifteen-Two."
- 28.—Base-ball game between Regulars and School team. Score: 12 to 10, in favor of School.
- 29.—Big base-ball game! Pocomoke High School 6, Snow Hill High School 13. Snow Hill boys all order caps a size larger.
- 30.—Both classes sick. Girls suffering from sore throats, and boys from inflamed heads.

MAY

- 1.—Nell dates a note April 31.
- 2.—Girls go "snailing." Evidently they have slept a day.
- 3.—Prof. gets his first information concerning senior feast of March 4.
- 4.—Medicine show comes to town. Much fun for seniors and juniors to-night.
- 5.—Prof. advises (?) girls and boys to wait until Friday night to go to show. We all take (?) his wise advise.
- 6.—Prof.: "What color will a man be if placed under a red shade?" Class: "Pinky."
- 7.—In Latin recitation. Senior: "Professor, is the 'ablative of agent' put in the ablative case?" Professor: "Possibly."
- 8.—Prof. Kelley goes fishing, catching a fine bunch of "Sun Perch," largest measuring 2 inches by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.
- 10.—Prof. Kelley improves on Webster. Spells scalds s-c-o-l-d-s.
- 11.—Olin becomes bald—butts in too often.
- 12.—In physics class. Prof.: "They are put that way to make the electricity go right." Senior: "How can it go wrong?"
- 13.—Rather cool. "Fifteen-Two" goes to the printer to seek a cover.

Alumni Notes

Some Thoughts in Connection With the Snow Hill High School



THE progress and general improvement of the High School should be most gratifying to the citizens of Snow Hill.

This progress and improvement are due to the energy and ability of the school officials and teachers, together with the hearty co-operation and support of the patrons.

Whatever else the good people in Snow Hill may differ about, they are in unison regarding the education of their children; and there is probably no school in the State of Maryland whose patrons are more loyal and more zealous than are the patrons of the Snow Hill High School.

During my administration of several years in the High School there was not, to my knowledge, a single instance of old fogyism on the part of the School Board or Trustees, of officious intermeddling on the part of citizens, to interfere with the progress of the school.

Sometimes an irate parent would threaten some one of us teachers with utter annihilation for having applied the rod to an insubordinate offspring; but we can understand that a parent's love for a child, while being the noblest and grandest sentiment on earth, is inclined to impair paternal vision and seriously interfere with the exercise of justice and reason. But I can say to the mothers of Snow Hill, those loving, anxious mothers, who used to condemn us to all kinds of fearful torments for having punished their children, you need think unkindly of us no longer; for those boys of yours, now grown to splendid manhood, have forgiven us long ago, and fully understand that we were simply trying to do our duty, and regret that they failed to do theirs.

These same young men will talk good naturedly to the teacher about the trouble they caused at school, and will deplore the interference of their parents; but when they are married and have children of their own, we can only expect that they will themselves be just as unreasonable as were their parents before them, and be just as blind to the faults of their children.

And so the world goes! It is the holy love of father or mother that beautifies and glorifies the child—that makes the homely one pretty, the dull one bright, and the bad one good.

As pupil and teacher the writer spent thirteen years in the Snow Hill High School. Around this school are centered the fondest and tenderest recollections

of his life. Here he learned to read in the primer; here he wrestled with the multiplication table; here he played "Tread, tread the green grass," and first kissed the girls.

He soon learned that education is a gradual development, a slow but sure progress; and he passed along as the years went by, from simple English to complex Latin and Greek—from multiplication in arithmetic to problems in trigonometry—the world of knowledge opening up wider and wider until he realized, after a while, how little he knew. He found that reading the classics was far different from spelling out the simple statements about the old fat hen and the good dog Carlo—that computing the distance to the moon was more intricate than determining the cost of a dozen oranges at 2 cents apiece—but he never yet has discovered any manner of change or development or improvement in the method of kissing the girls. This is the one branch of learning that has in its rudiments the full scope of science. Study as hard as one may there is absolutely no progression; and should one obtain a doctor's degree in this particular department of human knowledge, he would then realize that he knew no more about it than when he took his first lesson as a bashful boy on the school house green.

"Salute your bride and kiss her sweet.
Then rise and stand upon your feet"—

the enactment of this innocent little melodrama gives to the mind and heart of the child the greatest lesson it will ever glean from Nature's infinite book of mysteries.

There have been many changes in the old High School in the last twenty-five years. Several of the best teachers—those whom we respected and honored and loved—have passed from the worry and care of this life to the unending rest and peace of the Great Beyond. They have gone—but their works, their influence, their impress on the lives of others still remain—and they have left in the minds and hearts of their former students hallowed memories which will never die.

And the old schoolmates, where are they? The little blushing, bashful girl, with hair plaited down her back and tied with a beautiful pink bow—no troubles save childhood's petty cares—no tears that did not yield to the sunshine of a happy smile—Where is she now? Married? Yes; and plaiting her own little girl's hair and tying it with a pink bow—just as her own used to be. Ah, little innocent, care-free child of long ago, you knew not then the meaning of life—the troubles, the griefs, the pains, the disappointed hopes. You were happy then, so happy and so free—if only childhood days could last forever! And those little fellows—with their first book and slate—marching as proudly to school as Cæsar entering the gates of Rome—bearing in their hearts a mother's loving blessing, and on their innocent lips a mother's holy kiss—Where are they now? Out in the great arena of the world's activities fighting the battles of life—fighting on and on in a struggle which is ended only when the angels in Heaven sound the last retreat.

Mythology tells us of the fabled garden of the Hesperides, where grew beautiful trees bearing apples of gold. But Hercules, the performer of so many miracu-

lous feats, killed the defender of the garden and bore away the golden fruit. And so it is that Time, the powerful and relentless destroyer, invades the beautiful garden of childhood's dreams and bears away the golden treasures of childhood's innocent joys.

But as this paper is intended for my young friends I would not wish to take a too gloomy view of life. There are, to be sure, pleasures for every day, if we but realize and appreciate them, and there is always an encouraging prospect for greater happiness yet to come.

After all, success is not measured by accomplishments, but by *purpose*. There is a pleasure and satisfaction in honest effort, even though the end is never secured. Although we may never have wealth or power or fame, still the consciousness of duty performed—no matter how humble and obscure our lot—will bring to our souls a blessing and to our lives peace.

CHAS. S. RICHARDSON.



Graduates of S. H. H. S.

S. H. H. S. has among her alumni men and women of whom she may well feel proud. Men who are making themselves felt in many and important lines of work. Women, who as stenographers, trained nurses, teachers in the schools and colleges, and "Queens in the home," are reflecting honor upon their Alma Mater. The ladies among the alumni far outnumber the men. We would be very glad to give an account of the lives of the women who have done something worth noting, were it not that the list is so long that lack of space makes it impossible. We must, therefore, content ourselves with giving a brief sketch of the men who have graduated from the High School.

THOS. H. SPENCE, '85

Graduated from Johns Hopkins; Principal Stockton High School and Snow Hill High School; Professor of Languages Maryland Agricultural College. Now Vice-Principal of Maryland Agricultural College.

GEO. COVINGTON, '86

Graduate of Princeton College. Now practicing law in New York.

CHAS S. RICHARDSON, '86

Principal Girdletree High School and Snow Hill High School. Now Professor of Oratory, Maryland Agricultural College.

CHAS. S. STEVENSON, '86

Principal Girdletree High School. Now with U. S. Fish Commission.

HARRY COVINGTON, '86

Graduate of Princeton. Now Professor of Oratory in Princeton College.

PERCY HUDSON, '87

Principal Bishopville High School. Now reporter New York Sun.

M. M. VICKERS, '88

Editor and proprietor *Palatka News*. Mayor of Palatka, Fla.

JOHN W. STATON, '88
Deputy Clerk of Court for Worcester County. Now practicing law in Snow Hill, Md.

E. K. WILSON, '89
Special course at Princeton; Principal Berlin High School; graduate University of Maryland, School of Law; practiced law in Snow Hill. Now in Denver, Col.

CHAS. E. DRYDEN, '89
Graduate of St. John's College; Principal Berlin High School and of Annapolis High School. Now Vice-Principal Frostburg Normal School, Frostburg, Md.

ELMER H. WALTON, '91
Private Secretary to Congressman W. H. Jackson. Now practicing law in Salisbury, Md.

WM. C. POWELL, '92
Graduate of Maryland College of Pharmacy; President Maryland Pharmaceutical Association; Treasurer Maryland Board of Pharmacy; member firm of P. D. Cottingham & Co., Snow Hill, Md.

F. J. TOWNSEND, '92
Graduate Richmond College of Medicine. Now practicing medicine in Sharptown, Md.

HERMAN M. SYPHERD, '92
Graduate of Delaware College; Private Secretary to President of Atlantic City Trust Co. Now practicing law in Atlantic City, N. J.

FRANKLIN UPSHUR, '92
Special course at Princeton; Graduate of Johns Hopkins University; Assistant State's Attorney of Baltimore city. Now practicing law in Baltimore, Md.

OWEN SYPHERD, '93
Graduate Delaware College. Prof. of Mathematics in Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.

CHAS. BREDELL, '93
With John Duer & Sons, Baltimore, Md.

LEWIS C. BOEHM, '93
Graduate St. John's College; Graduate Columbia University, School of Law. Now practicing law in New York.

WM. STURGIS, '94
Job printer; Foreman Democratic Messenger Office, Snow Hill, Md.

HARRY HEWARD, '94
Graduate Maryland Agricultural College. Now engaged in wholesale oyster business, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN I. COULBOURN, '94
Graduate Washington College; Principal Girdletree High School. Now Principal Snow Hill High School.

JOHN L. RILEY, '95
Principal Box Iron G. S.; Principal Bishopville High School. Now attending Lectures University of Maryland, School of Medicine.

CLARENCE M. TAYLOR, '95.
Telegraph operator, Georgetown, Del., and Snow Hill, Md. Now head bookkeeper for Smith, Moore & Co., Snow Hill, Md.

ROY SMITH, '95
Merchant in Cheapside, Va. Now postal clerk in City P. O., Baltimore, Md.

HAROLD D. BOEHM, '95
With Kayser & Allman, Philadelphia. Now wholesale importer of wall paper, New York.

WALTER H. MASON, '97
Graduate of Pierce School. Now engaged in mercantile business, Snow Hill, Md.

THOS. M. ROBINS, '97
Two years at Dickinson. Now completing fourth year at West Point Military Academy.

HARRY HOUCK, '97
Now attending Lectures University of Maryland, School of Medicine.

T. HOWARD COLLINS, '01
Two years at St. John's College. Now engaged in mercantile business in Snow Hill.

WM. R. SPURRIER, '02
Assistant Purser B. C. & A. Steamer Maryland.

GLENWORTH STURGIS, '02
Now at Maryland Agricultural College.

A. E. BARNES, '03
Now at Lieut. Wilmer's School preparing for Naval Academy.

W. OSCAR COULBOURN, '03
Now Vice-Principal Pocomoke High School.

RALPH P. TRUITT, '03
Now at Strayer's B. College.

V. RUE TRUITT, '03
Now at Washington College.

We give below, as accurately as we have been able to get them, the names and addresses of the graduates, and of those who spent one year or more in the High School. We shall be glad to have for our records any information concerning old students in the High School whose names are not given below, and concerning any mistakes that we may have made in the names, addresses and classification of the alumni.

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CHAS. STEVENSON,	Washington, D. C.	M. M. VICKERS,	Palatka, Fla.
ANNA STEVENSON,*	Snow Hill, Md.	D. FRANK FOOKS,*	Snow Hill, Md.
GEO. COVINGTON,	New York	JULIA FOOKS ATWELL,*	Cleveland, Ohio
EDNA STATON WHALEY,	Snow Hill, Md.		

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 MINNIE MOORE, Baltimore, Md.
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 MARY SCARBOROUGH, Baltimore, Md.
 MINNIE VINCENT, Snow Hill, Md.
 E. K. WILSON, Denver, Col.

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 FLORENCE DIXON HARTMAN,* Snow Hill, Md.
 JOHN S. HURLOCK,* Philadelphia, Pa.
 WINNIFRED PAYNE,* Snow Hill, Md.
 MARGARET STEVENSON, Snow Hill, Md.
 TYLER TOWNSEND,* Philadelphia, Pa.
 BELLE UPSHUR,* Baltimore, Md.
 KATE TIMMONS FOOKS,* Snow Hill, Md.

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 LELIA TOWNSEND NORTHRUP, Clayton, Del.
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 PRISCILLA UPSHUR,* Baltimore, Md.
 ELMER H. WALTON, Salisbury, Md.

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 CHAS. G. MILLES,* Philadelphia, Pa.
 MINNIE MOORE, Snow Hill, Md.
 WILLIAM C. POWELL, Snow Hill, Md.
 OLIVE JOHNSON POWELL,* Snow Hill, Md.
 BLANCHE PURNELL RUSSELL,* Baltimore, Md.
 NELLIE STEVENSON, Snow Hill, Md.
 HERMAN SYPHERD, Atlantic City, N. J.
 F. J. TOWNSEND, Sharptown, Md.
 FRANKLIN UPSHUR, Baltimore, Md.

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 CHAS. FREDELL, Baltimore, Md.

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 OWEN SYPHERD, Ripon, Wis.

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 BERTIE V. HOLLAND,* Philadelphia, Pa.
 LULU MOORE,* Snow Hill, Md.
 CARRIE M. PETERS, Snow Hill, Md.
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 MAY ROUNDS,* Cape Charles, Va.
 WILLIAM STURGIS, Snow Hill, Md.
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 NORA COULBOURN, Whiton, Md.
 ELIZABETH PURNELL RAYNE,* Berlin, Md.
 ROY SMITH, Baltimore, Md.
 JOHN L. RILEY, Box Iron, Md.
 CLARENCE M. TAYLOR, Snow Hill, Md.
 HESSIE CLAYVILLE WILSON, Wilmington, Del.
 LILLIAN WATERS, Stockton, Md.

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 GEORGE CORDRY,* Snow Hill, Md.
 HARRY DUFFY,* Snow Hill, Md.
 EMMA CLAYVILLE JOHNSON,* Goldsborough, Md.

LOLA B. MOORE, Snow Hill, Md.
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 MATTHEW PURNELL,* Snow Hill, Md.
 JACOB PAYNE,* Baltimore, Md.
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 MINNIE TOWNSEND, Snow Hill, Md.
 MILTON TOWNSEND,* Wilmington, Del.
 PRISCILLA WIMBROUGH,* Snow Hill, Md.

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 EUGENIA HURLOCK, Lebanon, Pa.
 WALTER H. MASON, Snow Hill, Md.
 THOS. ROBINS, West Point, N. Y.

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 ESTELLE TRUITT, Box Iron, Md.

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 HELEN MOORE, Snow Hill, Md.
 PURNELL PARSONS,* Philadelphia, Pa.
 CHAS. A. TOWNSEND,* Snow Hill, Md.
 KATHERINE TOWNSEND,* Snow Hill, Md.
 WILLIAM WHALEY,* Norfolk, Va.
 MAY PURNELL WHARTON, Stockton, Md.
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 BERTIE PENNEWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.
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 NORA HARGIS, Snow Hill, Md.
 MARY PARSONS,* Snow Hill, Md.
 CLARA MADDOX,* Snow Hill, Md.

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 DORA J. COLLINS,* Snow Hill, Md.
 J. HESTON DUFFY, (Deceased.)
 NELLIE E. JONES, Snow Hill, Md.
 JOHN P. MOORE, JR.,* Snow Hill, Md.
 MARTHA B. POWELL, Snow Hill, Md.
 ELOISE PURNALL (Deceased).
 EMMA RIGGIN, Snow Hill, Md.
 VIOLA RILEY, Box Iron, Md.
 VIOLA E. SMITH, Snow Hill, Md.
 WILLIAM R. SPURRIER, Snow Hill, Md.
 GLENWORTH STURGIS, Snow Hill, Md.
 MARY A. TOWNSEND, Snow Hill, Md.
 BEULAH P. VINCENT, Snow Hill, Md.

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 BESSIE BOWEN, Snow Hill, Md.
 U. OSCAR COULBOURN, Snow Hill, Md.
 MYRA BLADES,* Girdletree, Md.
 FLORENCE STAGG HAYMAN,* Eden, Md.
 LIDA MADDOX, Snow Hill, Md.
 BETTIE MUMFORD, Snow Hill, Md.
 EMMA JOHNSON,* Kingston, Md.
 LEDA JOHNSON,* Wesley, Md.
 STEPHEN MASON,* Los Angeles, Cal.
 ADA PURNELL, Snow Hill, Md.
 MARY RICHARDSON,* Salisbury, Md.
 RALPH TRUITT, Box Iron, Md.
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 HERMAN J. LEWIS,* Snow Hill, Md.
 META MARINER,* Snow Hill, Md.
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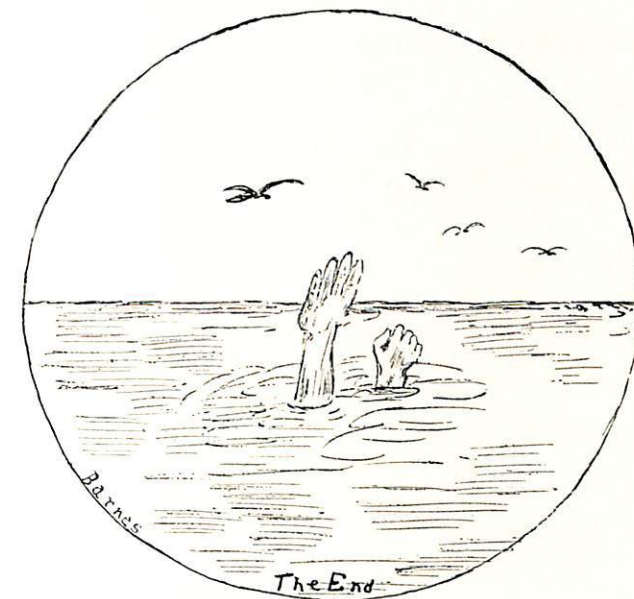
*Did not graduate.



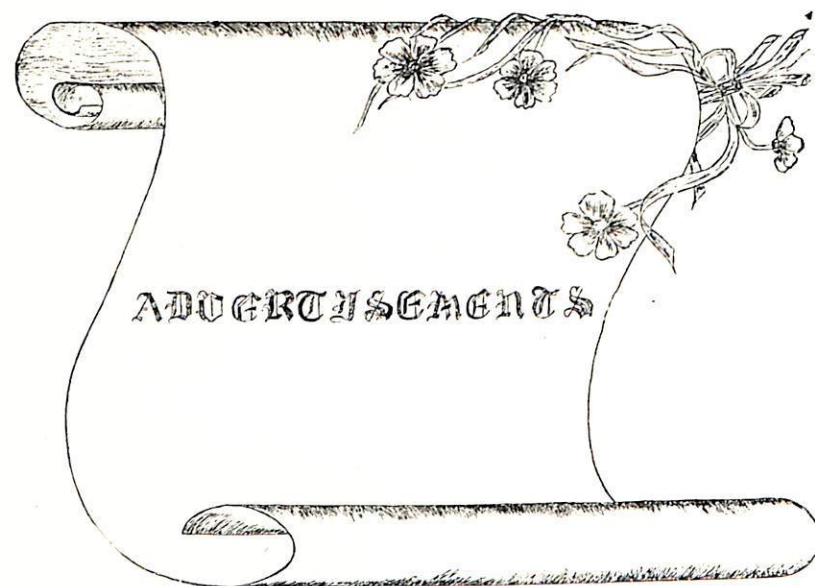
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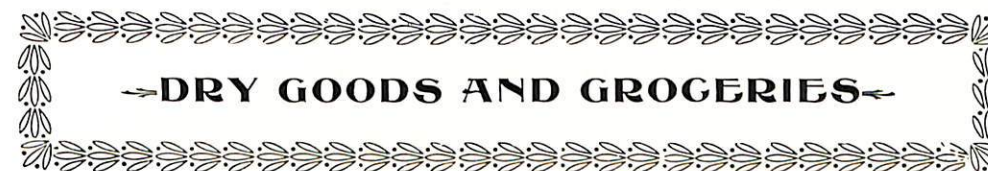
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William W. Simmons, Farmington, Del.

William E. Pennington, Centreville, Md.
Charles H. Simmons, Farmington, Del.
John W. Ennis, Pocomoke City, Md.
Arthur Kinney, Harrington, Del.

Milton S. Lankford, Princess Anne, Md.
Lula T. Frazer, Fredericka, Del.
William H. Medford, Cambridge, Md.
Sallie A. Wise, Dover, Del.
Ellen L. Carman, Dover, Del.

Herman W. Wright, Burrsville, Md.

Benjamin T. Conwell, Jr., Magnolia, Del.

George C. Gibson, Odessa, Del.

Lawrence C. Brumfield, Elk Neck, Md.
William C. Keegan, Odessa, Del.
C. Willard Metcalfe, Libertytown, Md.

Thomas Z. Talley, Grubb's P. O., Del.

Robert C. Metcalfe, Libertytown, Md.

Charles H. Breerwood, Bridgeville, Del.

Jesse W. Covington, Salisbury, Md.

Beverly W. Workman, Georgetown, Del.

William L. Breerwood, Bridgeville, Del.

Cashier of People's National Bank of Laurel, Del.

Now practicing medicine at Atlantic City, N. J.
Now with The Thomas W. Price Company, Philadelphia.

Now with the Philadelphia National Bank. Merchant.

Now with Charles F. Felin and Company, Philadelphia.

Now with Rand Brothers, Philadelphia.

Cashier of Dorchester National Bank.

Now with Thomas Halton's Sons, Philadelphia.

Now with Kent Manufacturing Company, Clifton Heights, Pa.

Now with Keystone Shoe Company, Philadelphia.

Now with Asbestos Magnesia Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia.

Now in the Foreign Correspondence Department of the Commercial Museum, Philadelphia.

Now with N. C. Engle, Philadelphia.

Now with Thomas Cook and Son, Philadelphia.

Now with United Coke and Gas Company, Camden, N. J.

Now with Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, Philadelphia.

Now with United Coke and Gas Company, New York

Now with Bonneville Portland Cement Company, Philadelphia.

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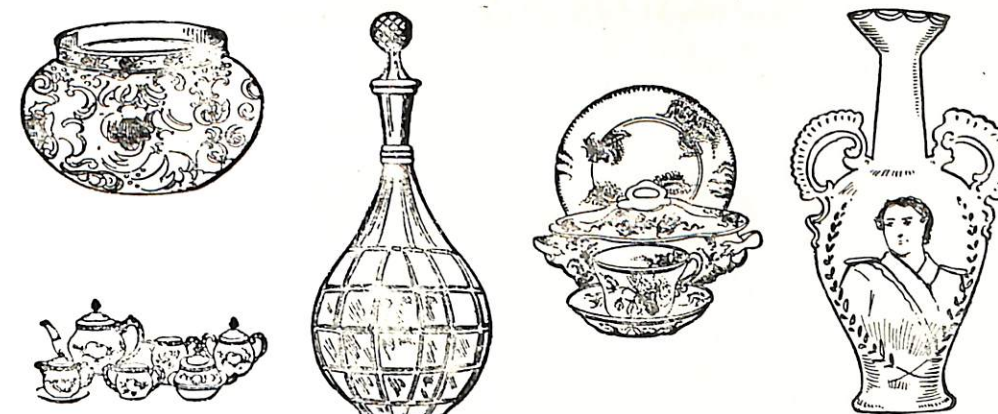
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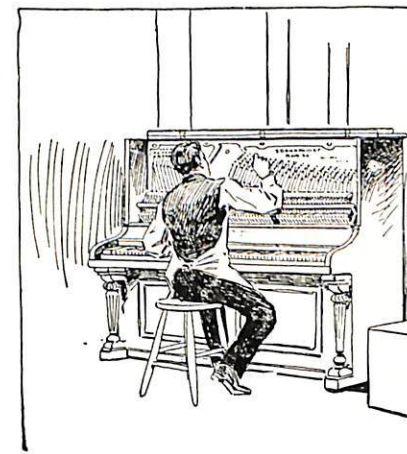
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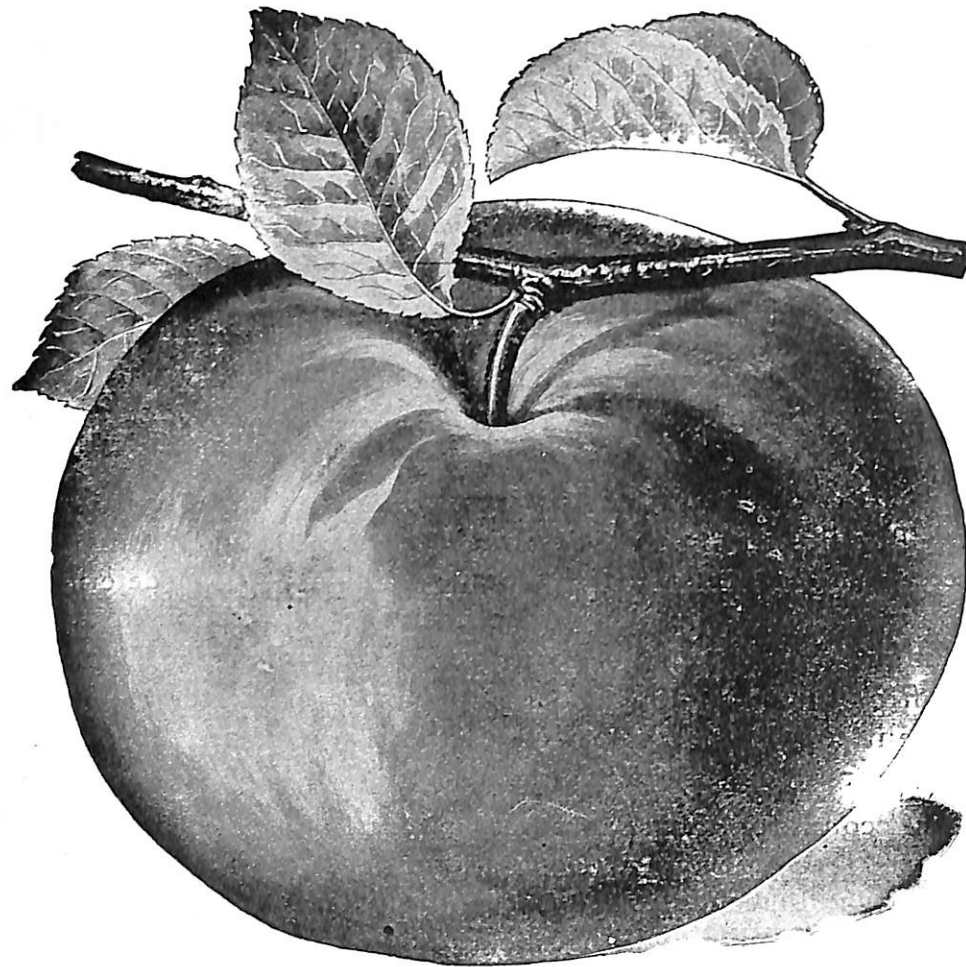
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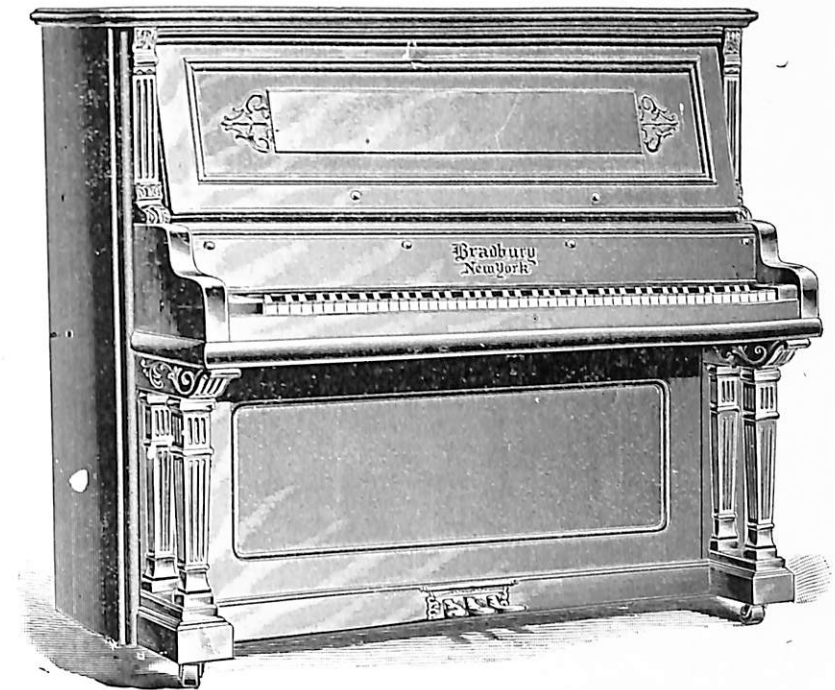
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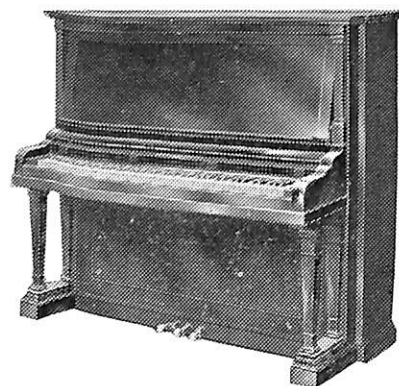
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