

S. H. H. S. *The Representative* S. H. H. S.

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SNOW HILL, MD., MARCH 6, 1924

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MISS GRACE JONES WINS 1924 OLD HOME PRIZE

January 30 was a memorable day for the Seniors. The winner of the "Old Home Prize" was announced. Mrs. Whaley was absent from our English class on that day and Mr. Simmons took this opportunity of announcing to us who had really won this coveted honor. When he first came into the room he announced his intention of telling us, but he kept putting it off until just a few minutes before the bell rang for the dismissal of the class.

A vote was cast by the class and it is interesting to know that the winner by the pupils' vote was the same that had been selected by the faculty. Three students were nominated but two of them only received seven votes together. Thus the winner, Miss Grace Jones, more affectionately known as "Hank," was announced. A loud applause followed the announcement and "Hank" received the sincere and deserved congratulations of her classmates.

The Debate

The subject for the debate, which will take place March 17, is "Resolved, That the Government of the U. S. Should Own the Railroads of the Country."

Snow Hill will be represented by Virginia Taylor and Molly Ferguson as affirmative speakers, and Ernestine Timmons and Grace Jones as negative. The team is making splendid progress under the coaching of Mr. Simmons.

The debate schedule:

Pocomoke, affirmative; Snow Hill, negative.

Berlin, affirmative; Pocomoke, negative.

Ocean City, affirmative; Stockton, negative.

Snow Hill, affirmative; Ocean City, negative.

Stockton, affirmative; Berlin, negative.

Two little worms were digging away; they were digging in dead earnest. Poor Ernest!

A Report From French Class

It's an unwritten law that we shouldn't tell tales out of school, but I don't think that our French Class ought to keep the accounts of our good times to ourselves any longer.

IV year French Class is the first period in the afternoon (as all other classes know), and if you haven't heard before, we now give you fair warning to stop, look and listen for the French Class express. If you don't you are very liable to "get run over."

Following our rather rapid journey from our home room we just have to tell *Mlle. Riley* all about the "doings" of the day "so far," but she is always ready with her "Now for tomorrow." This phrase seems to be very effective for in a few minutes all of us are busily turning over the pages of our "Gray-Mares," getting a last glimpse of those verbs, before we have to "aller au tableau noir."

Each one of us has a place at the blackboard, but nevertheless there is always more or less "scrambling" for chalk and erasers. After this subsides each one writes her (I say "her" because there are no "hims" in our class) name and next the name of the verb we are to conjugate and the tense.

The sooner we finish the sooner we can go to our desks, so everyone is eager to begin. Sometimes some very amusing things happen. As when *Mlle. Moore* persists in conjugating by the "two in one" method. That is, using the singular of one tense and the plural of another.

Finally we all finish only to find that we have to make a verb "blank" of "ecrire." We proceed to "ecrire" various new forms of the "present" and "subjonctif" especially.

After all, the period is very short and before we are half through our "blank" the bell rings, and we run out the door bidding *Mlle. Riley* a sad "au revoir."

Athletics

Spring Athletics have begun and as our regular athletic period does not start until March 17, the girls interested in athletics will practice after school and at noon time, in order that our school may stand at the top on Field Day.

DECLAIMERS GIVEN COMPETITIVE TRYOUT

The first Preliminary Declamation contest was held Friday morning, January 25, in the Assembly Hall. Out of the ten contestants six were chosen to compete in the second contest.

This was held at Mason's Opera House January 31. The program was as follows:

Music, Instrumental—Marie Pusey.

"How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute"—Carolyn Hickman.

"'Dat Time Honey Got Los'"—Hilda Riley.

Music—High School Chorus.

"Jean Desprez"—Barton Smith.

"The Rock and the Sea"—Virginia Taylor.

Music—High School Chorus.

"The Soul of the Violin"—Ernestine Timmons.

"Ole Mistis"—Emily Truitt.

The judges retire to make decision.

Music, Instrumental—Marie Pusey.

The judges, Miss Julia Bratten, Miss Emily Dryden and Mr. Newell Corddry, after much debating finally gave their decision.

First place—Barton Smith.

Second place—Virginia Taylor and Hilda Riley.

The Annual County Declamation Contest was held in the Empire Theatre at Pocomoke, February 9. The program was as follows:

"Maude Muller"—Alma Parsons, Stockton.

"The South's First Surrender"—Louise Townsend, Girdletree.

"The Littlest Rebel"—Wanda Veasy, Pocomoke.

"Jean Desprez"—Barton Smith, Snow Hill.

"Queen Esther's Petition"—Elizabeth Williams, Berlin.

"Lasca"—Mildred Holston, Ocean City.

The monotony of waiting for the judges to decide upon the winner was relieved by the effective music of the Glee Club and the Ukulele Club. We wish to commend Pocomoke High School on its splendid work along this line.

(Continued on Page 3)

The Sophomore Schedule

The first period of the day we have Caesar. Last year Miss Dryden told us that we were the noisiest class she had. In Caesar class we are different however, for the least little noise we make Mr. Dryden thinks comes from our hunting for a sentence to translate. So we keep quiet.

Next comes English. Mrs. Whaley is always telling us boys that she isn't going to fool with us any more, but she has fooled with us for over half a year and we know she won't go back on us now.

Music follows. In this period, "Joy is usually everywhere." We all hope that we won't have to know anything about periods, phrases, etc., for we don't.

The third period is Manual Training. All that we hear from Mr. Kelly is "You boys quit that 'calaboring' out behind those posts or I'll bust a board over your heads."

Then comes noon time. This is usually Mr. Kelly's period for "calaboring" on a large scale.

First period in the afternoon is Algebra with one section and study period with another. This class is very different from Mr. Dryden's morning class.

In History period Miss Julia is always wondering whether we studied our lesson or not.

The last period is Algebra. We hardly ever hear an end to Alan's everlasting questions, and Mr. Clipp's "waking up."

Parent-Teacher's Association

The February meeting of the Parent-Teacher's Association was held Tuesday evening, February 5, in the Assembly Hall of the High School.

The attendance was the largest that it has been since the Association was organized.

Superintendent A. C. Humphreys spoke on the State Budget and on a new school building. A petition concerning the State Budget was signed by the members of the Association and sent to Governor Ritchie.

A health program was presented by the fifth grade. The Junior Class also gave a program.

Sandwiches, coffee and mints were served by some of the Seniors of Miss Whaley's department.

"Freshie" entering Miss Riley's room and seeing "Francais IV" on the black-board exclaims, "Oh! Frances the fourth."

Charles M. "Mamma, please fry me a hard-boiled egg."

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The Declamation Contests

(Continued from Page 1)

The judges rendered the decision as follows:

First place—Louise Townsend.

Second place—Barton Smith.

Some Exchanges

"The Rayen Record," Youngstown, Ohio. Your January copy is the first that we have received of your clever magazine. We are especially interested in your clubs. Let us hear from you again.

"The Meteor," Pocomoke, Maryland. We find great pleasure in reading your joke column. We believe your literary department could be improved upon.

"The Buckingham Courier," Berlin, Maryland. A very clever and peppy magazine. We are proud to have you as our neighbors.

"The Focus," Ellicott City, Maryland. A neat little magazine and one of which you should be proud.

"The Whisp," Wilmington, Delaware. Your paper is among the best of our exchanges. We are very interested in your clubs.

"The Owl," Hurlock, Maryland. Your paper is very original. The "When" column is very clever. We enjoy reading it immensely.

"The High School Times," Easton, Maryland. We enjoy reading your paper. January's editorial was especially good.

"Bucyrus Community Echo," Bucyrus, Kansas. How about an exchange department? Your articles are very well written.

"Echos of W. H. S.," Salisbury, Maryland. We think you have a fine paper, but more school news would improve it.

Mrs. Whaley: "What is a rambling sentence?"

Roger: "It's a sentence that rambles on and on and on without any sense to it."

Mr. Dryden wonders what some Seniors think about. (Certainly not Algebra.)

Mrs. Whaley: "You're apt to think the foundations of the world are getting rotten nowadays."

B. S.: "Only the foundation?"

Elementary Echoes

Quite a sensation was produced by the elementary county paper, "The Elementary Echoes." To say the least it is snappy. The stories, poetry, jokes, in fact the whole paper is delightfully entertaining and original.

When we learned that the "grades" were to have a paper, we felt a trifle amused. How could we know how well the "little tots" would work for their paper? It was rather a comedown when

we saw with our own eyes that the "Echoes" has twelve pages, making it much larger than "The Representative."

We are, nevertheless, very glad that the grades have begun this project. We have learned from experience that it is a something that makes school interesting all the time, although we must say that the staff doesn't always walk on roses.

We want to congratulate Miss Pusey on being editor of this excellent paper, also to encourage the grade children to continue contributing toward it. This first issue has set a splendid pace.

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EDITORIAL

Most of us think of February as a sort of "in-between" month when examinations have gone leaving tears and sobs in their wake and the weather is too cold for much athletics, yet not cold enough to freeze the Pocomoke.

But let's think a bit. Wasn't it February 22nd that George Washington was born? "Why, certainly," you will answer. Everybody knows who Washington was. Every child is familiar with him because of that mythical cherry tree. Later, in High School, the child learns to think of Washington as a great hero. He learns to look up to him not only because he never told a lie, but because, unlike many historical figures, he was human! Really human! He had red hair and the honest-to-goodness temper that goes with it.

Abraham Lincoln was another great servant of the United States. It was he, you remember, who battled with the demon slavery until it was successfully abolished. Lincoln had room in his great heart not only for humans, but also for animals. We all know how he pulled a pig out of a ditch.

One of the saddest days in the history of the United States was the day Lincoln was assassinated. It was then that every man, woman, and child lost a faithful friend.

It seems that with these two great men to pattern after we should at least try (and to be sure, many of us are trying) to break up our faults.

One of the worst faults of the High School pupil is not unprepared lessons or skipping classes. It is knocking, plain knocking. Some are "hard boiled" knockers who even go so far as to knock their paper. You needn't gasp with horror, for it really is a fact. You know a knocker never has a good name. He is identified as one who doesn't "play the game." Again go back to Washington and Lincoln. Did they ever fail to face the music? No! Never! Then why

should we? Think of life as a great game. Would you like to be caught playing the game unfairly, or doing just petty things that make people miserable? Of course not.

A good way to get rid of this habit of "knocking" is to take for your motto this extract from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life":

"Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us,
 Footsteps on the sand of Time.

Footsteps that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main
 A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother
 Seeing shall take heart again."

It Seems To Us

This is the first period in the afternoon. Yes, the first period and the Juniors come merrily up the stairs, on their way to English class. We say "merrily" because we come laughing, talking, and skipping, one trying out some of their new "pranks" and dodging behind each other, so that Mr. Simmons, who is at the head of the stairs, cannot get a glimpse of them. It seems as though we forget Mr. Dryden is coming down the hall on the way to his class. We all know, or should know, that he has keen eyes. Still we dodge around until we are in the class room. Mrs. Whaley gives orders that there is to be no more talking. It seems as though the ones in the back part of the room cannot hear just what she says. "Walt" and "Lib" seem to be quite busy discussing something. Then we look around and see two other couples busily talking. Finally Mrs. Whaley assumes there must be a change, and we see two or three moving up front. We proceed with the lesson with a little "peace," when suddenly "Teeshie" Hillman thinks of something which must be told. Of course she is interrupted by a few words from Mrs. Whaley. Some way and somehow the time and lesson slides along until the five minute bell rings.

We look around and see two or three geometry books open, and some one getting the last "peep," for it is their day to go to board. Mrs. Whaley starts down the aisle, as though trying to assign the lesson, and for some reason the Geometry books are soon closed. The lesson is assigned, and "Lib" must say one more word before the bell rings. She is interrupted by Mrs. Whaley, and last, but not least, the bell rings.

We are then off, some for study period, and others for Geometry, some for a good time, or to study French, and some—well, we won't say now just what kind

of a time Mr. Dryden thinks the others in Geometry have.

It seems to some of the Juniors that Mr. Simmons surely pays many visits to Miss Dryden's room the last period in the morning. Since Miss Dryden has business to attend to in the office and is not in the room, some of the Juniors take charge of it while Miss Julia takes charge of the rest of the Juniors in History class. We are getting ready for a good time, when we hear a little creeping noise outside. It seems as though it might be Mr. Simmons coming. Anyway it is safer to be seated with our eyes on our books. Sure enough, Mr. Simmons appears; someone is late getting seated. He asks what the trouble is. Of course there is nothing out of the way then. So he soon leaves. Then we see a spool of cotton and a needle. It seems as though some one's coat needs sewing. So of course that is fixed already for them to unsew before putting on again. No one know for sure just which one did it, but each seems to look at "Lib" and smile. Of course she is innocent, only that laugh of hers has to come, which lets the cat out of the bag.

While the coat is being fixed, it seems as though Miss Dryden or Mr. Simmons must come in after something.

My! What a rustling, scrambling, and tumbling noise is heard when the door is opened! The coat disappears, some one is working in earnest at the board on a Geometry problem. In a few minutes the teacher leaves the room. We strive to finish the coat. After it is finished we must see if the way is clear, in order to get it back in hall on the hook. We peep out, there stands Mr. Kelley. We must wait until he leaves.

After he leaves we think the way is clear, but Mr. Simmons is seen up at the head of the stairs as though getting ready to come down. We think we can beat him to it. Sure enough, we did. No sooner was it done, than we saw Miss Dryden coming. This is the sign of the five-minute bell. The five-minute bell so soon? Yes! And how much have we learned in this period? By the time Miss Dryden comes in all eyes are busy on their work. This looks as though we have been real good. We let it go at this belief until the next day at this time, then we all meet again.

—THE JUNIORS.

Teacher: "Who invented the cotton gin?"

Pupil: "Abraham Lincoln."

Teacher: "Now think a little. You know it couldn't have been Lincoln."

Pupil: "How do you expect me to know, anyway? I wasn't livin' then."

Heard from Miss Parks: "Oh! Death!"

Emily G. (talking about last year's exam. paper): "Mr. Simmons said that it looked like hen-scratching."

Mina D. (just waking up): "He said my head did?"

J. W.: "May Givans is absent."

M. G.: "Yes, absent minded."

When one negro dies what do all the other negroes do? Go black burying.

Heard in IV year English Class.
Mrs. Whaley: "Yes, this is a very poor lesson."

Barton: "Oh! I had a date last night."

Senior: "Dad, can you sign your name without looking at it?"

Dad: "Why, certainly."

Senior: "Then sign this report card."

Heard in the Hall: "Wake up! Five and two are twelve. Yes, or No?"

We wonder if Miss Dryden knows or rather remembers where the following verse came from:

O give me a kiss, O miss, a kiss,
O give me a kiss, O miss;
O miss, a kiss, a kiss, O miss,
O miss, O give me a kiss.

Customer to Tubby in the drug store:
"Is Dr. Higgins in?"

Tubby: "No sir."

Customer: "Have you a certificate?"

Tubby: "No, but I can give you something just as good."

What is wind? "Air in High Gear."

Where moonshine comes from is a secret still.

AT A MEETING OF SCIENCE CLUB

President: "Cut the racket! Be so still I can hear a pin drop."

Prolonged silence.

Billy: "Let 'er drop."

IN GEOMETRY CLASS

Mr. Dryden: "Louise, can you draw an angle equal to A at the point A?"

Louise: "No, sir, I don't know how."

Mr. Dryden: "And you won't know how by looking at my 'bald head.'"

Josephine wants to know if there are Negro Jews.

Emily: "Your teeth are even, aren't they?"

Irma: "Pretty."

Emily: "I can't see it."

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A Page From a Dairy January '34

It was a beautiful morning. Even the most pessimistic person would have to grant that. With this beautiful morning came a great longing to dream, not "sleeping dreams," but day dreams. They're the best kind, anyway.

Well, to begin with, I started wrong by almost being left by the bus, something that never has put anyone in a good humor yet. Secondly, the bus got stuck. That was pretty good, because I always did like to walk. Hump! didn't have to.

Arrived to school about a quarter to nine and discovered that we had a lesson period in Chemistry instead of Lab. work. Ye gods! There then followed a strenuous period, which lasted until the bell rang, with an honorable Chemistry book. I really don't think it best to relate the tortures that lasted for two "untalkable" periods, so let's go on to History.

History! oh! that's my Waterloo. This day I was frightened more than ever into frantically searching for the next question, studying so hard! and then didn't even get it. Cruel world! I began dreaming again and just in the middle of a beautiful dream all filled with roses, and daffodils, once in a while slavery drifted in) I heard my name bawled out in a dreadfully silent silence, and poor little I had to stand up before twenty-eight pairs of accusingly bright eyes and blunder through the very hardest question (it must have been the hardest, or I never would have got it). I must have had an agonized expression on my face for Miss Julia didn't even seem to notice that I didn't know much about conditions before the Civil War; in fact, she really was very nice about it. This encouraged me a little, and first thing you know I was actually answering a question voluntarily.

The next period was an honorable study period, and it was surely a good thing for me, because following my wish to dream came another great wish to tear things up generally. Needless to say, before that period was up I was somewhat subdued. How could I be otherwise when I had to "separate?"

Noontime, and play time. All of us know what the noon hour is, a period of hilarious laughter; of playing ball in the halls, (a forbidden ecstasy); of duels with pokers. This is the time when the assembly sees something that it really wouldn't do to tell. This particular noon time it was raining, a fine drizzly rain that will take the spirit out of anyone and everyone (but the High School pupil). It always seems to make us more active if anything. Maybe this is the

reason we forget that French or Short-hand ever existed. In fact we forgot everything and settled down to a great "speed ball game," (in the hall). Just in the middle of an exciting play the cry went out "Teacher's coming." We immediately disbanded, for we well knew that that was the end of fun that day.

French came first in the afternoon. That didn't worry me. Neither did English. I always looked forward to it, although I don't pretend to enjoy "Milton's Minor Poems." English is sort of a relaxation period when we express our opinion freely; that is, when we aren't asleep.

To end this perfect day was the study hour, and it surely was a study hour. We studied chiefly about how to translate French without talking aloud. We decided finally that we would really have to "separate" because it couldn't be done.

Well, so much for that day and for every day, because every day is practically the same. If anything special ever happens I'll tell you about it, but diaries are so much trouble that I am going to "ring off."

Ikey lay dying in the pest house with small-pox. The doctor had just told him of his grave condition.

"Send for a priest, send for a priest," he moaned.

"But you're Jewish," said the doctor. "You mean send for a rabbi."

"No, send for a priest," moaned Ikey, "It's better a rabbi shouldn't get the small-pox."

An enthusiastic church worker was quizzing a Sunday School class about the Bible. The first question that he asked was, "What is the first verse in the Bible?"

Silence reigned and then suddenly a tiny begrimed hand went up and a piping voice yelled, "Jesus wept."

Grandfather was sitting in the window seat with little Tommy, watching the rain come down in torrents.

"It's like in Noah's Ark," said Tommy.

Grand-dad thinking that he could interest Tommy said, "Now, how many days did it rain?"

"Forty days and forty nights," replied Tommy. Then, after some consideration. "Let's see—that makes eighty days."

Ed. (listening to Hazel, who was singing, "I Love You"): "Are you singing that to me?"

Hazel: "Oh, yes!"

Hazel (listening to Ed. who was singing "Just a Girl That Men Forget"): "Are you singing that to me?"

Ed: "Oh, yes!"

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Social Column

Miss Wilson, the county nurse, has been examining the pupils of Snow Hill School this month. Many pupils were found to be defective in the eyes, teeth, and throat.

Many of us were invited to "Sid" Timmons' birthday party in January. Games were played the first of the evening. Later we went into the dining room which was beautifully decorated and fixed with small tables to seat four at a table. After refreshments, confetti and serpentines were given around and all the fun that goes with them followed. Everyone had a good time and we wish "Sid" many more happy birthdays.

We've heard the returns from examinations***—!!**?

Now we *do* wonder why Mr. Dryden keeps calling one of the girls in Algebra Class "Lottie," when that isn't her name at all.

We are sorry to hear that Alberta Williams is ill and wish her a speedy recovery.

The monthly Teachers' Meeting was held at Stockton, February 1.

Many of the pupils are showing unusual interest in the newly organized Science Club.

The time draws near for the debate. Then is when we mean to shine.

As spring approaches our athletes begin to show signs of life and start religiously taking their "daily dozen" as a forerunner of what is to follow.

On with the *Athletic Dues*!!

Miss Ethel Shockley entertained February 6 in honor of her cousin, Miss Belle Tilghman, who has been here on a few days visit.

The Junior Class put on an exceptionally good entertainment Friday morning, February 1. They gave it again a few days after at a meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

Mr. Graham has returned from a business trip to Baltimore.

The scores and librettos for the operetta, "The Bells of Beaujolais" have arrived, and as soon as the cast is selected, practice will begin. This operetta will be presented Class Night.

A few girls gave a party in the ice cream parlor of Richardson's store February 1. The color scheme was green and pink, palms and balloons helped to carry out the effect. Small tables were lined against the wall; lighted candles in glass candle sticks and incense burners decorated each table. Musical guessing games, eating marshmallows on a string, and other amusements were enjoyed by everyone. Refreshments consisted of Waldorf salad, saltines, ginger ale, and salted nuts.

Mr. Dryden has offered his Algebra Class an inducement to work. He gave them a problem and promised to anyone who had it solved the next day—without help—a Chautauqua ticket. To Allan he has promised even a larger inducement. If Allan has it worked by Friday he will be presented with a ticket for the oyster supper that night.

Science Diggers' Club

In the meeting of the S. D. C. on Friday, February 1, the laws and by-laws of the club were read by Stacy Stoakley. All of them were adopted except the one about "points." We (the three Seniors) didn't think it quite fair that we should have to have our twenty-five points (or be kicked out) by February 1, when we hadn't been notified until that date. But after a rather lengthy discussion the chairman changed the date to February 15, the time of our next meeting. Well, that's settled.

We will therefore go on to the most "important feature." Namely, that of choosing our "name." Several names were suggested, but by a process of elimination the "Science Diggers" won out, so henceforth forevermore we shall be known by that name.

The program was very interesting and instructive. It consisted of several short experiments. Beulah announced that the egg used in one was a "moth ball." Rather startling!

After much motioning, nominating, and otherwise helping things along generally by Billy, the meeting "sojourned, till next time."

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ANYWHERE

ANYTIME

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CHEVROLET

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P. A. HALLOWAY

Snow Hill, Md.

Freshmen

NAME	NICKNAME	SAYING
Virginia Sturgis.....	Spring	Papa Loves Mamma
Jessie Donaldson.....	Duke	Hot Dog
Marion McAllister.....	Mimmi	Just slightly
Mildred Raum.....	Midget	Oh, No!
Elizabeth Dennis.....	Liz	Well! I swan
Elizabeth Nelson.....	Lib	You're crazy
Mary Nicoll.....	Gimma	No, indeedy!
Katherine Powell.....	Krazy Kat	Sauer Kraut
Mary West.....	Prissy	Ain't got none
Beulah Pratt.....	Dick	Whiz Bang!
Anna Pusey.....	Bananas	Yes! We Have No Bananas
Nellie Cherrix.....	"Reg"	Oh, Reginald!
Eunice Carmean.....	Eudie	Are you kidding me?
Edna Hales.....	Squint-eyed	Don't wing at me
Ethel Godfrey.....	May	I'll consider

The Aristocrat.

She was evidently a lady of importance. First the usher had to arrange the chairs in the box and when this stir had attracted the attention of the house she made her grand entry. A little later another usher entered the box and handed her a message. So she looked around. There was no doubt about it, the eyes of the audience were on her. Whereupon she proceeded to adjust her lorgnette and read the message. It said: "Please remove your hat."

Highest Bridge.

It is claimed that the suspension bridge over the Snake river, near Twin Falls, in southern Idaho, is the highest in this country, if not in the world. The actual measurement is 345 feet from the floor of the bridge to the stream, and the length of the span is 688 feet. Aside from its extreme height, the bridge is of interest because, although materials had to be hauled a great distance, the structure was completed in four months.

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