

"ASK CLYDE"

We've got an English teacher,
Whose best name is Hunt;
And boys he's a preacher
When your lesson is punk.

He'll bray and he'll bray
When your lesson is bad.
He always seems gay,
While you are so sad.

Now boys, let me give you
Some dope on the side:
You'll certainly feel blue
Unless you get in with "Clyde."

He is the best fellow
That's ever been made,
But boys let me tell ya
That man sure will grade.

He'll mark you a zero
With plenty of spunk;
And then you're a hero,
But—one who has flunked.

Now boys, I am sending this
Straight from the shoulder.
If you think it's a miss,
Ask those who are older.

Don't ask mister All-en—
He might tan your hide.
Take my advice then,
Just go and ask "Clyde."

FRED WILSON

LEXINGTON HIGH

Some may go far away,
Some may come nigh,
But what's the use to worry,
When we have
'Our Lexington High.'

School paper and a new chapel,
Hard lessons that make you sigh.
But gee, who makes up this school
life but
The teachers of
'Lexington High.'

What our school is made of,
Pep, rep and the same old cry,
"Come on team,
Let's make this a real
Lexington High."

A TRIP THROUGH LEXINGTON HI

Mrs. Jones had recently arrived
in Lexington. She had formerly liv-
ed here but moved away long since.
Many years ago she had graduated
from the Lexington High School, but
had not been in a High School since.

Of course she had often heard of
Lexington's new High School, but
had never visited it, therefore, one of
the first things that she did after ar-
riving, was to have Mr. Cowles, the

superintendent, to show her through
the school.

Mr. Cowles, being glad to do so, first
showed her into the well ordered
library. A vision of the library in her
days was in her mind. She was
delighted with our library and would
have remained longer to enjoy some
of the books had she not known that
she must hurry through.

Mrs. Jones next was shown the
auditorium, although it was not com-
pleted, she was very enthused over
the prospects of such a wonderful
auditorium.

With each of the seven other rooms
on the first floor, she was equally de-
lighted.

Mrs. Jones was then shown the
rooms on the second floor. She was
surprised when Mr. Cowles opened
the doors that led to the balcony of
the auditorium. She had not noticed
the vast balcony from down stairs.

Later she was shown the gym and
laboratories in the basement. All
classes in the laboratories were well
ordered and a credit to their teachers.

Mrs. Jones' enthusiasm over the
High School should make all of us
thankful that we are going to school
to-day and that we have such an ad-
vantage over her.

In Mrs. Jones' day, Lexington High
School was certainly not as it is now,
and we are extremely lucky to have
such a beautiful and well equipped
high school.

Every year Lexington High School
improves, and it will improve every
year to come.

MARGARET EBELEIN.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF--

The seniors knew Geometry?
Kenneth Gallimore knew his French
lesson?

Madge McCarn failed to get two let-
ters a day from "Chapel Hill?"

Mr. Hunt gave the seniors a short
English lesson?

Margaret Parks missed her lesson?

Miss Martin did not send Wood
Dorsett from history class?

Annie Thomason should bob her
hair?

There were no "Virgil jacks" float-
ing around?

Florence Swaim forgot to slick her
hair?

Virginia's hair would all come out?

Louise left her lip stick for one
day?

Mary Edna failed to "grin?"

CORA MAY HEGE

Joe—"Nat do you believe ignorance
is happiness?"

Nat—"Why?"

Joe—"Because you seem happy."

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and
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