

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And thing are not what they seem.

Life is real, Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not in sorrow,
Is our destined and our way:
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our thearts thought strong and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

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

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE HI-Y SUPPLY LOCKER.

When the Hi-Y Club discussed means of making money, they evidently thought of benefiting the school as well, through their efforts. Consequently a school supply locker was the answer. In this manner the club will be able to enlarge it's treasury and accomodate the students with school supplies at the same time. A large selection of classroom necessities have been purchased, and will be on sale in a few days. The students of L. H. S. should patronize this Hi-Y locker, as the materials are sold comparatively cheap, and the money will be used for a good cause.

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

LOST—Our minds. Please return and receive reward as we are needing them along now very much.

FOUND—That there is no Royal Road to learning except by digging down after it and studying your head almost off. Then sometimes it is missed.

LOST—All understanding and knowledge. If any found, please return to Seniors. This will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Estes.

FOUND—That Mr. Stokes is a very elegant orator, enjoyed much by all.

LOST—A compact. If found please return to Louise Thompson.

LOST—All the students lost sleep because they did not get to come to school on Friday.

AN ODE TO GEOMETRY.

(With Apologies to "The Rosary")
The hours I spend with thee, dear book,
Are as a string of E's to me;
I count them over, every one apart
My Geometry! My Geometry!

Each day a failure, each month an E
To fill a card already strung
With failure, and lo, at the month's end
Another flunk is hung, a flunk is hung.

Oh memories that bless and burn,
Oh welcome D, oh bitter E,
I tell each mark and strive at last
to learn
To pass on thee, my dear Geometry.

SETTLING AN OBT-DEBATED POINT.

O Girls! what would we men do
If in this world would we had not you?
What would we do without your grace?
The beauty that informs your face?
What would we do without your smile?
Your guileless art? Your artless guile?
Your ruge-pink cheeks? Your Kohl-Black eyes?
Your apple sauce? Your apple pies?
Answer
We'd just pick something else right out
To make ourselves such fools about.

IF'S

If Bill Peacock was corn, would Mary Edna Miller?

If Valera Smith was old, would it leave "Pat" Young?

If Louise Thompson was a baby, would Miss Lula Walker?

If knickers were stylish, what would Miss Lelia Ware?

If Dave Conrad was a well, would Sarah (B) Spring?

If Helen Beck was cotton, would Paul Weaver?

If Eunice Hedrick was a Fox-trot, would "Dick" Walser?

If Nona Raper was day, would Elizabeth (B) Knight?

If Aurella Ward Smith was grass, would Bob Raker?

If Frances Barbee is wrong, is Lila Wright?

If Joy McAdams was unhappy, would Cornelia (B) Pleasant?

If Lida Lee would die, would Tom Berrier?

If Glenn Hamil could swim, would Clyde Sink?

If Sarah Francis Vestal was a chicken, would Clifton Pickett?

If Mary Lil Walser was cabbage, would Helen (B) Kale?

HELEN PEARL CLODFELTER.

A STUDENTS' PRAYER

Now I sit me down in class to sleep,
I hope my chum my notes will keep,
If I should snore before I wake,
Do poke my ribs for pity's sake.

—Selected

Judge—"The officer says you were driving with one arm around the lady's waist."

Dave—"He's mistaken, your honor I was driving with the other hand."

Veazey's Lunch

HOT LUNCH

And All Kinds of Smokes and Drinks

McCURDY'S

SHOE SHOP

"Fix'em while U wait"