

**THE FUTURE OF A FEW PEOPLE**

"One cold stormy winter night, when the wind was howling around the house corner, I sat beside my fire, listening to the mournful sound of the wind. The firelight flickered on the wall and formed different elf-like figures. Presently the mourn became more human—but still not human. Just then I turned and whom should I see, but a queer little man? He looks more like a shadow than a human being. In his hand he carried a book, much larger than he was. In this, he said, was written the future of many people.

"You shall have the pleasure of writing the future of six people," he said.

"How wonderful!" I cried, "Let me think who it shall be."

Just then a thought struck me. Now was my opportunity, as opportunities come only once in a life time, for revenge.

The first future I wrote was that of Miss Lula Walker. As Miss Lula had not treated us so badly, I decided not to be so very harsh; but I wondered what she would do if she knew that her future lay at my mercy. Picking up the pen I wrote: "Thou shalt read three pages in Caesar, twelve in Cicero, and nine in Virgil, every day. Thou shalt speak only when thou art spoken to. Thou shalt live with the people of Rome, and speak and write Latin only, as they did in old Roman days."

Then I laid down my pen and decided who my next victim should be. I soon decided on Mrs. Estes. I determined that this should be her doom. I wrote: "Thou shalt work twenty-five propositions a day and twenty-five problems. Thou shalt study four hours a day, and get only E. Thou shalt be counted off double when thou missest."

The next person whose future I foretold was Mr. Hunt. I laid down my pen, rubbed my hands, and smiled as I thought, "at last my time has come." I wrote: "Thou shalt memorize Webster's dictionary; thou shalt write for me daily a five thousand word theme. Thou shalt memorize the life and works of a thousand poets. Thou shalt write a five hundred page book on 'Chewing Chewing Gum.'" How relieved I felt, that at least I had gotten

through with Mr. Hunt.

The next, I decided, should be Miss Mildred Zimmerman. I thought for a few minutes, and as Miss Zimmerman had been so sweet and good to us, I decided to be a little more merciful to her. I wrote: "Thou shalt live in perfect peace for the remainder of thy days, with a French History tied around thy neck."

Next I thought of Mr. Allen. After I had written his name, I realized that I had taken more onto myself than I could possibly do, so I told the little brown man to get St. Peter to fill in Mr. Allen's future.

Then I thought of Miss Owens, our most reasonable teacher. I smiled, picked up my pen, and wrote: "Thou shalt ——— ? ?" I got no further, for just then I felt an awful jar, and woke up to find that it was mother, telling me it was time to go to bed. I said I guessed I would have to leave the future of Miss Owens to St. Peter, also; and feeling proud of my work, went to bed.

**FAVORITE SAYINGS.**

Miss Walker—"Scan one or two lines, please."

Miss Owens—"Did you study this?"

Miss Ware—"You are talking too much over there, girls."

Mr. Hunt—"So the story goes."

Mr. Allen—"Order is always in order."

Mr. Estes—"Class!"

Mrs. Estes—"It's so simple its hard."

Miss Martin—"Stop talking! Take that gum out of your mouth!"

Mr. Stokes—"You've got that L. H. S. spirit. Now show it."

Miss M. Zimmerman—"Now boys and girls, quit laughing."

Miss H. Zimmerman—"Close your books."

**LOCALS BEAT BURLINGTON**

Lexington Highs played in spurts here Friday, October 29th, and defeated Burlington 21 to 6. At times during the game, Lexington showed plenty of spirit; at other times, she lacked punch.

Lexington's score came as a result of touchdowns by Young, Philpott, and Raker, Philpott recovering a fumble on the right side of the goal line, Raker scoring on a pass, and

Gene Young punched it over. The Burlington team was unable to hold us.

Burlington's touchdown was a result of a series of long high passes which they completed, and a line buck

**BELIEFS OF THE TEACHERS.**

Mr. Hunt believes in lessons so long, Mrs. Estes believes in nothing being wrong;

Miss Walker believes in not using "Jacks,"

Miss Martin believes in making it snappy,

Miss (M.) Zimmerman believes in making us happy;

Miss Ware believes in training cooks, Miss Cloud believes in studying books.

Miss Owen believes in the language of France,

Mr. Stokes believes in studying in advance;

Miss (H.) Zimmerman believes in keeping us quiet,

Mr. Estes believes in treating us right.

Charlie—"My brother sure was a dumb guy."

Bob—"How's that?"

Charlie—"Why they had to burn-down the school-house to get him out of the first grade."

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