

"RUSTLING LEAVES AND DRIFTING SCHOOL LIVES"

The ground is covered with rustling leaves today. Lanes and highways far out in the country have their long fringes of brown leaves. The school boys and girls like to kick them along with the toe of their shoes listening to their rustling, laughing to watch the wind convey them to some valley or roadside. Even the teachers, both young and old, do not mind giving them a kick occasionally to see them flutter.

These drifting leaves get nowhere. They have no purpose in life. The wind carries them away, usually in some hollow in the ground where they lie and rot.

There is something about a good many lives quite like this. Do you not know many school boys and girls who have no purpose in life? They are the same, day after day. They are satisfied to drift along in the wind and tide of fortune, without doing anything to help the world.

And yet, some school boys and girls lose hope, lose courage, lose faith in themselves and others so that they are content to just drift along and wait for the breeze to lift them from one furrow to the next. Why not cheer up and help to beautify the world today and not wait until tomorrow.

"ITS A CRUEL WORLD."

(With Apologies to "The Village Blacksmith")

Under a drooping willow-tree,
A little girl did pine;
She thought of him who was hers to be,
Of him she had left behind.

Why did she desert her lover true?
Who to her, always seemed so fine;
The answer comes in her mind so blue,
His love she at first declined.

She tried to handle this poor boy,
With the ease she had heard about;
But he had killed her greatest joy,
Be refusing to submit to her pouts.

Now all you girls who practice this,
Should heed this poor girl's fate;
For you too, might make a miss,
And your fellow would take the gate.

—FRED WILSON.

ALPHA ZETA LITERARY SOCIETY MEETS

The Alpha Zeta Literary Society held its third meeting Thursday, Nov. 13. After the roll call and reading of the minutes of the last meeting the society took up unfinished business.

The program committee had arranged a fine program. The question for debate was Resolved: "That the Lexington High School Seniors Should be Granted Special Privileges." The affirmative side was upheld by Hal Hedrick and Sam Tussey, while Jean Russell and Lloyd Leonard upheld the negative. The affirmative won. The humorous selections were rendered by Byron Lopp, and were enjoyed by all present. The program also called for an extemporaneous debate. Resolved: "That a Girl's Affections Can be Won by a Boy in Other Ways Than by Love Letters." Dowery Potts upheld the affirmative while Dwight Johnson upheld the negative. The negative won in this debate. As there was no other business the meeting was adjourned by President Frank McCulloch.

"A HORSE"

The horse is a very noble beast; he eats oats and saw dust. He goes on four legs. He does not stay out late at night, nor make faces at his little sister, nor tease his grandmother; things which I think is bully for the horse. He does not have to write compositions, nor make fires, nor wash his face in the morning. (I wish I was a horse.) There is many different kinds of horses: saw horse, omnibus horse, war horse, hoss-radish, rhynocery hoss, hos-pistol. Colt's revolver, hoss chestnuts and a mule. (He ain't got nothin' to do with the subject, but will throw him in.) There is only one kind that's good to eat, and that's hoss-pistol—I mean hoss-radish. Hoss chestnuts is good to pelt girls with. Some folks like a reddish hoss; then again, some like a milk white steed, with flowin' tall and more erect; but for me, give me a coal black steed, with fiery red nostrils and flashin' eye, or gimme death. I forgot to say a hoss has a tail, and can unfold it like Hamlet or any other animal. Some like a mule with a paint brush tail. I hope I'll get this in the LEXHIPEP.

MY THANKSGIVING CREED.

I have so many things to be thankful for
That I can not tell what they really are,
For all the nice good books that I have read,
For lessons that are put into my head,
For my dear parents very fond and true,
For my loved friends, who are not a few.
I am thankful that I have food to eat.
That I have a house within which to sleep,
But most of all the great country of ours
Where we learn of our God through the hours.

—GRACE WALSER, P. T.

STUDENTS WILL CO-OPERATE

Response to Mr. Cowles' Speech
The Last Lexhipep

As students of the Lexington High School, we are going to give you our heartiest co-operation and try our best to be successful marksmen.

We appreciate very much the efforts of both Mr. Cowles and the school board for working so hard to get the thing which we have desired so long. And we are going to show our appreciation by doing everything in our power to make it possible for Lexington High School to become a member of the Southern association of colleges and secondary schools. Now that one of the finest buildings in the State, with laboratory and other equipment, and every opportunity for doing things has been given to us, in return for this we intend to show our appreciation and do our part. And we are sure that the members of the class of '25 who will be to college next year, and although we will be no longer members of Lexington High School, will do their best in college to help their school retain its membership in the association.

We are also very glad that Mr. Cowles told us exactly the requirements of membership in this association, for it has made us realize more than ever before that it is up to us to keep up the standard of our school. We are proud of our school, we will make it one of the best and we will

—MARY LIL WALSER.