

THE LEXHIPEP

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THE FUTURE OF THE FACULTY.

Ruth Owen, '24.

Day after day as we look into the faces of our teachers we wonder what the future holds for them. Will they always be as they are today, or will they become men and women of great renown? After much pondering we have come to the conclusion that their future will be as follows:

Mr. Cowles will be professor in some great school in Tennessee where half the day will be used for teaching the pupils manners.

Mr. Grissom's name will be put in Algebras ranking with Pythagoras and Rene Descartes as the greatest mathematician at all times.

Miss Brown will be editor of the Literary Digest and will make the teaching of it compulsory in all high schools.

Miss Cassell will go to Italy, where she will marry a Caesar and together they will rebuild Rome as it was in ancient times.

Miss Bessie May Walker will discover a gaseous mixture which may be used in the school room to reduce noise.

Miss Ware will be trying to teach our grandchildren what she has been unable to teach us, namely, to keep quiet.

Miss Lula Walker will enter Barnum and Bailey circus as a snake charmer.

Miss Wilson will become an author of great renown. Her chief work will be a book entitled "Courtesy to Your Teacher."

Mr. LeFevre will be a great band master. His star pupils will be Troy Strange, Herbert Waters and Martha Burkhead.

Miss Wilson had brought two boys into the ninth Latin room, Miss Walker was holding the study period.

One boy: "Miss Walker, why did Miss Wilson bring us in here."

Miss Walker: "For punishment I suppose." (The ninth Latin doesn't feel bad at all.)

WHAT A SOUTH CAROLINIAN THINKS OF LEXINGTON.

Sidney Holmes, '24.

I wonder how many citizens of Lexington realize in what a pretty city they live? A person coming here for the first time thinks that it is lovely and thoroughly charming. The streets are bordered everywhere by beautiful maples, something that is entirely unknown in parts of South Carolina, where maples are rare and regarded as very great prizes, if one happens to have one.

Under the trees, along the sidewalks and in the yards blue-grass grows. It makes the landscape quite a contrast to the nut and wire grasses that grow in South Carolina. Another thing that adds to the attractiveness of Lexington is the streets. There are miles of smooth pavement which makes riding a great pleasure.

Above all these things is the fact that the people seem to take a pride in beautifying their homes and in making Lexington an attractive place in which to live. All cities cannot boast of such citizens as these and such a city as this.

WHO'S WHO IN L. H. S.

Most Brilliant Girl—Martha Bragaw.
Most Influential Boy—Bob Sink.
The Old Maid—Mildred Conrad.
Most Silent Student—Mary Hedrick.
Faculty Sport—Mr. Grissom.
School Sissy—Sister Zimmerman.
Biggest Flatterer—Elizabeth Myers.
Bossiest Student—Aileen Kirkman.
Most Studious Boy—Joe Conrad.
Most Studious Girl—Mary N. Evans.
Biggest Eater—Frank Tysinger.
Most Kiddish—Bob LeFevre.
Most Frivolous—Katherine Kale.
Most Stubborn Student—Bill Barr.
Least Studious—Doc Leonard.
Most Courteous—Richard Philips.
Best All-round Girl—Frances Walser.

If it happens it's in the Lexhipep—Mr Cowles has a new suit.

A FANCY.

Martha Bragaw, '24.

A child while resting from her play,
Saw, o'er the hills so far away,
The summer sun, as it hung in the west

Like a ball of fire, before going to rest.

Said he, "I must have that orange ball;

I'll have it and play with it most of all."

So he started out in his childish way
And hurried along till the end of day.

Then he lay down to rest under a tree
"For when the morning dawns," said he,

"I'll take my ball when I've climbed the hill."

Then he went to sleep, and the night was still.

But when the morning came and he opened his eyes.

He looked up to see the ball in the skies,

But the sun was in the east, far away
And over the hills, was heralding day.

And so it is with our golden dreams—
They're always just within reach, it seems;

But when we stretch out our hand—
Oh! then

We find that we must start all over again.

JUST A WORD IN LEAVING 'L. H. S.

Mary Noble Evans, '22

Commencement is coming soon—
Too soon for some I fear,
We haven't done all that we could—
If we had only one more year.

Of course, none of us know much,
We feel it more every day,
If sooner we'd thought of this,
We would have done better we say.

Now, we go, since our work is thru,
Not grieving o'er things passed by,
But hoping that each one of you
Will do better as moments fly.