FARMVILLE
The City of Hospitality

The Farmville Enterprise

FARMVILLE
Extends You Welcome

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FARMVILLE HIGH SCHOOL BRIEFS

Success And The Modern Girl.

Painted lips, short skirts, bobbed hair, jazz and flaming youth. Is this a true definition of the modern girl? They may appear this to mere onlookers, but there is a purpose and an aim behind this.

There are thousands of girls who stay at home five nights a week doing Geometry, French and Classic subjects, and then on Saturday or Sunday have no boy friend to take them out. There are also girls of another group with which the public comes in contact.

Today is not a hundred years ago; girls have the choice of their own profession. They are told by their parents to choose that life work in which they will be most successful. With this before us, we have to be more independent than our grandmothers were at our age. The modern girl realizes her responsibility and is preparing herself to fulfill it. This is not the extreme flapper or gold-digger, but the average modern girl. There are girls who drink, smoke and curse, but these are not average modern girls. No doubt, if we asked modern girls their aim in life, we'd get answers like the following: "My sole aim is to be a devoted wife, to become a teacher, a secretary, a musician, or to have a home."

Many writers of the world say the modern youth is not intelligent, but only flippant. All the world is wondering "what will become of the modern girl?" The modern girl wishes you would not worry and gives you assurance that we will not destroy the future world.

When one out of probably a hundred goes wrong, we'd like to ask, "Why drag them down, why not encourage and help them back to true ideals of life?" If the person happens to be wealthy, no mention is made of the wrong, but if they are poor or unpopular, their name is carried to the gutter.

Please think and consider again the problem of "modern youth." You have probably been too hasty in your decision. Our hearts are not stone, but beneath our reputation for gold-diggers, we have hearts of generosity and kindness.

High School Girls.

Track work began Monday and every one is fighting hard so that Farmville High may win the Cup. It can be done and we're gona do it!

This week is test week for the High School; this accounts for the very few notes.

After the Track Meet and Basketball have ended, then we have the most enjoyable season of the year—no use guessing—it's vacation time.

Roy King has already promised us that he will do some high stepping in order to win the high jump for us. This isn't news to us, because we saw him do that last year.

Mr. Peele—"Why yes, the medieral monks used to wear horsehair shirts as an act of penance. How'd you like to do it?"

Howard—"Oh dear, I'd be tickled to death."

Mack—"Gosh, my head's hot!"

Sarah—"I thought I smelt wood burning."

John Baker—"How do you like this snapshot of my girl on the back?"

Buck Fields—"Snapshot! Boy, I'd call that an exposure."

Grace Swindell—"What key are you playing in?"

Robert Goodson—"Skeleton key?"

Grace—"Skeleton key?"

Robert—"Sure. Fits anything."

Francis R.—"I know a guy what won't wear rubber heels 'cause they give a little."

Richard P.—"I know a guy what won't take a shower 'cause it soaks him too much."

Miss Jennings—"The fellow I used to be engaged to has asked me to go to the Freshman's motion pic tail, but I don't know what to wear."

Miss Russell—"Why not go as an old flame?"

Nora—"Sugar, why do they have knots in the ocean instead of miles?"

Sugar—"So they can have the ocean tide, of course."

Jack Barnes: "Boy, you've got the biggest watch I ever saw."

Jimmie Gr.—"That's, no very hole in mine of my pock."

Teacher—"What's eating on you?"

Earl M.—"My dynamo."

Harold Taylor is so lazy that he puts his cigarettes in half so that he won't have to draw as far.

Mr. Hodges—"Why do you always come late to class?"

Bill Ward—"Because I can't get there sooner."

Mr. Peele—"Why are you late?"

Ernest Cox—"I had to wait for the train to go across the road