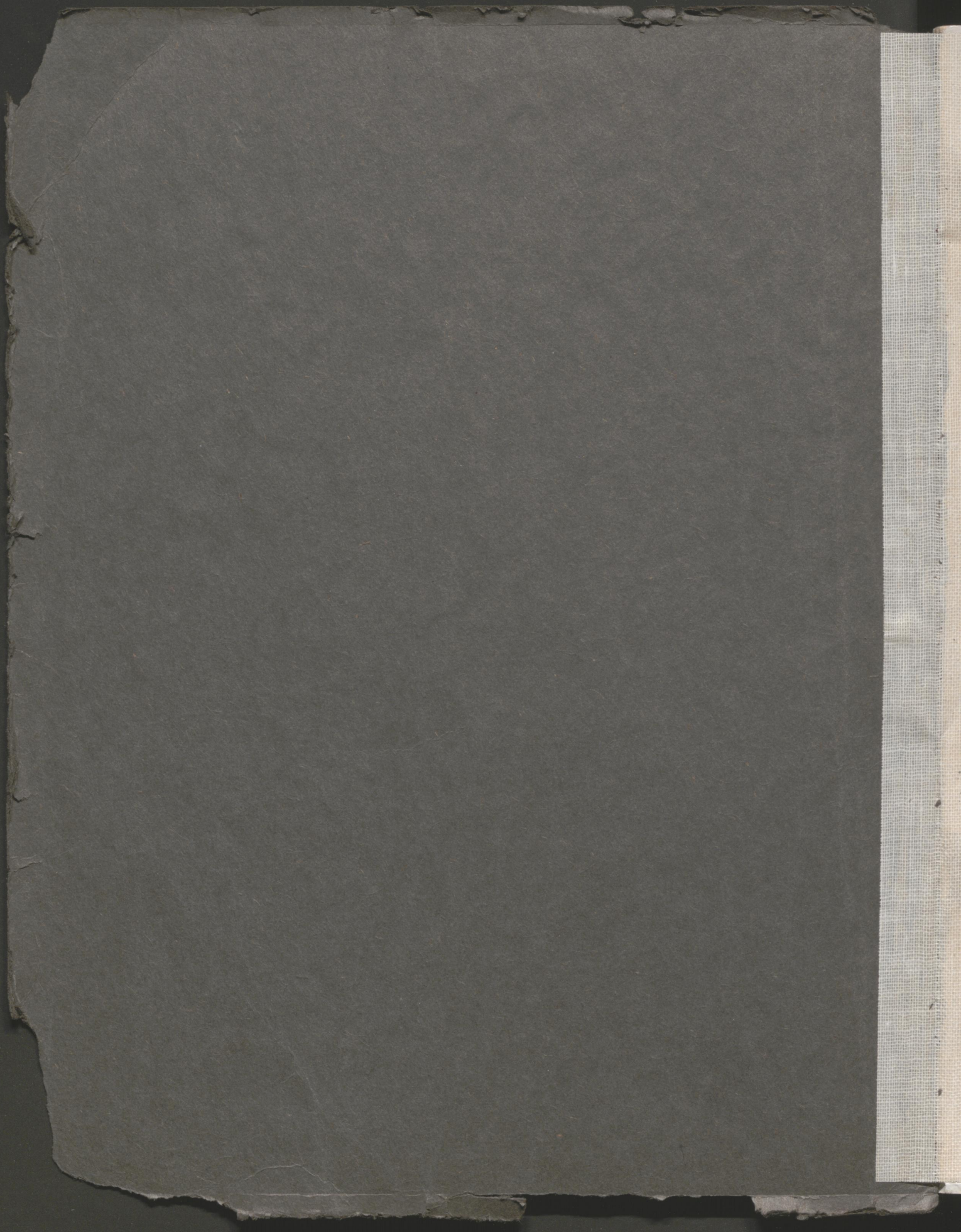


The
PROVIDER





[1921]

copy 1

THE MOHIAN '21



*Published by The Students
Of The
Kentucky State Model High School*

Greater today than ever before is the need for real men and women prepared to know the truth and willing to receive nothing less. There are cries for those who can solve racial, social, industrial and foreign problems and who are willing to give their lives to see Right triumph. It is a time for persons to dedicate themselves to their country in time of peace as well as in time of war, to see that the citizenry shall know and have an actual voice in questions involving their lives and earnings.

These problems must be solved. They will be solved by those within our schools and universities who have learned the full truth and meaning of honest, faithful, hard WORK; who will not give up until the truth has been found and who will die for it if need be. These difficult, knotty problems will not even be touched by those who either have acquired as a part of their equipment, "sham," "bluff," "cleverness," or who have used in obtaining their aims "snap-courses," "cheating," "gambling." School days are the days to so prepare that the forces of dishonesty, untruth, indifference, lawlessness will be shattered by the forces of honesty, truth, interest, obedience.

ERNEST R. WOOD.

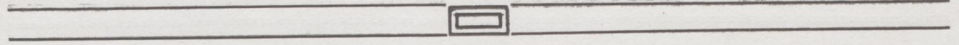
women
re are
blems
a time
s well
voice

within
ing of
been
as will
f their
g their
s to so
ss will

D.

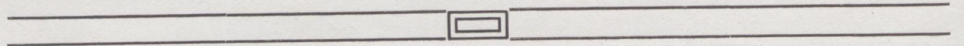


*TO PROFESSOR E. R. WOOD in appreciation of
his untiring efforts and sincere interest in every move-
ment for the advancement and betterment of Model High
this issue of The Mobian is dedicated*



FOREWORD

If when we read this volume years from now, it recalls happy memories and the joyful spirit of old Model, and awakens within us an appreciation of our parents' efforts, who through their sacrifices have made our education possible, this work has not been in vain.



Key To Success

There's never a goal worth the getting
But what you must work to attain,
You must suffer and bleed for it,
Cling to your creed for it,
Fail, and go at it again.

Success is no whim of the moment,
No crown for the indolent brown.
You must battle and try for it,
Offer to die for it.
Lose it, yet win it somehow.
The pathway to glory is rugged,
And many the heartaches you'll know.
He who seeks to be master
Must rise from disaster,
Must take as he giveth the blow.

There's no royal highway to splendor,
No short cut to fortune or fame.
You must fearlessly fight for it,
Dare to be right for it,
Failing, yet playing the game.

The proof of one's worth is distress.
The test of one's merit is trouble,
Much as you long for it,
You must be strong for it,
Work is the door to success.

—From Flickertail.

The Faculty.

FRANK LeROND McVEY, B. A., L. L. D., President
University of Kentucky

PROFESSOR T. C. NOE, A. M., Litt. D.
Head, Department of Education
University of Kentucky
Franklin College
University of Chicago
Columbia University
Cornell University

PROFESSOR E. R. WOOD, A. B., B. S., A. M.
Principal
Ohio State Normal
Ohio University
Clark University

MYRTLE R. SMITH, A. B.
Mathematics
University of Kentucky

MABEL RENNER, A. B.
Foreign Languages
Randolph Macon Women's College
Harvard University

VELLA B. KARRICK, A. B.
English
Transylvania College

MOLLY ROSE HAYS, A. B.
History, Civics
University of Missouri

CASEY SMITH, B. S.
Science
Mississippi A. & M.

PROF. CARL LAMPERT.....	Head Department of Music
LUCY SMITH.....	Music Instructor
MARY LYONS.....	Harmony Instructor
BELLE BATES, B. S.....	Art Department
VIRGINIA CROFT, A. B.....	Home Economics
S. A. BOLES, M. A.....	Physical Education Boys
SARAH BLANDING.....	Instructor Physical Education Girls
GEORGE BUCHHEIT, B. S.....	Coach Football and Track
BART PEAK, A. B.....	Coach Basketball
ALBERT MUTH.....	Coach Base Ball



*Left to Right; Miss Mollie R. Hays, Miss Lucy Smith, Miss Myrtle R. Smith, Mr. E. R. Wood,
Prin. Mr. Casey Smith, Miss Mabel P. Renner, Miss Vella Karrick, Miss Virginia Croft.*

usic

rs
ducation Girls
ack



The Old Spinning Wheel.

A cabin! It nestled amid the green hills
Where grew no brambles or thistle,—
'Mid meadows melodious with music and trills
And song that the wild-throated mocking bird spills
On the air from his marvelous whistle.
No carpets were seen on the broad puncheon floors,
No painting that wealth would reveal;
But a statue was there that Art can not know,
That filled the rude room with a musical glow,—
'Twas Ruth at the Old Spinning Wheel!

Long years have passed by; its music was stilled
At rattle and whirr of machinery.
And the pea-fowl now screams where the mocking bird trilled,
And the landscape is dead where once the heart thrilled
At wildwood and picturesque scenery.
The opera may boast the diva of song,
To me she makes no appeal;
To flute obligato my heart is still dumb,
But oh! for the song and musical hum
Of Ruth and the Old Spinning Wheel!

She lived but a simple, plain rustic life,
Yet charming in sooth was her beauty.
In her untutored heart was love ever rife,
The seat of no conflict, no struggle or strife
'Twixt a selfish will and duty.
I bow at her altar of beauty and truth,
At the shrine of her heart do I kneel,
With a prayer no mortal ever lifted above,
Till my soul is atune with the music of love
She sings to the Old Spinning Wheel!

This unlettered maiden was poor, but high-bred,
Oh, women of fashion far above you!
And I thrilled at the graceful poise of her head
And the radiant smile of my love when she said
"Why James, you know that I love you,"
Nymph-like her lithe form swayed as in dance,
I awkwardly sat at the reel—
A moment's surcease of monotonous thrum—
Melodious the lull in the song and the hum
Of Ruth and the Old Spinning Wheel!

The glow of the incandescent light
Has banished the tallow candle;
And the ox-cart is gone at steam's rapid flight,
But love is too subtle, is too recondite
For Learning or Genius to handle.
All honor to Science, let her keep her mad pace,
I abate not a tittle her zeal;
But the splendors of life can never efface
The picture of Ruth in plain rustic grace
Who wrought at the Old Spinning Wheel!

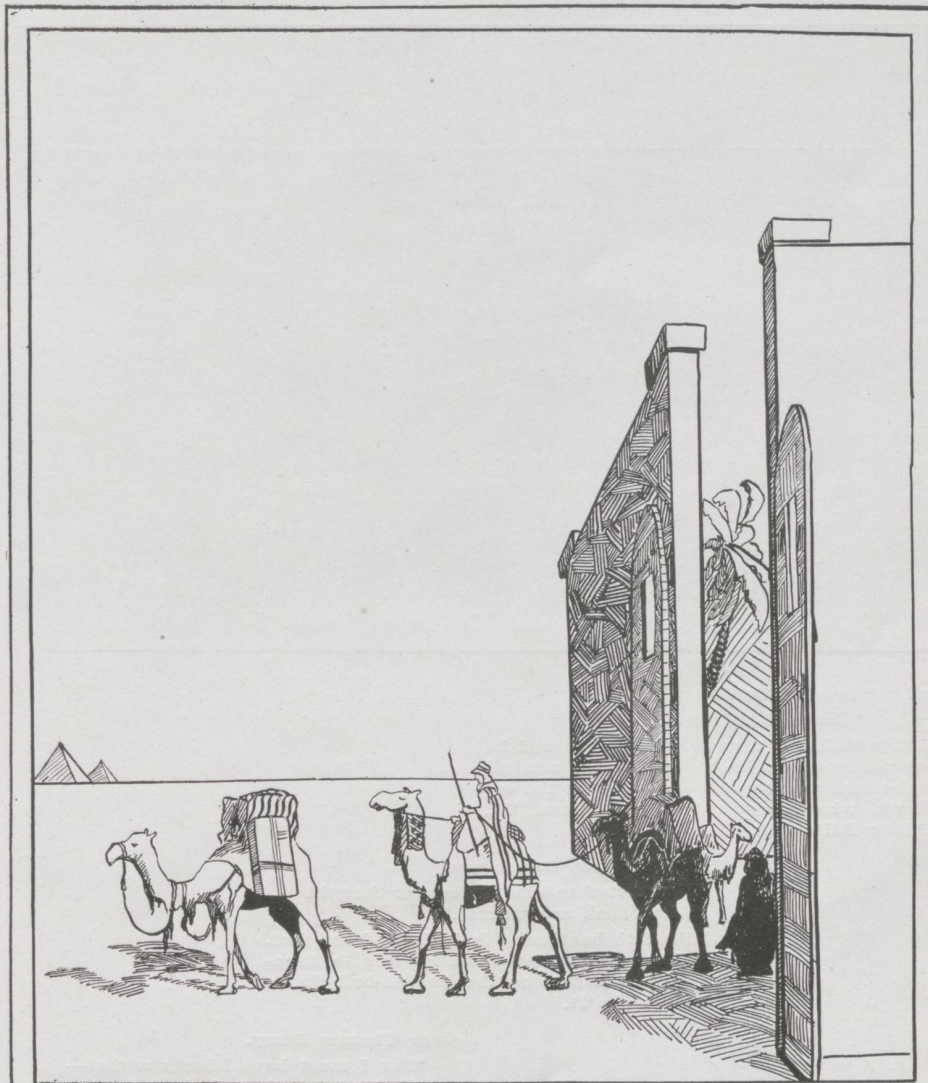
PROFESSOR J. T. C. NOE.

Prologue.

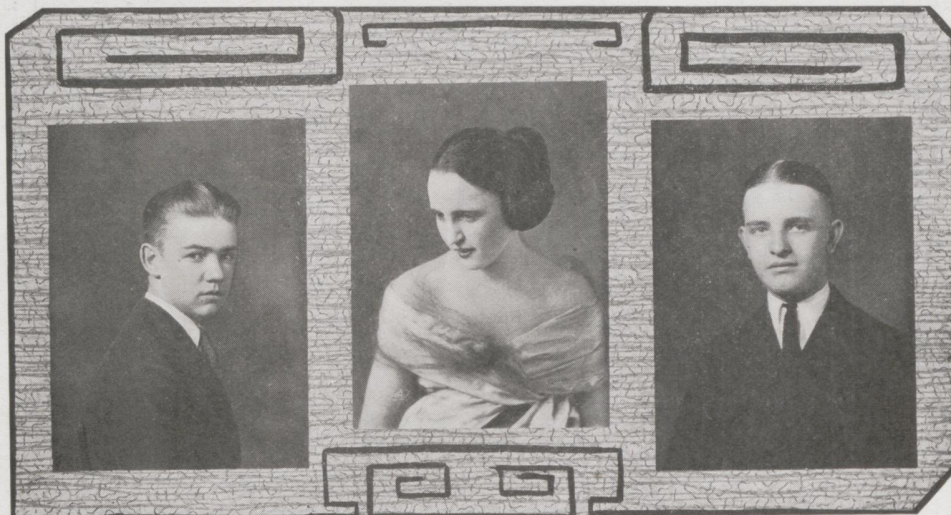
"Life is real, life is earnest."

There is work, and there is fun,
Each day bright with happy pleasure,
Or dark with task that must be done.
In the world or in the college
This same rule we always find—
Dark and light are thrown together,
Flowers and thistles, games and grind,
This our little book containeth
Jest and earnest, old and new.
Pictures of our trials and triumphs
While in High School at the U."





CLASSES



Rollin Lysander Curtis.

"Tho last not least in love."

Little Rollin is a great Republican and he does not care who knows it. He has musical inspirations and aspirations but—ask the orchestra what they think. Orchestra, '21; Athletic Editor, '21.

Elizabeth Gene Greathouse.

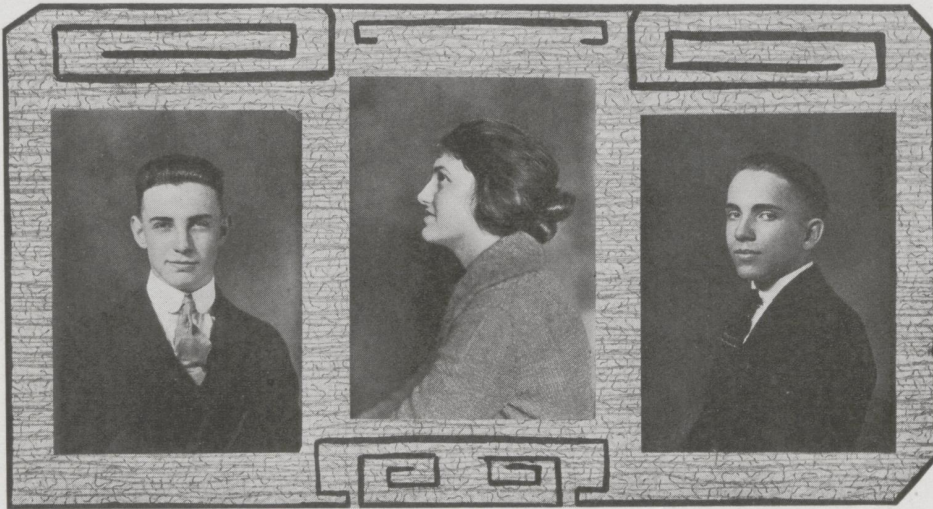
"We meet thee like a pleasant thought
When such are wanted."

Elizabeth has brains in both head and feet. She likes everything from Physics to dancing and is a star on the Basket-ball Team. Basket-ball, '21.

George Thomas Berry.

"For I must have liberty withal—
To blow on whom I please."

Tom may not always be a shark in every class but he's always ready with a bright remark. He loves "wine, women and song." Tom has endured much but in spite of all he is still with us after three years in Model. Basket-ball, '19, '20, '21; Track, '20; President, '20.



Edward Anglin.

"Sermons in stories and good in everything."

"Old Ed" always has a smile for everybody—even the teachers. He is nice to all of the girls but no one has found that he has any preference. He plays foot-ball and loves Ireland with all his heart which is a mighty big one. Treasurer Senior Class, '20; Foot-ball, '20; Orchestra, '21.

Jeanette Lampert.

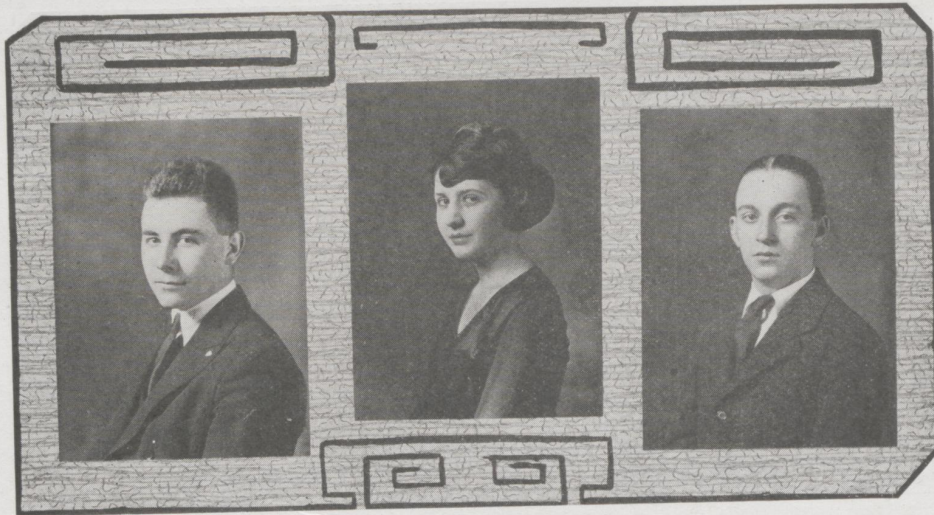
"To see her is to love her."

In developing an orchestra for the school, Jeanette has been a valuable factor. She is one of Model's best students.

Maurice Buckles.

"I know not too well how I found my way home in the night."

Maurice came to Model from Georgetown and although he hasn't been here very long he has found numerous friends and everyone likes him. Foot-ball, '20; Orchestra, '21.



John William Webb.

"Still runs the water when the brook is deep."

Johnnie has many friends but the most faithful of all is his Ford. Johnnie is a shark in most classes, especially Physics, ask Prof. Foot-ball, '18, '19.

Emily Louise Smedley.

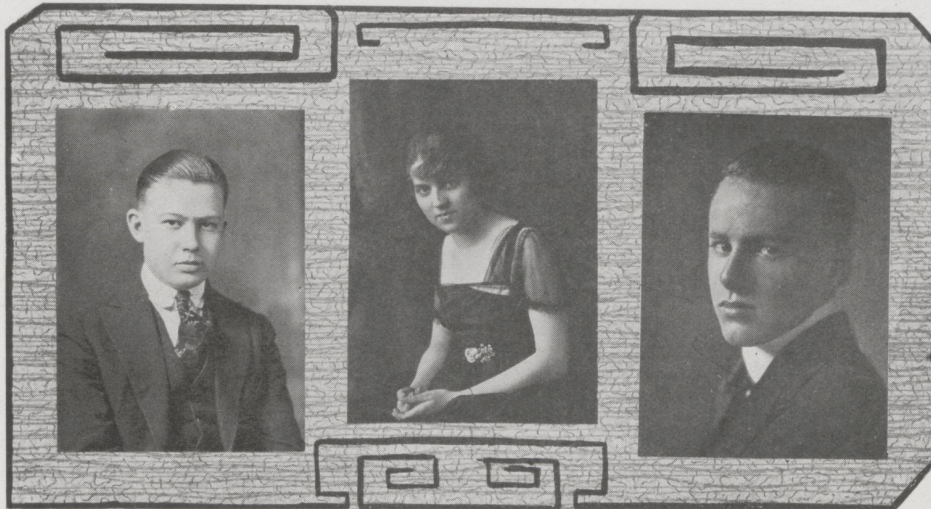
"And sheds a graceful influence 'round,
That hallows o'er the very ground
Beneath her feet."

Louise came to Model the last five months of our Senior year but in so short a time we have all learned to love her, most especially has one member of the Senior Class which we dare not mention.

Holman Wilson.

"A man he seems cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

One morning late in our Senior year, Holman walked into the History class, he was a stranger and therefore of great interest to the girls but we haven't found out much about him except that he hails from Stanton and his home is in Versailles.



George John Michler.

"For courage mounted with occasion."

When George starts talking there is no stopping him. He is a cousin to the other Michler but maybe that's tellin' too much family history. However, George is an old and tried member of the Senior Class. Football, '18; Play, '20; Paragraphs, '20, '21.

Louise Franklin Foster.

"Then let us smile when skies are gray
And laugh at stormy weather."

From the beginning she has been a student at Model and in 1921 was chosen the best all around girl of the school and we think she will deserve it for Louise has always been a leader in athletics and other school activities. We are sure that the orchestra couldn't have gotten along without their pianist. Captain Basket-ball '20, '21; Orchestra, '19, '20, '21; Secretary Athletic Association; Play Modesty, '20; Secretary Class, '19, '21.

George Keene Graves.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Last year George was Athletic Manager and also on the Annual Staff. He has always taken his part in the business and good times of the school. Once in a while some teacher will say that "he is playing around" but he finally works a little and comes out on top. Manager Basket-ball, '20; Orchestra, '20, '21; Foot-ball, '20; Vice President, '21.



Emmett Bradley.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Last year Emmet was "Jo's brother" but now it is vice versa. The Senior Class would not be complete without him. With his dry wit he keeps us laughing. President Senior Class, '21; Editor-in-Chief Mohian, '21.

Margaret Porter Smith.

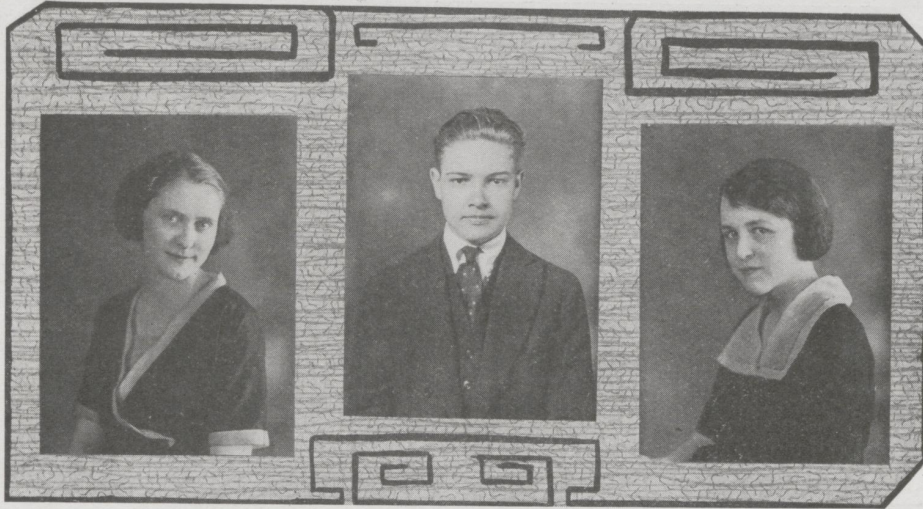
"And her most answer and graceful air
Shows her wise and good as she is fair."

Margaret is another bright member of the Senior Class. Her name has always been in anything that has tended to make Model a better school. She has been connected with the Annual for the past two years and her influence has been greatly felt and every one that knows her certainly has a true friend. Assistant Editor Mohian '20, '21; Class Secre-

Herman Trost Michler.

"No where so busy a man as he."

For two years Herman has had a load in the business affairs of the Annual. He is also a part of the Orchestra and is in for every thing in which the school is concerned. Class Treasurer, '17; Orchestra, '18, '19, '20, '21; Assistant Business Manager, '20; Business Manager, '21.



Helen Stone Wells.

"A very prodigy of learning."

Three years ago she was with us and after making a worthy record she disappeared, but when our last year in high school came Helen came back to graduate with the old class. Suffice to say everybody likes her. Manager Basket-ball, '19, '20.

Melbourne Mills.

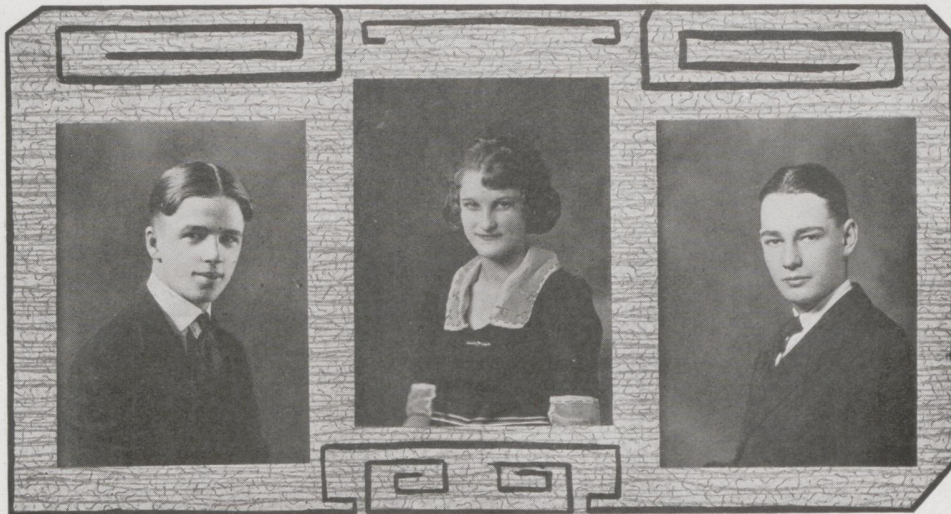
"My best thoughts always come a little too late."

Melbourne came to us this year. We didn't know anything about him then and he still keeps us in the dark; but this much we know—his averages are so high he is a credit to the class of 1921.

Dorothy Monroe.

"If she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Dorothy came to us this year from Chicago. When challenged to an argument she cannot resist. But we must have variety and "Dot" assisted by some of the boys gives it to us in Miss Hays' Class.



Thomas A. Fennell.

"Had sighed to many, tho he loved but one."

Tom cannot smile, he always laughs out loud. One of his vows is never to send flowers to a girl. He is talented in many lines but in cartooning he is the champion of the Seniors. Foot-ball, '20; Art Editor, '20, '21; tary, '20; Class Treasurer, '19.

Katherine Louise Fuller.

"Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

Katherine is not only a fine student but she finds time for all other activities. She went out for basket-ball and she "Just loves to dance." Orchestra, '20; Basket-ball, '21.

Frank LeRond MeVey.

"On with the dance."

Frank is the Longfellow of the Class. He has been on most of the teams that Model has had and is an all around athlete. He is a shark in most classes but a fish in English. Foot-ball, '18, '19, '20; Basket-ball, '19, '20, '21; Base-ball, '19, '20; Track, '19, '20; Orchestra, '19, '20; Vice President Athletic Association, '20, '21.

Class Prophecy.

Margaret Smith.

The class of 1921 had graduated. We had climbed the road together for four years and, then what we thought to be the mountain top proved only to be a big rock on which we could stand awhile and get a better view of the farther up. I had had that peculiar feeling that comes to those who part from some old familiar place. It had been a day of victory mingled with a sense of loss—these were my thoughts as I lay in a hammock and gazed at a red breasted robin in the tree above which seemed to lead the chorus of summer voices.

“And what is so rare as a day in June,
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.”

June in a Kentucky woodland has no equal. On one side a little brook sparkled over the rocks, here a bee lighted on a pale wild rose, and there near the fence a playful collie barked at a old mule. It all blended together in the drowsy murmur of a summer chorus.

I cannot tell just when the rails of the long fence began to nod and smile like rows of human faces or when the summer chorus came nearer until I plainly heard the strains of an orchestra. Some how June and the woods and the very years had fled.

1941 and Lexington had gathered to hear Senator Bradley speak. The great Opera House located where the Old Lafayette Hotel once stood was packed and I heard a very haughty woman say as she shoved me aside, “They say he has some mighty strange ways, that he even came on a train instead of the aeroplane line.” Just then someone spoke to me and I turned to face the owner of the Opera House, John Webb. And they still called him Johnnie and he still had a big smile which just missed swallowing each ear. I had reserved a seat near the front with a good view of the orchestra. The director whose arm was waving energetically up and down and across, looked strangely familiar and when he turned half way I wondered if it could be possible. Yes, Herman Michler, and he was indeed distinguished looking as he bowed to the audience. Lexington was honored with a nationally famous orchestra as well as a Senator but who had a seat next to me? Many times had I seen her these last twenty years and I knew that Elizabeth Greathouse was a great factor in the scientific research work of the University.

“Well, so you are here too,” she was saying. “It reminds me of old

THE MOHIAN '21

times at Model High. And there is Tom Berry over in the corner with his son. They say that he is so stern with that boy that if he stays after ten o'clock to see a girl Tom will call up for him. Wonder if he remembers when people shook their hoary locks over him now that he is such a grave business man."

"Here comes Emmett." Indeed there he was and he paced the floor two or three times just as he was wont to do years ago. His hair was very grey and I knew from the note of decision in his voice that whatever he thought could not be changed by the whole of Congress.

Then came an intermission with some selections by the orchestra and Elizabeth spoke, "Remember all of the old graduating class of 1921? I think they are spread over the world. Last summer I met Frank McVey in California. He has at last settled as a broker. Of course you read about his running off with that actress. She kept him running after her until they finally separated."

"What ever happened to Ed Anglin?" "Why haven't you heard of Shouting Ed. He made quite a name down south."

"Look here comes Tom Fennell and his wife. She was Louise Smedley, you know. They say that he may have to take the bankrupt law because Louise has such a mania for sending flowers to all her friends."

"This winter I stopped in the——Bank in New York. George Graves is President of it and he has not changed at all. He asked about our old school crowd and said that one morning about two years ago a serious looking man came in and addressed him as George. He talked very slowly and had a far-away look in his eyes. It happened to be Melbourne Mills. He is a missionary to China."

"Have you ever seen an advertisement for the Southern School of Pine Heights? Jeanette Lampert has charge of the place. It is one of the exclusive girls' school of the south. I hear that Dorothy Monroe spoke there the other day on 'Professions of Women.' She is practicing law and from what I remember, she must make a good one."

"Last year I met a Mr. Holman Wilson in Washington. He said that he went to school with me in '21. He's an architect now."

"Well," said Elizabeth, "Some little traveling man came out to the University the other day selling college sweaters. His name was Mr. Curtis but I could not recall ever knowing him."

"Oh yes," I answered. "Little Rollin. He was in a physics class with us once. That reminds me. Did you know that Louise Foster is living in

THE MOHIAN '21

North Dakota. I should have said Mrs. Stivers for she has been married a long time but I get a letter from her now and then."

"What about Katherine Fuller?"

"Why George Graves said that she, too was in New York at the head of the classic dancing department of a school for girls. You know that George is still an old bachelor but he seems to know a lot about just where Katherine is."

"Did you know that Helen Wells is principal of Model High School now? She makes them all walk the chalk line."

"This morning I read a long editorial from the Sadieville Times about Emmet. George Michler is the Editor. They say that he carries a cane and has the whole of Sadieville at his feet."

"Who is this coming down the aisle?"

"That's Maurice Buckles. He owns stock in nearly every railroad in the country. What a bright red tie he has on!" And how small he seemed to become. The music of the orchestra was growing fainter and fainter and then it became a melody of discord. The playful collie was barking by my side and the red tie, ah! it was the breast of the woodland songster above. I was awake.

The brook still sparkled over the rocks and the voices of June whispered a melody sweet and pure. "Such stuff as dreams are made of."



Class Poem.

Our crew hauls in the anchor
The giant ship rides out,
From Model High the Senior Class
Departs with eager shout.

Our passage has been chartered
Upon the good ship "Strife"
The waves will surge, the winds will blow
Upon the sea of Life.

Our High School days are over,
And so is most our fun
And the work that's just been finished
Calls for more work to be done.

Some will live for happiness
And some for knowledge try,
While others strive to reach the goal
Where their ambitions lie.

A few will go to Harvard
While others go to Yale.
But some of these among this class
Will toss upon the gale.

To thee, dear Alma Mater,—
The strength we now possess
Is due to what's been taught us
By those whose lives we bless.

We leave while we are happy,
But grieve that we must tell,
To teachers and to schoolmates true
That last fond, sad "farewell."

ROLLIN CURTIS.



JUNIORS.

Standing, left to right:—Jack Warren, Talbert Hopkins, John Ott, Gus Smith, Archie Schular, Alex Rose, Ernest Reynolds, Al Ginocchio, John Judy, John Sutton, S. B. Triplett.

Middle Row:—Rowena Noe, Margaret Baker, Josephine Sharp, Martha Matthews, Nancy Featherstone, Lawrence Thomas.

Lower Row:—Elizabeth Dale, Hamilton Rice, Joe Bradley, Christine Shouse.

Junior Class '21

The Junior Class is large and loud (ask anybody). The boys and girls are lively, fun loving, and conspicuous because of their faculty of getting into trouble. It might be interesting to some to know that shorty's ill-humors and sharp speeches are usually caused by some misdemeanors of the Juniors. Their greatest pleasure (?) is in studying geometry and the Pythagoream Theorem is their joy of joys.

The Junior Class is the largest in school and is fairly represented in all the school activities. The class has the honor of possessing the most popular girl and also the most beautiful girl in the school as the returns of our contest showed.

The Junior Class contains some of the best athletes of the school and many of our victories have been due to the splendid work of the Juniors.

Soon after the term began last September, the Juniors held a meeting at which they elected Hamilton Rice, President; Hal Steele, Vice-President; Elizabeth Dale, Secretary; Joe Bradley, Treasurer. Miss Smith was chosen as class adviser. The members of the Junior Class are:

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Margaret Baker | John Ott |
| Nancy Beard | Jack Pates |
| Joe Bradley, Treasurer | Ernest Reynolds |
| Elizabeth Dale, Secretary | Hamilton Rice, President |
| Nancy Featherstone | Alex Rose |
| Lillian Featherstone | Archie Schular |
| A ¹ Ginocchio | Josephine Sharpe |
| Caroline Greathouse | Christine Shouse |
| Talbert Hopkins | Gus Smith |
| John Judy | Hal Steele, Vice-President |
| Lucile Kautz | Laurance Thomas |
| Jeanette Lampert | John Sutton |
| Martha Mitchell Matthews | S. B. Triplett |
| Rowena Noe | Jack Warren |



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Upper Row, left to right:—Benjamin Taylor, Lillian Eversole, Rowlett Giles, William Scott, Wilbert Blackburn, Laura Cook, Nat Hall.
 Middle Row, left to right:—Arminta Smith, Ruth Goddard, Alice Latham, Ann Sawyer, Virginia Boyd, Janet McVey.
 Lower Row, left to right:—Mollie Eversole, Rogers Tracey, George Leech, Mary Hardin Vaught, Louise Parrish.

Sophomore Class '21

Shortly after the school began the Sophomores met and elected Rogers Treacy President and Mary Hardin Vaught Vice-President, Ruth Goddard Secretary, George Leach Treasurer. This class not having had the opportunities in many school activities always gives its hearty support in anything that has been undertaken.

We feel proud of the part that our girls aided by the boys by means of candy and sandwich sale soon paid for our picture. In this enterprise the girls deserve nothing but praise.

The Sophomore Class as a whole wishes to extend their utmost sympathy to Jouett Stevenson who because of ill health was forced to stop school. We sincerely hope that Jouett will come out all right and will be with us again this fall. In Wilbert Blackburn we see the making of a wonderful something. Miss Renner can assure one of that fact. George Leach by his studious habits and graceful manners soon won the hearts of the entire faculty. Ruth Goddard who since has proved herself to be a recognized authority on beauty was kept busy preventing the scheming girls from roping Nat Hall, our star "lady-killer." Janet McVey the star of the class who still can't understand why they had a Civil War has shown the class what it means to have brains. When the class was five months old Sims joined our class and since his arrival, we have progressed rapidly.

Marcia Lampert who sings the live long day always keeps us informed about the latest "Jazz." The Eversole Sisters who came to us at the beginning of the fall term were a great addition to our already famous group. Armintha Smith a country lass is hard to understand. If Laura Cook lives up to her name she should not find the sea of matrimony hard sailing. Alice Lathan is the star of the music class, while Rowlett Giles dropping in on us from Georgetown is the star English student, and Virginia Boyd the Algebra shark. Donald Murphy is our shining light. Buddy Treacy our president keeps the class going straight, while Mary Vaught who kills them with one look has asked us to find her some good position. We would all suggest "shoemaking." William Watkins our best exhibition of extreme beauty says he can't understand the women of today. Anne Sawyer a rare specimen of science keeps Ben Taylor busy giving us some good points on dogs. The class editor in closing wishes to keep his history in the dark. Thus closes the humble description of our exceptional class. Some day by hard labor we hope to become seniors. When this great task is accomplished, we can look back and say: "Well we once had the pleasure of being Sophomores." A great pleasure indeed.

Page Twenty-eight



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Upper Row, left to right:—Leslie Neff, William Smith, Cornelius King, Joseph Fennell, Kenneth Mauser, N. H. Bogie, Edward Willis, Pat McGuffey, Lowell Hurst.
 Middle Row, left to right:—LeRoy Miles, William Brock.
 Lower Row, left to right:—Truman Taylor, Joe Graves, Katherine Smith, Hugh Webber, Evalee Featherstone, Oliver Steele, Charles Michler.

s f e y e n f. is ar id s: is ed n- r- to an om ck. he as ik- n't ee tor ble to ick eat

Freshman Class.

During the first part of September the Freshman Class began its long journey through Model High. They came from various schools in and about Lexington and some from far away. They heard of the wonderful possibilities in store for them at Model High and decided to cast their lot with Model. The class made a good showing in athletics the first semester. In football Lowell Hurst made guard on the first team and played in every game. Fry Shoemaker and Oliver Steele made places on the second team. In basketball Clifford Bartrum and Fry Shoemaker and Oliver Steele made positions on the second team and in baseball the following Freshmen are out, Hugh Webber, Oliver Steele, Clifford Bartrum, Fry Shoemaker, Leslie Neff and Kenneth Mauser.

At the beginning of the year a class meeting was called at which Hugh Webber was elected President, Oliver Steele Vice-President, Catherine Smith, Secretary and Joe Graves Treasurer, and Miss Hays Class Adviser. On behalf of the Freshman Class Fry Shoemaker presented on February 2 a picture of Roosevelt to the school. It now adorns the wall of Chapel. The following is the list of Freshmen:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Edgar Allen | Wilging Mathews |
| Clifford Bartrum | Kenneth Mauser |
| N. H. Bogie | Pat McGuffey |
| William Brock | Charles Michler |
| Lillian Combs | LeRoy Miles |
| Evalee Featherstone | Leslie Neff |
| Joseph Fennell | Fry Shoemaker |
| Rowlett Giles | Catherine Smith |
| Joe Graves | William Smith |
| Milton Hager | Truman Taylor |
| Lowell Hurst | Hugh Webber |
| Cornelius King | Edward Willis |
| Robert Lyle | Martha Wilson |



STAFF PICTURE.

Upper Row, left to right:—William Brock, George Graves, Benham Sims, Tom Fennell, William Scott, Hal Steele, George Michler, LeRoy Miles, Rollin Curtis.

Lower Row, left to right:—Virginia Boyd, Herman Michler, Margaret Smith, Emmett Bradley, Miss Vella Karrick, Katherine Fuller, Christine Shouse.

THE MOHIAN STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief Emmett Bradley
Associate Editor..... Margaret Smith
Business Manager..... Herman Michler Advertising Mgr. George Graves
Assistant Manager..... Katherine Fuller Art Thomas Fennell
Athletics Rollin Curtis
Staff O' Life..... Benham Sims
Paragraphs George Michler
Literary Adviser..... Miss Vella Karrick

CLASS EDITORS.

Junior..... Hal Steele Sophomore William Scott
Assistant..... Christine Shouse Assistant Virginia Boyd
Freshman LeRoy Miles
Assistant William Brock

"They that write books on the worthlessness of glory, take care to write their names on the title page."

WITH THE EDITOR.

No worldly happiness is ever perfect. We are happy in the thought that we are graduates, but our happiness is tinged with sadness when we think of leaving old Model.

The work of the class of 1921 is finished. Although our work is over, the task of upholding the ideals, and advancing the standards of Model is not finished and shall never be finished, so long as Model retains the spirit of progress.

This unfinished work we leave behind, confident in the hope that the honor and fame of Model shall increase with each passing year.

GRADUATION.

"When a youth was giving himself airs in the Theatre and saying, 'I am wise, for I have conversed with many wise man.'" Epictetus replied, "I too have conversed with many rich men, yet I am not rich!" It has been quite a few years since these words were first spoken, but in that lapse of time, they have lost none of their truth. We are youthful and apt to fall into the errors of youth. If at graduation time we feel, like this youth felt, that we are wise, let us take the words of Epictetus and keep them.

In a little while graduation day will come and go, and the senior class of 1921, as a unit, will be only a memory. On that day each graduate will receive a diploma. This diploma will certify that the student has completed certain courses of study satisfactorily and has merited this promotion.

The diploma has very little intrinsic value. It is only a symbol that stands for the education that the student should have acquired. Whether this symbol means anything or not depends upon how the student has applied himself during the years of preparation for this event. The school can only submit the facts and it is up to the student to master them. The school is willing to meet the student half way, but the student must be willing to do his part if anything worth while is to be accomplished.

The degree of effort the student puts forth in school to master his studies is, as a rule, the same degree of effort he puts forth in life after leaving school, whether it is the student who does as much as he can and more than is required, whether it is the student who does "fairly well" or whether it is the student who does as little as he can. And one's success in life, as a rule, depends upon the effort put forth in its attainment. It is not measured, as a rule, by the inherited fortune and the social position which that fortune gives, but by what is accomplished by the individual.

There are students who get their studies without effort and stand first in their classes; who lead in athletics; who have musical talent and many other faculties which if developed would mean success, and yet oft' times these students fail. The fault is that they accept these gifts as their natural right, not realizing their duty to develop the faculties bestowed upon them by Providence. Again there is the student who makes no shining mark in school, who has no unusual talents, but by careful and persistent development of the little ability he does possess, achieves success.

George H. Sutton lost both hands when he was eight years old, but through perseverance he has developed into a remarkable billiard player. In speaking of his success he says: "People call me the handless wonder. I'm handless, but not wonderful. No billiard player is. He's just made himself a great player by constant practice. And anyone can do that." Of course, some people will say that unless one has talent, all the practice in the world would not make him a great billiard player. This is true, but all the talent in the world would be wasted without practice. And anyway we can't all be great billiard players.

However, there is some one thing that each of us can do equally as well, if we apply ourselves with the same diligence that George H. Sutton did in his particular field. And with the many fields open to us from which we

might choose, it shouldn't be hard to find the one in which our talents lie. And when we have found it, there can be but one outcome, if we try. For as Carlyle has said: "The weakest living creature by concentration on a single object can accomplish something; whereas the strongest by dispersing his attention over many, may fail to accomplish anything."

George H. Sutton did not attempt to become a great singer, but developed that faculty wherein his talents lay. And to succeed in life, we must not wish for talents that we lack, but develop by constant and careful application those faculties which God has given us.

There is nothing free in this life. If we receive a favor from a friend, we must pay the debt of gratitude, if we ignore that debt we pay the price of becoming an ingrate. If we desire knowledge we must pay the price of study. If we receive our diploma through deception, we must pay the price of becoming a thief. And what a strange paradox to become a thief just to steal from one's self. It sounds ridiculous. And it's just as ridiculous as it sounds.

COURTESY.

"Shepherd, I take thy word
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lonely sheds,
With smoky rafters than Tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended."

Courtesy, as some regard it, is a garment to be slipped on and off at will. Courtesy of the "on again off again" variety has about it a strangeness and stiffness that the seldom-used garment always has. Like a new shoe of the cheaper kind, it shrieks loudly of its unaccustomed usage and the discomfiture of the wearer.

Anyone can slip on the garment of courtesy, but it must be fitted and adjusted to the person and used for a space of time before it becomes the well-fitting habit worn with the easy grace of unconsciousness which is the quintessence of courtesy.

Ignorance of forms cannot be properly termed ill-mannered. A man may be ignorant of the petty forms of society so dear to the heart of the snob and yet have the instinct and natural chivalry of a nobieman. There are persons who would not think of removing their coats in public no matter how warm it may be or under what circumstances just because it is frowned upon

by fashion, yet their memories are so poor in other terms of etiquette that they forget to remove their hats in the presence of some lady whom they deem socially inferior.

Again there is the person who removes his coat for his own comfort but who will also remove it to his discomfiture no matter how cold the weather, if a lady needs a garment for protection.

Courtesy is an art not to be learned from books. A man does not have to study the numerous rules of etiquette to know that he should consider the feelings of others, for this is the courtesy of natural instinct, nor is a complete knowledge of rules and forms any assurance that he will do this. As Emerson has said: "It cannot be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness shall at last distinguish God's gentlemen from Fashion's."

THANKS.

The editor takes this opportunity to thank all those who by their assistance, have helped to make The Mohian a success.

He acknowledges with gratitude the splendid work of the staff but particular mention must be made of the hearty co-operation rendered by Margaret Smith as Associate Editor and Herman Michler as Business Manager. The editor also takes this means to express his gratitude to Miss Karrick who as Literary Adviser, has rendered invaluable aid and assistance.

Not only from the editor of The Mohian, but from the staff and the entire senior class, comes an appreciation to the faculty of their efforts, and especially Professor Wood. The last year of the senior class has been as pleasant as Professor Wood could make it, and will leave an indelible impression that time can never erase.



JUNIORS.

The picture of the junior class this year was donated by The Mohian in appreciation of their splendid efforts toward making the annual a success. The editor in behalf of the staff wishes to thank the junior class for their support.

The Juniors have in Margaret Baker the most popular girl and in Elizabeth Dale the prettiest girl in the school. All who know Margaret and Elizabeth, realize that the Junior Class had mighty good reasons in placing them first.

The Mohian of '22 is assured, because its responsibility rests with the Junior Class. And the Juniors have shown that they can make a success of anything they attempt to put over.

EXCHANGE.

This year was the first one for the Exchange Department, and although as yet, we have not a very large exchange, we wish to acknowledge with appreciation the following:

"The Spartan"—John Hancock High School, Athens, Ohio.

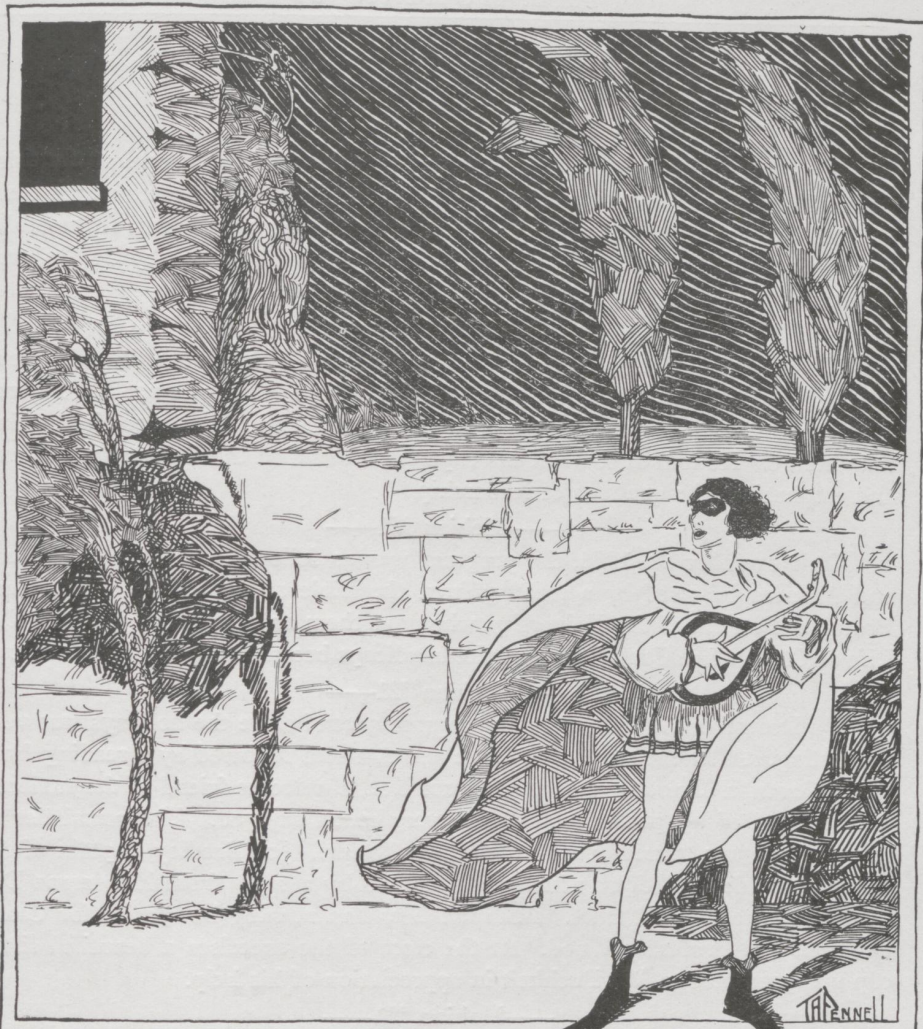
"Old Hughes"—Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"X-Ray"—East High, Columbus, Ohio.

"Flickertail"—University High School of North Dakota.

"High-Times"—Senior High School, Lexington, Kentucky.

The editor wishes to call to the reader's attention that The Mohian was forced to go to the press a month earlier than originally planned. Practically all of the work of editing The Mohian was done during the Easter Holidays, so we were compelled to devote the minimum time to each article.



LITERARY

Paragarhs.

On November 11, 1920, Armistice Day was celebrated in chapel at the third hour. The student body as a whole gave the American Creed after which there was a silent devotional service. America was sung by all present, followed by a Bible reading by Professor Wood which was followed by a talk by Dr. Roberts, pastor of the Centenary Church, who was speaker of the day.

—Mohian '21—

November 17, 1920, Professor Wood read a chapter from the Bible and introduced Dr. Tigert, of the University of Kentucky. This was not Dr. Tigert's first appearance before the student body and his talk was even more interesting than before. He told of some of his experience while on the Chautauqua Circuit and emphasized the qualities of leadership.

—Mohian '21—

On November 24, 1920, the program was as follows, the singing of Dixie and America followed by a reading from the Bible and afterwards introduced Professor Patrick, of the University, who gave them an interesting talk on, "The Life of Charles Lee Cook," who despite handicaps became a well known inventor.

—Mohian '21—

On December 17, 1920, the last program given before the holidays was very interesting. After the singing of Dixie and America followed by a reading from the Bible and a Christmas story, Professor Noe, a welcome friend of the students, gave several of his poems which were very much enjoyed. The remainder of the program was turned over to the foot ball team. Joe Bradley, captain of the '20 team, made an address which was followed by a reply from Henderson Dillion, captain of the '21 team. Both speakers had nothing but praise for Coach Buchheit and Professor Wood. At the close of the exercises a beautiful silver cup was presented to Mr. Buchheit in appreciation of his help.

—Mohian '21—

After the Christmas Holidays school work was resumed on January 5, 1921. At the opening chapel exercise Professor Wood delivered the welcoming address. Everyone seemed glad to get back to school—and study.

—Mohian '21—

January 19, 1921. On this date Professor Wood announced the new schedule which was to begin immediately after the opening of the new semester. While this was a surprise to most of the members of the school, the Senior Class had been informed of this fact some time before.

THE MOHIAN '21

—Mohian '21—

At the chapel exercises on January 31, 1921, the schedule for the mid-semester examinations was made known.

—Mohian '21—

On February 11, 1921, the chapel exercises were opened by the singing of America after which the announcement of the coming game with Cynthiana was made. Professor Mikesell, of the Department of Public Speaking, was introduced by Professor Wood. He told of the coming of the inter-scholastic debates in which the winning team would receive a cup and the members a medal and urged that our students take part.

—Mohian '21—

On February 16, 1921, the boys of the school were called to special chapel where Professor Wood announced that three and one-half years of gym would be required from all Freshmen boys and proportional amount from all the other classes.

—Mohian '21—

During the absence of Professor Wood on March 2, 1921, Miss Karrick took charge of the chapel program. After the opening songs and the reading of the twenty-third Psalm, Professor Rhoads, of the Department of Education, talked to the student body. The remainder of the chapel period was given over to the interest of The Mohian and the Popularity Contest.

—Mohian '21—

March 9, 1921, marked one of the most interesting programs of the year. Dr. Funkhouser spoke to the assembled students on his trip to Africa and the Sahara desert. He held the attention of his audience from the beginning to the end. His experiences were very interesting and his vivid description of the life and people of that country were especially so. His talk was followed by the Business Manager of the Annual, who made a brief statement concerning the financial conditions of the Annual.

—Mohian '21—

March 16, 1921, was the day that Professor Wood announced the coming of the Parent-Teachers meeting for Friday, March 18, and was heard with interest by the entire school. Professor Dantzler was introduced by Professor Wood and gave an interesting talk on the life and works of Sydney Lanier, the great Southern poet.

—Mohian '21—

The opening of school early in September of 1920 was greeted by many of last year's students. Among the missing faces of our friends were Miss Frierson

THE MOHIAN '21

and Miss Lewis, members of the faculty. We soon found, however, that their places were very ably filled by Miss Hays and Miss Karrick. The usual first day confusion was prevalent. Professor Wood was very busy with the new students. While a "get-together" meeting seemed to be in progress among the former pupils. We were promised plenty of hard work for the coming semester and we were dismissed for the day.

—Mohian '21—

Miss Margaret Baker, member of the Junior Class entertained with a dance on the night of December 31, 1920. Many of the students of the school were present and a good time was had by all. Salad and sandwiches were served with punch during the intermission. The programs in holiday colors and the decorations were very beautiful. Whistles and hats were given as favors while the air was filled with confetti and streamers.

—Mohian '21—

On the afternoon of March 18, 1921, at 2:30 o'clock, Professor Wood called a meeting of the parents and teachers of the pupils for the purpose of getting a closer relation between the school and the home. A splendid program was rendered. Professor Rhoads, of the Department of Education, gave a very interesting talk. Responses by Mrs. Pates, Mrs. McVey and the Assistant Superintendent of Bath County Schools were made. A temporary committee with Mrs. McVey as chairman was appointed for the purpose of arranging a program for the next meeting on April 28. They were also to present a recommendation of officers for the association. The newly formed orchestra made its first public appearance on this occasion, when they played the Field Artillery March, Southern Medley Selections and American Habit. Refreshments were served by the girls of the Domestic Science Department under Miss Coffin and Miss Croft prepared a most delightful menu.



History of the Model High School.

It was the tenth day of September, 1918, and the long halls of the Lexington Senior High School rang with the laughter of hundreds. There were rumors of a new educational venture, a Model School. Little did we know the whys and wherefores and little did we care. It was something new, a school on the campus of the State University and we waited amid a tension of suspense for the choosing of the favored few to go. After all this was purely a chance of fate. If one happened to live south of the Main Street line, then he was destined to be a student of the new school.

The venture was under the joint control of State University and the city school system. We might say that Professor Noe furnished the school and Professor Cassidy the students, and that they divided on the faculty. From the city system came Miss O'Neil for English, Miss Gordon for Latin, Professor de Waegenare for French, and Miss Cramer for Science. From State came our first principal, Professor Walters and the Mathematics Instructor, Miss Cruickshank. If Kentucky had been sifted for teachers of first rank, I do not believe Model could have been given better, and if the first year was not all that it should have been it was due to other adverse circumstances. There was unfriendly criticism and not only at the new school was there excitement and unrest, but the whole world was fighting. Let us briefly scan the year of 1918 at Model High.

Do you, who are left of the first students know that the birthday of this school is Friday, September 13? Nature had arrayed the campus that day in honor of the occasion. The leaves were beginning to turn red and yellow and the sun flashed back a welcome from the windows of the building. Days of organization followed, and then we settled down to work. It was a memorable year. Horrible truths came to us from across the ocean, calls for help in money and men, and we answered with the rest. In October the epidemic of influenza closed all schools for weeks. But the new year seemed to bring new enthusiasm to Model. We made a decent record in athletics. Peace was declared and we rejoiced in the general tenor of the time. Spring came and we joined in the home garden work. There were plenty of good times too—dances and ball games and then, June.

So as Whittier said: "Rich gift of God! A year of Time." September again and Model High was under the sole control of State. Great changes had taken place in the faculty and student body. Professor Wood became principal. Misses Smith, Lewis, Renner and Frierson were teachers and the students were

limited to one hundred. Many of the old crowd did not come back in '19. For the first time there was a Senior Class—just three members and so the Juniors had things about their own way. They tried to run the school and we must say that it was put over with a good deal of pep. School spirit was a vision that lurked near. It came and went and we grasped for it here and there, but I think it finally found a place in the year '19. An athletic association was organized. In foot ball the record is a remarkable one for a new school. Out of eight games there were only two defeats. Joe Bradley made one of the worthy records during this season. The organization of an orchestra and an annual staff were marks of progress. The Annual came out late in May. On June 4 exercises were held for the first graduates—William Shelby, Daniel Bowmar and Elizabeth Vaught.

Then the third year of the school still under Professor Wood. With Dean Noe he is planning better things. But after all it is the student who makes the history of Model. If he appreciates the things worth while in education and pleasure, and his fellowman, then his school will live to rank with the best. So ends the chapter, but not a closed one.

MARGARET SMITH.

Memories.

“What are those beautiful ribbons?”

Asked two bright children one day,
As I was looking through a chest
Where all my treasures lay.

“Those ribbons,” I raised them gently
From their yellowed paper case,
“Are more to me than gold or silks
Or all the fine lace.”

“But what are they?” asked the children,
As I gazed fondly and long
Upon those two faded ribbons
That never stood for wrong.

“Why, they are the colors of Model High—
In the land of Heart's Delight—
Which stand for all that's loyal and good,
These emblems of purple and white.”

Swiftly the wings of memory flew
With me back to girlhood days
To the things I used to do
When I walked in Model ways.

Then in turn each one of the crowd
Of old friends answered my call
And I found myself living again
Happy days at Model Hall.

It's many years since I've been there
But it's just as dear to me
As it was the day I left there
And so it e'er shall be.

CHRISTINE SHOUSE.

Cooperation.

Many students fail to realize the principles which underlie school life. The result is that they do untold wrong not only to themselves but to the innocent victims of their thoughtlessness. Some boys and girls seem to see in the school a sort of prison in which they are confined by hard-hearted parents. Their motto is, "Do anything you wish as long as you can get away with it," never thinking of the wrong they are doing themselves and others. School spirit is a thing unknown to them, but they would be highly indignant if a fellow student accused them of being slackers. Yet, perhaps unwittingly, but nevertheless effectively they are doing the school great damage.

A school is a miniature republic, the government; namely, the faculty, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed or in this case from the parents or guardians the natural protectors of the governed. As with a republic so with the school. The success achieved rests primarily with the individual. For no matter how wise or how strong the government may be, it must fail unless it has the whole-hearted support of its citizens.

The citizen properly to fulfill his duties must realize that liberty is the antithesis of license for license makes liberty impossible; that every unlawful action is an injustice to the other fellow; and finally that he is not some radical agent endeavoring to overthrow the existing government, but a citizen should do all in his power to help the authorities and not to hinder them. The purpose

of authority is not to oppress, but to aid the individual in every way possible. Restrictions are necessary to insure justice to all.

The faculty is giving time and energy to us. They are working for our interests and by our cooperation we are only helping them so that they may help us. Let us resolve to get "behind" them and aid, not hinder, for builders not knockers are needed.

Some years ago an old Alpine guide was standing at a window in the most famous hotel in the Alps, with his field glasses fixed on the great white mountain whose summit was hidden in the clouds. He saw a party of tourists making the last lap of a journey which would place them on the slope leading to the summit. Their hardy guide was slowly, laboriously making his way up the precipice. Hours passed. He had gained the goal and fixed his rope so that the others could easily follow in his footsteps. Those below eagerly grasped the cord which would bring them safely to the coveted spot. Slowly they made their way upward. The rope was their salvation. The first climber had almost reached the top, when through his own carelessness he bumped his head against a projecting piece of ice. Infuriated he aimed a blow at the inanimate ice with his axe. The axe glanced from the smooth surface and struck the rope. Thousands of feet below them were mangled bodies and a section of rope. Let this be a parable to us. The guide who blazes the trail, who smooths the way for others, is the faculty. The rope (the school) founded on the highest ideals by means of which the climbers (the students) wish to lift themselves upward. The climber who cuts the rope is the boy or girl, who thoughtlessly and unintentionally, but not a whit less effectively, plunges not only himself but his fellow students as well, to their ruin.

EDWARD ANGLIN.

Duty

Very few quite realize just what duty implies. If everyone was asked what his or her idea of duty was, it would be found out that no two people had the same idea. First of all comes our duty to school which pretty much determines the calibre of man or woman we are to be in after life. The greatest and most lasting happiness in life is through happiness derived from the discharge of our duty. It is needless to proclaim the fact that success can only be achieved by the path of duty. I mean that accumulation of a fortune is not success. A person can be successful and not wealthy. Success is happiness. After all what is wealth without happiness? Merely a heavy burden. There are certain duties

which must be discharged, such as those the law compels us to conform with. The others are purely voluntary. Our duties to school are of this type. No one can compel us to study. If a boy or girl wishes to discharge as few duties as possible, no one can make them do more. It is the desire to perform as few duties as possible that causes failure. It is every boy or girl's duty to take an education. A large per cent of them do not. Some few of these achieve success, but only through extra hard labor.

If every successful man who had not taken an education was asked how he had attained this end, ninety-nine out of one hundred would answer: "By following the path of duty." Most of these men did not have the chance to take an education. Times are tightening down. It used to be that a man could get by without following the path of duty. Not so nowadays as the saying is "he must come across with the goods" otherwise he is considered worthless and treated as such. If everyone would stop and consider what living would be if no one performed his duty they would get a rather morbid conception of life. Nothing compelled our ancestors to establish schools. What good did it do them? They could not reap the benefit of their labor. True, it benefited their children, but not them. They soon died, but the work they had started was carried on by their descendants. These men simply considered it their duty to themselves and their posterity. As things are today, there is no excuse for failure. If a backwoodsman, like Abe Lincoln, could accomplish the great things that he did, surely we with the splendid opportunities offered us could do the same. After all it is up to the individual. You could offer every kind of opportunity to some people but all of them would be turned down. Such people as these have no sense of duty. They are parasites living off other people and giving nothing in return. True men have nothing but contempt for this type of man. In the animal kingdom such as these are done away with. A drone is quickly killed by the other bees. Although a worthless man is not done away with, he is soon trampled under foot by the mass of workers. No one with a true realization of duty can fail. In fact, it is only the realization of duty that brings success. If a man performs his duty to himself, you can rest assured that he will perform his duty to others.

School merely teaches us what is to be expected of the man in after life. We all know that much more is to be expected of an educated person than of an uneducated person. Why? Because the educated man realizes his duty. The certificate we get upon our graduation from college shows to the general public that we sufficiently understand the problems of life and are ready to combat them. True some who possess this certificate never make use of it. Knowing and doing are two entirely different things. An educated man can be as worth-

less as anyone else. It is with him whether he will go forward or drift aimlessly along the back waters of life. To make good is every man's duty as well as his privilege. The reason for so many helpless failures is aimlessness. To be successful we must work toward some definite object. The only way we can gain this object is by hard labor and self sacrifice. Education simply helps us find out what this object shall be, and the duties we must perform to achieve it. In other words, it serves only as a stepping stone. If a fellow flatters himself into thinking that because he has an education he can ride through on his reputation he is due for a pretty hard jolt. After a boy finishes college he is supposed to have enough sense to realize how little he knows about life. He is supposed to know how to start and experience will show him the rest. That is he he is shown what duties to perform, but it is up to him to perform them. Surely no one else will.

A high school student's main duty is to prepare for college. If he doesn't have it in mind to attend the university than he should work that much harder to acquire all of the knowledge he can before setting out in life. Some say that when a fellow finishes college his realization of duty has just begun. Therefore the college graduate simply has a better chance, but by no means is his success assured. It lies in the person's decision of whether he chooses to perform his duty or not. If the decision is in the affirmative one can feel assured that success will follow.

WILLIAM C. SCOTT.

A Complaint.

Our school has grown so weary, with all there is to do,
 One lesson after another, as though you're never through.
 It's school time in the morning, when I sleep—or try,
 Before the clock begins into my time to pry.
 I often fancy I would like to catch some mild disease
 So I might stay in bed awhile and read what books I please,
 With no school to attend—and no lessons to annoy
 Not even dear old basket ball which is my fondest joy.
 Could I rearrange my schedule which compels me now to roam
 I'd realize my fondest dream—a little sleep at home.

TOM BERRY.

Life.

Late in the dusk of twilight
In the moonbeams charming glow,
When the vesper chimes were over,
And the night winds whisper low,
Thro my open latticed window
In the path of candle light
To the flame there flew a fairy
A moth, all shimmering white.

White as the snow of Heaven,
And dainty as a flower,
From the star-lit night the moth flew
At the charm of fire lights power.
Then it fluttered 'round the night blaze
So charmed by the fire flower's might
T'll t'was caught by the golden flame breath
And vanished in death and night.

Life is a star-lit pathway
Where the vagrant moonbeams stray
And will-o'-the-wisps are gleaming
To allure us from the way.
Though their rays so bright give promise,
Of fair treasures they do not hold.,
Like the fairy—the moth—remember
All brightness is not pure gold.

RUTH GODDARD.

Passers By.

It was a dull day for me, I had trudged from editor to editor to sell my manuscripts, but my efforts had been unsuccessful. I stood at my window overlooking the terminal in New York at train time in the evening, when people were hurrying home from work. To me the throng seemed unsympathetic, stern and hard.

Three men were selling papers, two did a thriving business, while the third scarcely made a sale. He was blind. He makes change slowly, I thought, and the crowd impatient to be off, ignores him. Here is, the thought came to me, an old age robbed of its reward, without the warm fireside and the easy chair which the work of a lifetime should have secured it, but it has been cheated of these by cruel fate. It is an old age with no safe harbor in which to drop at anchor at the end of a stormy voyage of life.

A little cripple, scarcely ten years of age, stood selling pencils. The poor little fellow was barefooted and he was munching a piece of cheese between crusts of dark bread. This was, probably, his supper. The crowd, hurrying to their comfortable homes and appetizing meals, gave little heed to him. Here is, again I thought, a ship launched upon the sea of life with no rudder to guide it, at the mercy of every idle wind that blows. What hope can this little fellow have. Could he be blamed if he gave up in despair? Thoughts like these came to me one after another. I must have stood for an hour. I was awakened from my reverie by the tolling of a clock sounding the hour of eight. I had just barely time to get to the opera to see the opening of a new play.

On my way to the opera, I stopped and purchased a pencil from the little cripple lad I had seen from my window. I had expected him to be down-hearted and sad, but on the contrary he was bubbling over with happiness. He told me, confidentially, that next week he was going to the country on annual summer vacation of "The Children's Welfare League." Where he could breathe fresh air, see grass and flowers and hear the birds singing from the treetops. All this was to be free and was to last for a whole month. He told me he could hardly understand how people could be so kind.

At the opera, the play was a great success from the start. The star was a youthful and vivacious actress of unusual charm and beauty. Her name was on the lips of everyone. And I could not help but wonder what her fame would be twenty years from now. Walking about the lobby between the acts, I noticed a strange figure among the crowd of immaculately dressed men and women. It was an old woman selling chewing gum. Long years of toil and hardship had robbed her of almost every semblance of femininity. Her shoulders were

stooped, her hands were knotted, and gnarled, her face wrinkled and parched by the sun and wind, her eyes were faded and her hair thin and gray. She made few sales and when she approached me, I questioned her and learned that she was once a famous actress, but time had finally displaced her. This old woman expressed no bitterness or resentment because of her fate. She said she had made her present condition what it was. She had had opportunity, but failed to take advantage of it. At each opening of a new play, she comes to sell gum and mingle with the crowd and feel the excitement the opening of a new play brings. And perhaps she again lives her success in the memories of other days. The cheerful, unresentful attitude of this old woman set my thoughts in a new channel.

After the theatre, I walked to Central Park. There I saw the blind man I had seen from my window making his way up the drive. He had difficulty in finding a bench and I hastened to his assistance. We sat down, and I asked him to tell me something of his life. He had once been wealthy, but through unavoidable circumstances lost his fortune. In an effort to regain it while working on an invention, he lost his sight in an explosion. But he was still able to make a living and he was content. The stars in the heavens shone brightly and serene, the faint whistle of a passing boat was heard in the distance, the trickling of water over rocks into the lake could be faintly heard. All the world seemed at peace, the beauties of nature were wonderful to behold, and yet the poor fellow at my side could not enjoy them. My companion seemed to read my thoughts; he took my hand and said: "Because God does things for no reason that we can understand is no proof that He does things for no reason at all. God is good, God is just. When I left him he was sitting there, staring across the bay with his sightless eyes and a smile of contentment was on his face. He sees things that many people with perfect sight overlook, and the things he sees are as worthwhile as they are beautiful.

When I went home that night, I burned my manuscripts and started to write on the things that I had heretofore been blind to. With the dawn of the next day I felt that I was beginning life anew. I stood again at my window, I saw happy children hurrying to school, big brothers and sisters hurrying to work, fond fathers were hurrying to work and God's own sunshine seemed in everyone's heart. The old blind man stood at his corner with his contented smile. The little cripple lad was smiling and all the world seemed happy.

EMMETT BRADLEY.

His Chance.

He was a big boy, and handsome too, with his light hair and level blue eyes. In his own home town high school he had been very popular. He was a hero in the eyes of the small boys, and to the girls he was—well a very nice boy. The boys of his own age, without thought, acknowledged him as a leader. He had been captain of the foot ball and basket ball teams and president of his class.

That, however, was in high school. Now he was being whisked across the country in a Pullman to a great college. His father and his grandfather had gone there and their names were prominent in its history. He, too, was going there; to the college he had so often heard his father speak of lovingly. He remembered his father's parting words. "Don't tell them you are 'Old Dan's' boy and expect them to fall down and worship you. That's not the spirit there. It isn't what your father did, it's what you do."

At last the train came to a jarring stop at the little station. He got off the train and into the little bus which carried students out to the college. He was the only passenger and after a lonely ride he reached the college. As he walked across the campus a boy smiled a good-natured, "Hullo Freshie" at him. He found it was as his father had told him it would be. He was made to feel he was welcome, and yet that he had not made the earth. He went out for foot ball and made many friends but they did not seem to think he was anything wonderful. And he found out that he wasn't. In fact he had to work very hard to make the team at all. In the first games of the season he played well, but not unusually so.

Then came the great game of the season. In the morning there were speeches and cheers in chapel. His father spoke of the years gone by of the great victories, and in the last few years of the defeats. He told them he had come there to see a victory today and asked them if he were going to be disappointed. Then the house rocked with "no." That afternoon the team trotted out on the field with "win or die" smiles on their faces. The game started. The first quarter was scoreless. Never had a harder game been played on the field. An attempt to describe that game would be a failure, for it was apparently like any other game and yet there was a spirit which made it different. At the last of the fourth quarter the game was scoreless, and then a fumble, a breaking through the line and seizing the ball. It was the boy. He ran down the field with the whole team after him and he crossed the line for the first and only touchdown with them still after him. The spectators went mad, they rushed

down on him and carried him off the field. That night he was the happiest boy in school. He was no longer a "Freshie," he was the "Freshie" who had won the game. He had had his chance.

JACK PATES.

Seenyer Selebrities.

Old Ed Anglin heds the class
He's from Ireland green as grass.

Tomas Berry, he cums next
Never looked inside a text.

Then Emmett Bradley, he's a joke
He makes you laff till you nearly croke.

Then Maurice Buckles duz pretty well
But when it cums to the wimmin he's S. O. L.

Also Rollin Curtis neither cunmin' nor neat
He's three weet two in his stocking feet.

Then Tom Fennell is in our room
We hope he'll get a hair cut soon.

Miss Louise Foster is a piano plain fool
She's got her mind on everything
Except her work at school.

Then Katherine Fuller so dainty and shy
She'll get over it bye and bye.

Louise Smedley is a little maiden
Of the very sternest tipe
And her heart is as melow
As a apple semi ripe.

Then George K. Graves with his saxophone
He makes a noise on the thing al right
But gee whiz what an awful tone.

Miss Liz Greathouse is right here too
She dances as she hurries
She likes anything to eat
But more especially Berries.

Then Frank McVey the president's son
He thinks he's sure hot stuff
But he's so tame he wouldn't hit
A mule with a powder puff.

Then old George Michler he cums next
He thinks he owns the "Leader."
He really ought to be put back
Into the second reader.

Then there cums old Herman Mich
Who plays the fiddle
But it sounds like hick.

Then Margaret Smith Asst. Editor in Chief
But the others do almost of it all
Some how it is our belief.

Students like Webb there are but few
He cums to school in a Henry twin two.

Wilson came in pretty late
But he's a darn good scout
We decided the second day
We wouldn't kick him out.

Jeannette Lampert a very pretty lass
Is without doubt the musician of the class.

Dorothy Monroe of Chicago fame
Has turned truly a Southern Dame.

Helen Wells an author grand
Writes highrow stuff to beat the band.

MAURICE BUCKLES.

The Legend of Dripping Springs.

(A True Story of Kentucky)

It was afternoon at the quiet resort of Crab Orchard and those few who were not tempted to sleep thru the hot hours of July sat on the long veranda and listened to the tales of an "Old Timer." It was too hot to swim and too boresome to play cards.

Page Fifty-two

"I tell yer, young people, if yu'll come with me, I'll show yer something the like of which yu' never seen afore," the old man said.

A few of the blasse type sauntered away but we, ever hunting adventure, ordered the horses saddled. We road for a mile down the rough clay road. The sun beat unceasingly and the dust formed a cloud around us and covered the weeds and stubbles on either side. Then we turned abruptly to the South. Where was he taking us? I thought of the cool shade of the hotel and whispered to one near me, "what fools we mortals be."

"You all agittin' hot?" the old man asked. But just then I realized that the road was changing. It was very narrow with trees whose branches formed an arch over our heads and in the distance were low hills. "There's the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains," he said.

We now passed a white washed house with a garden on one side. A woman bare-footed and sunburned stood in the door and a little tow-headed child clung to her skirt. Things were improving. Great willow trees hung low. There was no road but a sort of rocky path over which a creek crossed and recrossed. Gay colored birds sang in the trees and the place was a very wilderness of growth. We crossed thru the creek again.

"Few people ever come here," our guide was saying.

Indeed it looked as if no human footsteps had disturbed the solitude for many years, that here God had had His way. I could almost imagine that we were nearing the Garden of Eden as we rounded a long curve.

"Open yere eyes good now and look," said the old man. There was a queer long low building of wood up against a cliff. It was two stories with rows of steps leading up here and there from the outside. We went in at one end where the cliff hung over as a roof to a sort of grotto. One side of this was made of the great rocks of the cliff and down these water trickled with a never ceasing musical sound. It was water made of many elements and had colored the rock pink and yellow and other hues of the rainbow.

"What do ye think of it? This is called 'Dripping Spring.' It was once a very fashionable resort, young people. Yes, in the days when women wore real dresses and road in coaches. Days 'afore the war." We went thru the building and saw the long dining room, the little guest rooms upstairs. What dinners the old Negroes must have cooked in that kitchen! And now deserted. The cliffs echoed bfiack the word, deserted. Then we met at th grotto and our guide said:

"Set down thar and I will tell you the true story of 'Dripping Springs.'

"This was once the scene of great gayety. The sons and daughters of aristocratic Kentucky gathered for the summer season. One day the beautiful

THE MOHIAN '21

daughter of Colonel B—— was to arrive and a ball was arranged in her honor. The two most ardent suitors for her hand was thar and they hated each other like H—ll. First one ud dance with 'n them the other. Then one got drunk and they met here under this 'ere clif'. Some hot words were passed betwixt 'em. After a quarrel one drew a knife and killed the other. They say his head was most cut offn when they found his body lying here. The murderer escaped into the night, but the girl's heart it came nigh to breaking. Some sez the murdered man comes back here every night at the time he was killed, but of course that's jest an old saying. How be it, nobody lives for miles around 'cause the land isn't fit for cultivating nohow."

So we left Dripping Springs but it stills stands in the beautiful little holler at the base of the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains.

MARGARET SMITH.



The Sunset.

I gazed on a glorious sunset
Far off in the western sky.
I gazed on a wondrous sunset
And its glory dazzled my eye.

It seemed that I had been living
For such a moment as this
I looked and seemed transported
To a region of heavenly bliss.

Painters may try to paint it
And poets to tell of it too
But only God's hand can paint it
Again on that canvass of blue.

The mighty sea of sapphire
Was pierced by a wave of flame
And the beautiful gold and silver
I watched as it went and came.

But slowly the colors vanished
And left me the silvery sky
Then the twinkling of a star
Warned me that night was nigh.

I aroused myself from dreaming
And thought on what I had seen
I knew I had learned a lesson
From that sky now so serene.

I had learned that there's a power
That wishes us all to go right
And may we e'er live in glory

CHRISTINE SHOUSE.

READ
MOHIAN WANT ADS

Read the Confessions of A. Schular. How
I Discovered My Wonderful Voice.

THE STAFF O' LIFE

Onion 13

Model Hi, Lexington, Kentucky

Five Pages Today

UNIVERSITY OF CARTHAGE WINS IN FINALS PLAYED AT ROME IN SENSATIONAL CONTESTS

Carthage won her way into the finals by hard labor. The first game of the contest started Thursday 313 B. C. Carthage frew the University of Troy and skillfully defeated them by a score of fifty-six to nothing. Cairo College was next to play Carthage. And also went down into defeat. Then came the final game between Rome and Carthage. This game was played in the great forum at Rome which was filled to its capacity. Chariots were lined on both sides of the streets for many miles and the traffic cop did a day's work for once in his life. This game was delayed for forty minutes because suitcases were lost at the station.

The crowd grew impatient. The Roman team was first to appear on the floor. The Roman side of the forum went wild with enthusiasm. The betting sheds outside the forum made Monte Carlo look like a bunch of school boys matching pennies. They were betting three to one on Rome. Amid the noise and turmoil out rushed the Carthegenians. Men chewed on their cigars and looked contented because they thought that Rome was sure to win. They too were given a big ovation from the left side of the forum. After shooting goals for a few minutes the whistle blew and the game was ready to start.

Coach Diogenes, who coached the famous football team of Athens was now basket ball coach at Carthage. He crowded the boys around him and gave them

MEMORIES OF THE FOND PAST

How would you like to return to the "Good Old Days" before the bill collectors were turned loose upon an innocent, unsuspecting and unprotected public? Before a person knew that he had concealed within his anatomy that dreadful and worthless piece of machinery known as the vermiform appendix?

When every doctor had his saddle bags with him and no matter what ailed you, gave you calomel and quinine? Before we were informed that countless death dealing microbes lurked in everything from love's first honeyed kiss to a burk of limburger cheese. When a girl could make up her bed and sweep her room without having nervous prostration. When women's heels were where they ought to be and not stuck in the middle of the shoe at an angle of forty-five degrees. When boys wore red-topped, brass-toed boots, and girls dressed in plain dresses and wore their hair plaited down the back, without a suggestion of split-curls, rats and cootie garages. When boys spoke of their parents as "father" and "mother" instead of the "old lady" and the "governor"?

"In the Good Old Days" a policeman's olfactory organs were so attuned that he could locate a game of poker in a fashionable hotel or a swell club as far as he could a bunch of darkies shooting craps.

In the "Good Old Days" a youth was content to "hitch his wagon to a star," but now-adays he wants to hook his auto to the tail of a comet. In the "Good Old Days" a Colonel was a man who had "fit,

the
pa
the
tos
sta
I
the
the
cop
lea
Th
sta
ma
sho
ing
C
on
fou
out
goa
hal
to
mir
bot
Bef
had
and
B
the
thei
bett
beg
thei
"Fo
for
had
Jam
A
Har
woo
vigo
ful
and
for
cent
TI
Car
Ajax
Hanil
Alexa
Perio
Nero
Rej

their last orders. Rome was confident and paid no attention to the last orders of their coach. Mark Anthony, the referee, tossed the ball at center and the game started.

Pericles got the tip off and passed it to the fast running guard, Ajax, who shot the first goal; Carthage was two in the cops the goal from the center of the floor. lead in the first minute of play. Alexander The crowd goes mad, several fights were started but were soon quieted down. Carto makes the first goal for Rome. Brutus shot the foul made by Hannibal for holding.

Cicero got another sensational goal. Foul on Nero for holding. Brutus missed the foul. The referee threatened to put Ajax out for rough playing. Alexander gets the goal during the last minute of the first half. The half ended with the score six to five in favor of Carthage. During ten minutes intermission popcorn and beer bottles were thrown all over the floor. Before the game could resume the janitors had to bring forth the vacuum cleaners and put the floor in order.

Before the beginning of the second half the two coaches gave a severe lecture to their men and promises were made to do better fouling in the next half. The game began and the Carthage team, true to their promise, walked off and left Rome. "Foor Rome." Many excuses were made for their defeat. Some said that the team had been dissipating too much with Jamaica Ginger n'everything.

As the cup was presented to Captain Hannibal of the Carthage team, Underwood and Underwood's camera clicked vigorously. The pictures of this wonderful team were to be sent all over the world and may be seen at the Orpheum Theatre for the small sum of ten cents with one cent added to pay the expenses of the film.

The line-up was as follows:

Carthage		Rome
Ajax	G	Brutus
Hanibal	G	Caesar
Alexander	C	Demosthenes
Pericles	F	Cicero
Nero	F	Cato
Referee--Mark Anthony		

bled and died" for his country. Now, anyone old Kentuckian who can succeed in getting hold of some money, or who can "knock the block off" of some other fellow without getting a scratch is dubbed a "Colonel."

In the "Good Old Days" talk was cheap, now it is twenty-five cents and up for three minutes.

When a fellow called on his girl he didn't find her chewing a wad of gum that would make old Jersey green with envy. There is one thing still the same as in the "Good Old Days," and probably never will change, and that's a woman's fear of a mouse.

—(o)—

CAN YOU CONCEIVE OF

Elizabeth—Without Alex.

Tom—With his hair combed.

Lawrance—Not admired.

Miss Hayes—Without an argument.

Johnny—Without his Lizzie.

Bony—Coming to school early.

Dillion—Coming to school at all.

Brownie—Making a sensible remark.

Wilbert—Knowing his Latin.

Clifford—Being serious.

Chapel—That is interesting.

Ed—Knocking the Irish.

—(o)—

"As a hole" Clifford is an all around "Easy" fellow.

THE STAFF O' LIFE

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF KENTUCKY

Issued Whenever Thought Necessary
REPATORIAL DEPARTMENT

BENHAM SIMS.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CLIFFORD BARTRAM...ASST. EDITOR
SHORTYJANITOR

EDITORIAL COMMENT

LIFE

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. In his duties he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief and then the law raises hell with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him—he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he does not, he is a tight wad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future in front of him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way—only living to save funeral expenses.

LIFE is a funny proposition after all.
—Life.

————(o)————

Louise:—Maurice, be my supporter.
Maurice: — Nothing doing. Buckle's broken.

Page fifty-eight

UP-TO-DATE MIRACLES

Hurst didn't talk to a girl all day.
Henderson came to school two days in succession.
Tally not being sent out of History Class.
Bernie Ditto.
Dorothy had her book report ready in English.
Miss Smith didn't spring a test last week.

————(o)————

Prof. Smith (To Class):—To-morrow I want every one in the class to bring me a specimen of a Cootie.

Freshman:—Where are we going to get it?

Prof. Smith:—Search me.

————(o)————

She clung to him, the game was o'er,
Content was in her soul.

Dear Hal, I am happy now,
That you have come back whole.

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls
And tried to keep a laugh back.
"My dear, your joy is pre-mature,
You see I'm only quarter-back.

————(o)————

FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS

"What'd you say—huh?"—Bony.
Aw Foot—Wilbert.
If there's anyone talking I'll give you "E" for the day—Miss Karrick.
All right now!—Miss Hays.
How would you like a nice long test this morning?—Prof. Wood.
Joy? Bliss? Rapture? Happiness?—Class in Chorus.

————(o)————

Donald:—What is the feminine form of Negro?

Joe:—"Nigger."

————(o)————

Nat Hall: (Going into barber shop):—
How long will I have to wait for a shave?"
Barber:—"About two years."

THE MOHIAN '21

FICKLE WOMEN

"Fairest of the Fair," said I,
"For your smile I'd gladly die."
Laughing, thus replied the elf,
"O, you silly chase yourself."

Nay, but it's really true,
I would conquer worlds for you;
Say the word and it's enough!
Fudge! She answered, "Can that stuff."

"Angel," I cried, "Thing of Grace,
There's a garden in your face."
More I would have added, but,
She broke in with, "You're a nut."

Lovely scorners smile on me,
Here I wait on bended knee!
"Kid," she said, it's after eight!
Beat it now; I've got a date."

(o)

FREAKS

Dillon's—Jokes.
Fennel's—Hair.
Schular's—Voice.
Shoemaker's—Brains.
Anglin's—Shoes.

(o)

WELCOME RELIEF

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time
for that 'arf-dollar yer owes me."
"Thank 'evins!—That's the end of a
silly question.

(o)

Miss Hayes:—"Talbot, can you name
me a city in Alaska on the Sewark Penin-
sula?"

Tallie—"No'm."

Miss Hayes—"That's right." "Nome."

(o)

THINGS WE COULD DO VERY WELL WITHOUT

That first hour class (at 8:00 o'clock)
Gym.

Frye Shoemaker (to Fesser Wood):—
"No, sir, I don't know a thing about jazz
music."

Fess Wood:—"All you have to do is to
jingle this cow bell."

Frye:—"But suppose I come in at the
wrong place."

Fess Wood:—"You can't do that in jazz
music."

(o)

Miss Smith:—"Jeanette, will you ex-
plain the theory of imaginary numbers?"

Miss Smith (after listening to Jeanette's
lengthy explanation):—"Yes, that indeed
is wholly imaginary."

(o)

Ed Anglin:—"I have the satisfaction of
knowing I will leave big foot prints on the
sands of time."

(o)

Miss Renner:—"Emmett, do you know
the Latin word meaning 'he orders'?"

Emmett:—"You bet."

Miss Renner:—"Correct."

Prof. Smith:—"Will all who are absent
please leave their names on a slip of paper
as they pass out?"

(o)

WHAT ARCHIE KNOWS ABOUT MUSIC

Archie:—"There, the music has started.
May I have this fox-trot with you?"

Elizabeth Greathouse:—"That wasn't the
music, it was the waiter dropped a tray of
dishes."

(o)

One person out of every thirteen has a
car. The rest are held up by a traffic cop
to watch them go by.

(o)

Johnny, with his feet sprawled out in
the aisle, was sitting at his desk indus-
triously chewing gum.

Teacher (severely):—"Johnny! Take
that gum out of your mouth and put your
feet in."

Mrs. Monroe:—"Dorothy, I really cannot permit you to read novels on the Sabbath."

Dorothy:—"But, Mother, this one is all right, it tells where a young girl was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen all at once."

Mitchy Mathews:—"Let me see who were we discussing last?"

Jennet Lambert:—"I forgot! Who went out of the dressing room last?"

SPEAKING OF CLOWNS OR CRITICS

A critic is a person who will tell you how music should be painted or how pictures should be played.

When Archie Schular announces that the color scheme of Galli-Curci's voice is darker this season than it was last season we believe him, though we cannot help wondering whether Miss Galli-Curci's voice is genuinely darker or whether it has been touched up a bit with sage tea or henna taken internally.

And if some equally famous art critic, like Tom Fennell, were to tell us that the color chords in a landscape by Whistler vibrated in the same key as a certain Rhapsody of Mozart, we should not think of disputing him.

Eternity is the interval between the hour one gets home from school and the time supper is served.

"I suppose you marry a lot of eloping couples, Squire? Quite a source of income, eh?"

"Yes; I get \$5.00 for marrying each couple, an' they come in such a darned hurry I fine 'em \$10.00 for speedin'."

HOME BREW PHILOSOPHY

A watched pot is never stolen by a thirsty friend.

A quart in the closet is worth two in the storage.

To brew is human; to treat a friend divine.

Nothing brewed; nothing gained.

'Tis never too late to mend a kettle.

Too many recipes spoil the brew.

There is many a slip between the brew and the lip.

Absent friends make the brew last longer.

A little moonshine always makes the sun shine still brighter.

A man is judged by the brew he makes.
—Life.

Squatts:—"Liz, does silk scratch?"

Herman:—"That's the reason I have to wear barbed wire pajamas."

It was reported that Mr. Spengler had to take five pictures of a certain senior in order to get a good one.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED—All pupils who cannot get to the first hour classes—apply to Prof. Wood's office.

WANTED—Experienced nurse for Martha Wilson. Apply to any member of the school. Wages good for this kind of work.

FOR SALE—Booklets on "How To Become Beautiful." By Ruth Goddard. For sale at the Marble Top Pharmacy.

NOTICE—All persons having claims against A. Schular please present at once for payment. A. Schular.

LOST—If any one finds the Pythagorean Theorem, please return to Thomas Berry and receive liberal reward.

WANTED—Electric comb suitable for artist with long hair. Apply Thomas Fennell.

POSITION WANTED—By girls of the Domestic Science Department. All food guaranteed to give awful aches. Apply Miss Croft.



ATHLETICS



FOOT BALL.

Top Row, left to right:—Manager, Ginocchio; Coach, Buchheit; Captain, Bradley.
Middle Row, left to right:—Fennell, R. E.; Triplett, F. B.; Dillon, L. T.; Anglen, R. T.;
Rice, L. H.; Hunt, L. G.
Lower Row, left to right:—Schuler, Center; Steele, Q. B.; McVey, L. E.; Buckles, R. G.

THE MOHIAN '21

Shortly after the opening of school in September, Coach Buchheit issued a proclamation, "that all men wishing to try out for foot ball be ready for work as soon as possible." A large squad of boys were present at the first practice. After several weeks of hard training and practice "Coach" succeeded in making a remarkable team. The boys who showed up as best were as follows:

Center	Schular
R. Tackle	Dillon
L. Tackle	Anglin
L. Guard	Buckles
R. Guard	Hurst
L. End	McVey
R. End	Fennell
Q. Back	Steele
F. Back	Triplett
R. Half	Bradley
L. Half	Rice

Substitutes:—Sims, Shoemaker, Reynolds, Warren and B. Steele.

Model High 61—Carlisle 0

The Model High Eleven went to Carlisle for the opening game of the season and easily proved to be the victors. The first quarter was the only period during the game that provided any interest for the Carlisle rooters. Steele made the first touchdown of the game and McVey kicked goal. The period ended with the score Model seven, Carlisle nothing.

During the second qquarter the Model Eleven opened an aerial attack and displaying a wonderful line of foot ball secured three touchdowns made by Bradley, Rice and Triplett. McVey kicked three goals. Score—Model twenty-eight, Carlisle nothing.

In the second half Model ran up a total of thirty-three more points. Reynolds running sixty yards for a touchdown made the final score.

Model High 13—Georgetown 13

This game proved to be one of the hardest games on the schedule. Both teams were evenly matched. During the latter part of the first period, Bradley made a great run for a touchdown, but McVey failed to kick goal.

Georgetown started an aerial offensive and succeeded in tying the score at the end of the first half. The touchdown was made on the long forward pass to Robertson. Armstrong missed goal. In the second half Model made a touchdown and McVey kicked goal. Georgetown again played aerial foot ball and in the last quarter took the ball into Model territory Schular made the much needed touchdown and Armstrong kicked goal. The game ended a tie.

Model High—Clark County 0

Model High again proved her supremacy on the foot ball field when she defeated the Clark County High Eleven by a score of forty-eight to nothing. In this game the subs were given a chance in the final period and Sims succeeded in making the final touchdown. Touchdowns were made by Bradley, Rice, Steele, Triplett and Sims.

Model High 7—Louisville Manual 34

On November 5, Model High met her strongest adversary when she went up against Louisville Manual. Model's lone touchdown came when Rice intercepted a pass and made a sensational run for sixty-five yards to Manual's goal. McVey kicked the goal. This game, although lost by our boys, was a good one, and they received nothing but praise from the Louisville men. And a game for the next year was assured.

Model High 35—Danville 0.

In this game Model scored twice in the first period and once in each of the remaining periods. Model outplayed the visitors in every department of the game, doing excellent work at end-running and forward-passing. McVey's kicking was the main attraction of the game. Touchdowns were made by Rice, Triplett, Bradley and Steele.

Model High 16—Shelbyville 0.

The Model High Foot Ball Eleven made their last appearance on the gridiron at Shelbyville on Thanksgiving Day, where they defeated the home team sixteen to nothing. The following players played their last game in high school foot ball: Fennell, Anglin, Buckles and McVey. The outstanding features of the game were the broken field running of Steele and the punting of McVey.

McVey kicked a field goal from Shelbyville's thirty-yard line, while Steele made several long runs. Touchdowns: Bradley, one; Rice, one. Field goals: McVey, one. Goals from touchdown: McVey, one.

Basket Ball

Shortly after Christmas vacation all boys interested in basket ball were present at a meeting at which they elected Hamilton Rice captain of the basket ball team and Hal Steele manager. The "to-be" team started practice next day under the direction of Bart Peak, who succeeded in making the best and most successful basket ball team in the history of Model High athletics. About fifteen members of the various classes of the school were given their try-out and the following were the most successful:

First Team		Second Team
Hopkins	R. Forward.....	Reynolds
Berry	L. Forward.....	B. Steele
McVey	Center.....	Leach
Triplett	L. Guard.....	Bartrum
Rice	R. Guard.....	Anglin

Model 22—Versailles 18

The Model High quintet won their first game of the season when they defeated Versailles by the score of twenty-two to eighteen. At the end of the first half the score stood seventeen to fourteen in favor of Versailles but Model staged a strong comeback during the second half, and by using good team work, succeeded in getting the long end of the score. This was a fine start for the basket ball team. And it proved to be nothing less than a pace setter for the team. The goal shooting of Reynolds was the feature of Model High's offensive, while Captain Rice was a shining star on the defensive.

Model 29—Richmond 17

Bernie again starred with his paramount goal shooting and Triplett played a wonderful defensive game. Besides adding two field goals to Model's score, the game was more interesting than the proceeding one and another victory was tied to the belt of the Model High warriors.

A large crowd was present at this game and the receipts were the greatest of the basket ball season.

Model 28—Cynthiana 18

The next game of the season was played at Cynthiana and their quintet was humbled by the score of twenty-eight to eighteen. The Cynthiana team made most of their points on spectacular long-shots. The teamwork of the Model boys was perfect, while Berry, who seldom missed a shot at the goal, added eighteen points to the score. Hopkins played a fine game, breaking up most of Cynthiana's teamwork. Cynthiana played a steady game and did not acknowledge defeat until the final whistle.



BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Left to right, Upper:—S. B. Triplett, Talbert Hopkins, Ernest Reynolds, Thomas Berry,
Coach Peak.
Lower:—Clifford Bartrum, Hamilton Rice; Frank McVey.

Model 18—Danville 19

This game was slow, in spite of the close score and Model suffered her first defeat of the season. At the end of the first half the score was fourteen to eleven in favor of Model, but the Danville aggregation staged a comeback during the last five minutes of play and secured a lead of three points, which was too large to be overcome during the remaining short period of time.

McVey and Rice played extremely good basket ball for Model and Bartram, who was put into the fray, in the the last half, played an excellent game for the short while that he was in. The game ended nineteen to eighteen in favor of Danville.

Model 24—Madison County High 11

The Model team next went to Richmond to atone for the defeat they suffered in the receding game. The excellent goal shooting of Hopkins and the wonderful defensive playing of Triplett were the main attractions of the game. The score at the end of the first half was eleven to seven in favor of Model. Again during the second half Model opened a fresh attack, which completely baffled their opponents. The final whistle blew and the game ended twenty-four to eleven in favor of Model.

Model 26—Richmond Model 15

After defeating the Madison County team, and obtaining a night's rest the Model team played the Richmond team. Model again proved herself to be the victor. Not much interest was provided for the Richmond spectators as the game was a one-sided affair and Model was never in danger of losing the contest. The first half ended seventeen to ten in favor of Model. There was no individual star on the Model team, as the whole team played together, and the scoring was divided about equally among them.

Model 15—Cynthiana 14

Cynthiana came to Lexington with vengeance but were again defeated by the Model team. The game was the most exciting of the season and was the last victory for Model. McVey and Berry played the best offensive game for Model, while Rice and Triplett did fine work as guards. The game was a very closely guarded affair and very few goals were shot. Reynolds made two long field goals which put Model in the lead by a score too big for the Cynthiana quintet to overcome. The final score was Model fifteen, Cynthiana fourteen.

Model 3—Winchester 21

In this game most of the first team were unable to go and those who made the trip were Blackburn, Leach, Warren, Bartrum, Anglin and Hopkins. The Winchester boys had little trouble in defeating our second team. The Model boys did not seem to be able to score with any great success. But they deserve great credit to fighting as they did to overcome odds that were so great against them.



GIRL' BASKET BALL.

Left to right, Upper:—Josephine Sharpe, Elizabeth Greathouse, Ruth Goddard.
Lower:—Mollie Eversole, Caroline Greathouse, Louise Foster, Katherine Fuller, Lillian Eversole.

THE MOHIAN '21

After the boys basket ball practice had begun, the girls of the school held a meeting at which they elected Louise Foster captain and Georgia Caldwell as manager of the girls basket ball team. The girls went into practice immediately under the direction of Frye Shoemaker the first part of the season, but later on without any coach. The girls that took part in basket ball should be complimented on their achievements, the following made the first team:

Center	Georgia Caldwell
R. Forward	Louise Foster
L. Forward	Elizabeth Greathouse
R. Guard	Katherine Fuller
L. Guard	Josephine Sharpe

Substitutes—Ruth Goddard, Caroline Greathouse, Lillian Eversole and Molly Eversole.

Model 9—Winchester 8

The girls on both sides played hard. And though you may think it strange, they played rough-and-tumble game. The teams were evenly matched. The game ended in a tie and an extra period was played. And a foul was called on Winchester and Captain "Easy" tossed it in, winning the game for Model.

Model 10—Versailles 7

The girls played a preliminary in the Model versus Versailles boys teams and gave Model a double victory when they defeated the Versailles girls. The score was tied at the end of the first half, but a comeback was staged by the Model girls and they won the game easily. This was the second victory of the girl's team which already proved that it was better than last year.

Model 7—Richmond 1

During the first half "Liz" Greathouse shot a field goal and "Easy" Foster shot a foul making the score three to one at the end of the first half. "Jo" Sharpe and "Kitty" Fuller, the stellar guards of Model, kept the Richmond team from scoring in the second half, and the game ended seven to one in favor of Model.

Model 7—Cynthiana 9

The girls lost their first game of the season when the Cynthiana girls defeated them nine to seven. This is the only blot on the record of the girls '21 basket ball team. At the end of the first half the score stood seven to three in favor of Model's opponents. Cynthiana retained the lead that was too large for Model to overcome, and the game ended nine to seven in favor of Cynthiana.

Model 9—Madison County 7

The girls trio composed of Misses Caldwell, Foster and Greathouse were responsible for this victory, while the other two girls deserve untold credit. The score at the end of the first half was six to four in favor of Model. In the second both teams made three points. The game ended with a victory for Model.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the thing you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

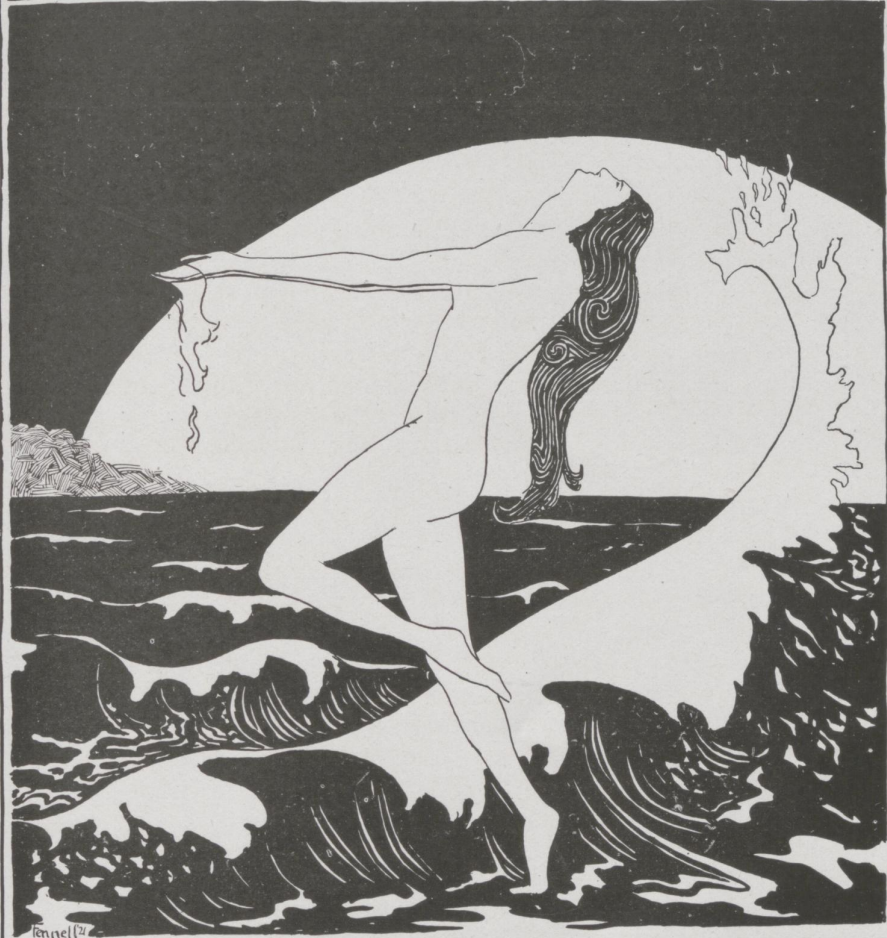
If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerves and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the WILL which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friend can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but not too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a MAN, my son.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE MERE



MAIDS



MARGARET BAKER

Her sweetness and charm of manner won for her enduring friendship. She has always gone to Model and supported it loyally. We can even remember the time when she wore hair in lovely curls down her back.



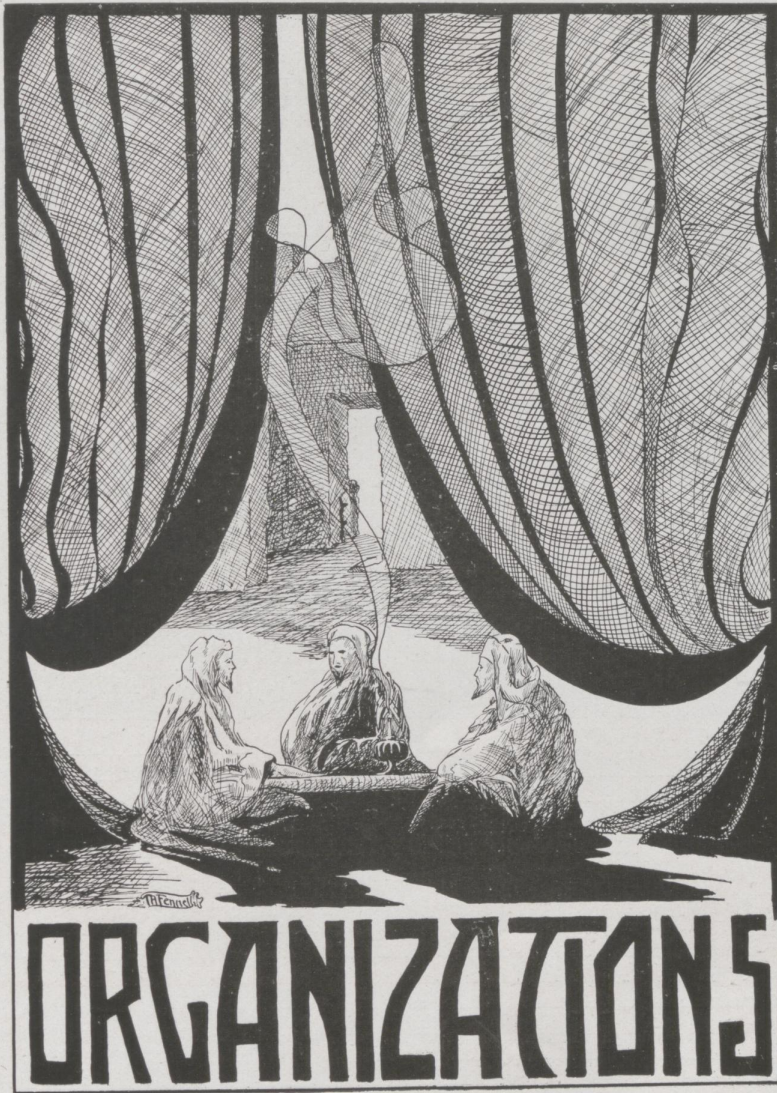
LOUISE FOSTER

Louise has starred in basket ball and is "rushed" at dances. She can play a piano two ways (jazz and otherwise) and we will miss her like ever thing.



ELIZABETH DALE

Then comes the prettiest girl in our school. We are proud to call her so, with her slender pettleness and great grey eyes; for she has been with us for a long time and we love her dearly.



THE MOHIAN '21



Prof. E. R. Wood, Director.....	Cornet
Louise Foster	Piano
Herman T. Michler.....	1st Violin
Jeannette Lampert	1st Violin
Molly Eversole	2nd Violin
Janet McVey	2nd Violin
Lillian Featherstone	2nd Violin
Frank McVey	Cello
Marcia Lampert	Cello
Edward Anglin	Flute
George Graves	Saxophone
Maurice Buckles	2nd Cornet
Rollin Curtis	Trombone
Fry Shoemaker	Drums

ORCHESTRA.

The authorities of the Panama Exposition spent over a million and a half dollars for music. Three-fourths of this money went to foreigners, one-fourth to Americans. This is a silent witness to lack of interest and attention paid music in America.

These are the aims of the courses in music:

1. To develop musical talent.
2. To develop a knowledge and an interested appreciation of good music.
3. To create a desire for the music of the more advanced peoples, music that touches the best in us and thus combat the influence of the barbaric, primitive music of the backward races.

Three courses are being offered in choral, harmony, and instrumental. Through Prof. Carl Lampert, Head of Department of Music of the University, who also directs the music of Model High, the students interested in music have an unusual opportunity not only to receive the very best instruction but also to develop their latent talent to the highest degree. The past year has shown remarkable development.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club of Model High has just been organized, and while this club is in its infancy we feel that it has a brilliant future. Model has an unusual amount of talent for its size.

Last year the Model High Players presented at the "Little Theatre" University of Kentucky two little one-act plays, "Rosalie" and "Modesty."

The Senior Class of 1921 hopes to present "The Scarecrow" written by Mr. Percy MacKaye an American Playwright of note. The author while a guest of the Department of English at the University favored the Senior Class with a personal visit. Mr. MacKaye said "that the high school age was the opportune age to begin the study of dramatics."

Everything points to the success of "The Scarecrow" as the Department of Dramatics and the Department of Public Speaking and Professor Sax of the Art Department are behind the Dramatic Club.

PRACTICE TEACHERS.

The practice teachers that have been seen in such large numbers this last semester in the school have been busy learning the art of that the faculty has so well accomplished. A peculiar thing occurred in one of first hour classes early in the semester, when there were five students and six practice teachers in the class. Since that time, however, some got discouraged, while the others have been taking their turns teaching. One innovation was the reciting of assignments of the teachers as well as by the students. The faculty has had a very easy time while these University students were in charge of their classes.

ART.

The Art Course aims toward the development of the student's appreciation of the beautiful, stirs his creative powers to action, and gives him respect for fine workmanship.

Fine Art by its very name implies fine relations. Art study is the attempt to perceive and create fine relations of line, mass and color. As fine relations or harmonies can only be understood through the appreciations, Art Education should be based upon a training and appreciation.

The Art Course gives an opportunity for original work in choosing and combining three things: line (spaces, shapes), dark-and-light (tone, mass), and color. Right use of these three produces the fine art of the world; wrong use of them produces the commonplace, the merely commercial.

Appreciation is brought out by three methods: association, comparison and execution. The class room should afford prints of the great masters of painting, the best in sculpture, architecture and design. Study in museums is an invaluable stimulus to art students as are also loan exhibitions.

The University of Kentucky has been fortunate in securing during the last two years an exhibit of the craftwork of Southern Mountain people, Oriental Rugs, exhibit of paintings by Antonin Sterba, batiks from the Rookwood Pottery, exhibit of paintings representing the best American painters. All of these have proven to be a decided stimulus to the creative work of Art students and to the education and culture of the whole community.

Possibly the best way to appreciation is through expression, the effort to give visible form to an idea. Each lesson affords opportunities for self-expression through designing, painting, drawing, modeling or constructing.

Some of the problems given are free brush drawing with color, simple exercises in space filling, bringing out the principles of balance, rhythm, repetition, subordination, the application of original designs for wood blocking, tie-dyeing and batik, house decoration, lettering, designing posters, clay modeling and book-binding.

THE GIRL SCOUTS.

The first Patrol of a Girl Scouts' Troop was organized in March by a group of Sophomore girls. Girl Scouts is a National and International organization among girls similar to that of Boy Scouts and based upon Boy Scout laws, with activities and occupations properly adapted for girls. The ten Scout laws which each girl pledges to keep are: Truth, Loyalty, Helpfulness, Friendliness, Courtesy, Kindness, Obedience, Cheerfulness, Purity and Thrift.

The activities of the Girl Scouts include drill, signalling, phases of Home Economics, child care, first aid, home nursing, public health and personal health, woodcraft, camping, nature study, gardening, map-making and citizenship study.

The organization is democratic, self-governing and flexible, adjusting itself everywhere and always to the preferences and habits of local groups. This simple organization fits in with the three factors of the girl's life; her church, her home, her school and the rapid never ceasing growth of the Girl Scouts means that the organization is able to offer every year larger numbers of healthy and efficient young citizens to their country.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP.

Miss Isabell Dickey.....	Captain
Molly Eversole	Troop Leader
Mary Hardin Vaught.....	Corporal
Marcia Lampert	Secretary
Anne Sawyer	Treasurer

TROOP

Alice Latham	Ruth Goddard
Virginia Boyd	Marcia Lampert
Armintha Smith	Anne Sawyer
	Lillian Eversole

Epilogue

If you are glad you have reached the end of this book—
 You are not so nearly so glad as we
If you are disappointed in it—
 Your disappointment cannot equal ours.
If you are pleased with it, our ambitions and hopes and
 Prayers have been realized.

Laurene Michler

John Webb Autographs

Ruth Thomas

1 Geo. K. Graves Jr.

2 Maurice G. Buckles

3 Louise Foster

4 Gus Smith

5 Jack Bates

6 Ed. Wood

7 Liz Whitehouse

8 Rollin Curtis

9 J. J. Shumaker

10 Laurene Thomas

11 Carrie Whitehouse

12 Margaret Smith

13 Louise Suedley

14 Archie Schuler

15 Tom Turrell 21

Ulla Barrick

James M. [unclear]

Regan Thompson

Laurene Michler Jr
E. R. Wood

Mohian Advertisements
1921



Ronan Thompson

IN SELECTING A UNIVERSITY

For a college education, there are five things to be taken into consideration:

1. The men at the head of the Institution.
2. The scholastic standing and ability of the teaching staff.
3. The location and advantages of environment.
4. Equipment, buildings, laboratories and libraries.
5. Cost.

In all these respects the University of Kentucky commends itself to those seeking a higher institution in which to carry on their education.

All departments, including Liberal Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Law, Education, Mining, Civil, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The Government needs trained men and women; college training will bring the result.

Address

PRESIDENT FRANK L. McVEY

University of Kentucky

Lexington, Ky.

S. BASSETT & SON

LEXINGTON, KY.



FINE SHOES

For the Entire

FAMILY

REPAIRING HOSIERY

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS

FOR ANYTHING IN REAL ESTATE

FARMS

SUBURBAN AND CITY HOMES

—SEE—

Edward Clark

—REALTOR—

McClelland Bldg.

Phone 3632-X

117 N. Upper

Phone 692

Marshall-Featherstone
Motor Car Co.

CAR STORAGE

REPAIRING

HOME OF THE BUICK MOTOR
CAR

ADA MEADE THEATRE

Vaudeville and Pictures

THREE SHOWS DAILY—2:15—7:15—9:15

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

"NUFF SAID"

We know what the young fellows want in clothes—and we can give it to them in a variety of the latest styles, patterns and fabrics—all models of Society and Styleplus Clothes.

R. S. Thorpe & Son

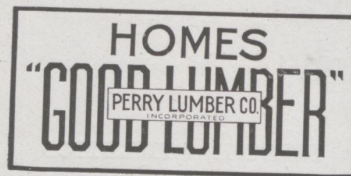
(Incorporated)

Successors to

THORPE-LEE CO.

Main and Mill St. Lexington, Ky.

110 North Limestone



Misses and Junior Shop

110 North Lime

MISSES GRADUATING
DRESSES

It's fine to be able to get things when you need them

When an extra demand comes upon you as it does upon every one at times, just go to the Bank and use a little of the interest that has accumulated upon your savings.

The great thing about a Savings Account is that it soon becomes able to tide over worries for you with the interest alone.

3% HELPS A WHOLE LOT

Open a SAVINGS ACCOUNT TODAY

SECURITY TRUST COMPANY

J. S. POER & CO.

Painters and Frescoers

Dealers in

PLATE, ART, WINDOW GLASS, MIRRORS, OILS, VARNISHES

Artists Materials. Sole Agents Masury's Products

148 NORTH LIMESTONE ST.

PHONE 535

LEXINGTON, KY.

The Lexington Herald

(Incorporated)

The only morning daily in the Blue Grass

First

With The Model High School News

KI

CORNER

FOR
FL

Will exch
Acres, all wel
lion feet of lu
thing. This s
from Ft. Ogd

This loca
fruit groves i

See me a
spend the col

KLEIN-MICHLER CO.

Incorporated

Men's Furnishings and Clothing

CORNER MAIN AND BROADWAY

LEXINGTON, KY.

PHONE 164-X

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FLORIDA LAND

Will exchange for land near Lexington or city property, **Six Hundred and Forty Acres**, all well covered with fine Pine Timber, estimated to cut from **three to four million feet** of lumber. Never been touched in any way. The **Turpentine alone is a big thing**. This section of land is located in Manatee County, about two and half miles from Ft. Ogden and near the beautiful little town of Arcadia.

This location is considered the best fruit district in the State. Some of the finest fruit groves in Florida are in this county.

See me at once and secure you a home with a grove in Florida—the place to spend the cold winter.

E. B. WRENN

Corner Main and Mill Streets.

More Pep---

Blue Grass Gasoline

Has More Pep, More Power and Gives Greater Mileage

Fill Your Car at the White Pumps

*Great Southern Refining
Company*
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Knox Hats



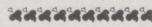
NEW YORK TAILORED HATS

EXCLUSIVE and FINE MILLINERY

Mrs. E. B. Wrenn

140 North Upper

We Supply
"State Cafeteria"



DOWNING BAKERY CO.

115 North Broadway

"LEXINGTON'S FINEST"

4%

Interest paid on terms.
Savings Deposits secure a
profitable return for your
money with absolute safety

Union Bank & Trust Co.

SOUTHEAST CORNER MAIN AND UPPER STREETS

Wise Spending---

---is the key to intelligent, systematic saving.

Maintaining a Checking Account with the Fayette National Bank is a real aid to economy. It puts a check on extravagance, simplifies business transactions.

We welcome business, personal or household Checking Accounts.

Fayette National Bank

Lexington, Kentucky

The E. C. Christian Music Co.

Everything Pertaining to Music

MOVING, TUNING, REPAIRING and REFINISHING

Pianos a Specialty

Lexington, Ky.

205-207 EAST MAIN

PHONE 592

AS PRICES COME DOWN

Piggly-Wiggly Customers

Are First To Get the Benefit

The exact prices are quoted at Piggly Wiggly. A reduction of 10 per cent, may mean much or little, but an extra price tells the whole story, especially when the goods are Nationally known.

The goods and prices are before you in a Piggly Wiggly Store. You make your own selections free from suggestion, persuasion or interruption.

No Waiting To Be Waited On

Piggly-Wiggly

LEXINGTON STORES

Corner Short and Broadway

Maxwell and Woodland

GRAVES, COX & CO.

The Young Men's Store of the Blue Grass

Youthful, Vigorous Styles That Every Young Fellow
Appreciates

Newest and Smartest of Styles in Suits, Hats, Shoes and
Haberdashery and at Prices That Are in Keeping
With Their Quality

GRAVES, COX & COMPANY

INCORPORATED

LEXINGTON, KY.

FANCY GROCERIES

FRESH VEGETABLES

S. L. MYERS

179 North Limestone Street

FRUIT, PRESERVES,

COFFEES, TEAS

PHONE 955

PHONE 955

C. D. Calloway
& Company

Sporting-goods Store

Fishing Tackle

Athletic Goods

Main Street

Lexington, Ky.

NEW MODELS

in

SUITS, COATS

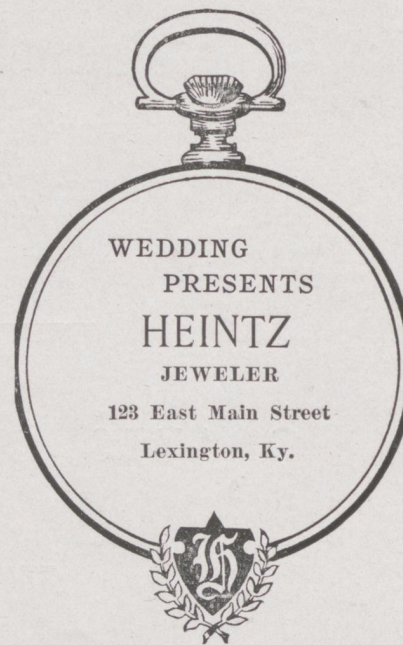
and .

DRESSES

Arriving Daily

THE SPECIALTY STORE

130 Main Street, East, Lexington, Ky.



STUDEBAKER
Mammoth Garage Co.
Incorporated
BATTERIES AND TIRES
East Main and Rose Street
PHONES 412, 360

THE FLOWER SHOP
Michler Bros. Co.
415-423 East Maxwell Street
LEXINGTON, KY.
Telephones: Office 1419-Y
Residence 1419-X

TRANSYLVANIA PRINTING COMPANY

Incorporated

STATIONERY, PRINTING, ENGRAVING

TELEPHONE 35

258 W. MAIN ST.

LEXINGTON, KY.

PHONE 644

PHONE 644

John Milward Funeral Home

WEST SECOND STREET

Best and Largest Equipment

IN OUR CITY

Folding Chairs and Card Tables

Furnished Free to All Churches and Charitable Institutions

PHONE 644

PHONE 644

BOOKS

College Novelties

Kodak Books

ENGRAVED INVITATIONS AND
CARDS

**UNIVERSITY
BOOK
STORE**

233 WEST SHORT STREET

Uncle Charlie's Restaurant

Patronized by

UNIVERSITY AND MODEL HIGH

Opposite Campus

THE PEERLESS

FURNISHINGS

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Store of Novelties

ROUND OUT YOUR
HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION
WITH A BUSINESS TRAINING COURSE
FUGAZZI SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

The "FUGAZZI WAY" will enable you to do this in the best manner and in the shortest possible time.

Send now for free illustrated catalogue, which gives complete information regarding terms of tuition, course offered and other information of vital interest to every ambitious young man and young woman.

118 North Upper Street

Lexington, Kentucky

FARLEY CLOTHING
COMPANY

CREDIT STORE

\$1 and \$2 Weekly Payments

"WEAR AS YOU PAY AND PAY
AS YOU WEAR"

NINETY-SIX STORES

In Radius of One Thousand Miles

MEET US

BARE-HEADED

"WE SPECIALIZE IN MEN'S
HEADWEAR"

Anderson & Gregory

109 LIMESTONE, NORTH

HATS FURNISHINGS CAPS

Open Evenings—Every Evening

THE
HENRY CLAY
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IS LEXINGTON'S HOME COMPANY

THE HENRY CLAY LOANS MONEY TO OUR PEOPLE
TO BUILD THEIR HOMES, AND ALSO TO
BUILD SCHOOL HOUSES AND
GOOD ROADS

THE HENRY CLAY BELIEVES THAT THE GOOD PEOPLE OF
LEXINGTON SHOULD RETURN THE FAVOR BY

INSURING

THEIR HOMES AND EVERY THING IN THE HENRY CLAY
KEEP THE MONEY IN LEXINGTON

ASSETS \$1,173,684.53

CO-OPERATIVE DRUG CO.
MAIN & LIMESTONE
LEXINGTON, KY.

COME TO
THE LEXINGTON
DRUG CO.

FOR REPORTS ON ALL GAMES
HEADQUARTERS FOR
STUDENTS

AGTS. FOR MISS HOLLIDAYS
CANDY

PHOENIX BLOCK

PHONE 154

**Patronize Our
Advertisers
MOHIAN HI '21**

LUNCHEONETTE

HOME MADE CANDY

HOME MADE CAKE

McGURK & O'BRIEN

Ice Cream and Ices

SALTED ALMONDS

MINTS

PHONE 178

LEXINGTON, KY.

STUDENTS AND ALL LIVE
YOUNG PEOPLE ENJOY
BANKING AT THE

Guarantee Bank
and Trust
Co.

Corner Short and Upper Streets
WILLIAM H. PORTER
Vice President and Cashier

EMBRY &
CO.

Golflex Sport Suits

FOR ALL OUTDOORS

\$25 to \$42

A NEW SHIPMENT JUST
RECEIVED

Compliments of

PHOENIX AMUSEMENT CO.

(Incorporated)

---Operating---

*STRAND THEATRE
BEN ALI THEATRE
LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE
Lexington, Ky.*

*A VISIT TO THESE THEATRES GUARANTEES A
DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT*

BOWMAN'S **T**OURS
BEST IN **T**RAVEL

PEERLESS LAUNDRY &
DRY CLEANING CO.

149 N. BROADWAY

PHONE 335

GIFTS THAT LAST

Skuller's

Successor to Caskey Jewelry Co.

127 W. Main St. Lexington, Ky.

Personal Supervision

Given All Work

L. A. FENNELL

FINE FLOWERS

ORCHIDS A SPECIALTY

LEXINGTON, KY.

Get it with a
Lexington Leader
Read Everwhere
Want Ad. Phone 97

A Modern Fire Proof Hotel
With a Home-Like Atmosphere



Lafayette Hotel

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

300 ROOMS
BATHS
RATES FROM \$2.50

DEPOSIT WITH THE

BANK
of
COMMERCE

Both Large and Small Accounts Welcomed

PHONE 644

PHONE 644

JOHN MILWARD FUNERAL HOME

WEST SECOND STREET

BEST AND LARGEST EQUIPMENT

IN OUR CITY

FOLDING CHAIRS AND CARD TABLES

FURNISHED FREE TO ALL CHURCHES AND

CHARITABLE INSTITUTES

BOOKS

COLLEGE NOVELTIES

KODAK BOOKS

ENGRAVED INVITATIONS & CARDS

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

UNCLE CHARLIE'S
RESTAURANT

PATRONIZED BY UNIVER-
SITY AND MODEL HIGH
OPPOSITE CAMPUS

THE PEERLESS

FURNISHINGS

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE STORE OF NOVELTIES

AUTO AMBULANCE

Our Personal Attention Given to Moving Your Sick

Clean, Comfortable, Prompt Service

KERR BROTHERS

DAY OR NIGHT—ANY DISTANCE

Undertaker and Funeral Director

PHONE 455

146 N. BROADWAY

DENTISTS

Dr. J. T. Slaton

Dr. E. D. Slaton

127 CHEAPSIDE

PHONE 864-X

Mitchell, Baker & Smith

LEXINGTON'S QUALITY
DEPARTMENT STORE

The Home of Highest Quality

Women's Ready-to-Wear

Millinery, Dry Goods

Womei's Furnishings

Trunks, Bags, Draperies

Dress Making, Etc.

OUR
DRY CLEANING DEPARTMENT
SOLVES

THE PROBLEM OF BEING WELL DRESSED AT A SMALL COST

WE WILL CALL FOR YOUR SUIT, PRESS AND RETURN IT
THE SAME DAY

SEND IT TO

The Lexington Laundry Co.

PHONE 62

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

LIKE TO WEAR JUSTRIGHT TAILORED CLOTHES

Because of the individuality of fit and high class
tailoring service which goes with every garment

Justright Tailoring Co.

“WE FIT YOU”

145 WEST MAIN STREET

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



